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THE BATH ARC

A FURTHER SELECTION

FROM THE

DIARIES AND LETTERS

OF

SIR GEORGE JACKSON,

FROM 1809 TO 1816.

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EDITED BY LADY JAC

IN TWO VOLUME

VOLUME II.

LON
RICHARD BEN
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LONDON:
TED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS,
TAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

CONTENTS.—VOL. II.

1813.

	PAGE
The Russian successes	1
Subscriptions for the Russians	3
Mrs. Fitzherbert	4
Letter from Bath	5
Bath gaieties	6
Stuffed hares	8
Scott's poetry	*ib.*
An opening in the North	10
Alexander. Lord Palmerston	11
Lord Auckland and the M.P.	13
Injudicious friends	14
American affairs	15
A pigeon fancier	16
The Princess's letter	17
Bonaparte's speech	*ib.*
A Russian Princess	18
Pensions	19
Berlin	20
A church squabble at Brighton	21
French readings	22
The Princess. The Prince Regent. Mrs. Fitzherbert	23
Sending a Chargé d'Affaires to Prussia	24
News from Prussia	25
Count Lieven	27
Sir Charles Stewart's mission	28
Treaty between Russia and Prussia. Death of Duchess of Brunswick	29
Letter from Bath	30
Things in the North	31
Sir Charles Stewart and Lord Castlereagh	*ib.*
[illegible] "Temper"	32
Duchess of Brunswick	33
Lord Castlereagh and Co.	34
Going to Hanover	35
News from the Continent	36
The Prussian mission	37
London gossip	38
Mr. Drake	39
Continental news	40
Fitzclarence	41
Necessity for an army of reserve	42
Bonaparte's answer to the representative body	43
M. de Gentz	44
French agents	45
Lord Cathcart	46
Prussian revenue. Prussian army	47
French principles at Berlin	48
Advice on the mode of transacting business	*ib.*
Setting off for the Continent	50
The Admiralty refuse Sir Charles a frigate	51
Sir C. Stewart's instructions	52
Letter to Metternich	54
Berlin. The feeling of the people	55
Order received for a packet	56
The Prussians and Russians	57
At Harwich	58
Mr. Cooke. Lord Castlereagh	59
Waiting at Harwich	60
The cession of Hildesheim to Hanover	61
General Tettenborn. Emperor Alexander. Lord Cathcart	63

	PAGE
Sir Charles Stewart's mission .	64
Prussia	65
Anchored off Cuxhaven . .	66
News of the armies. Austria offers to treat for peace . .	67
Landing at Hamburg . . .	68
Dine with General Tettenborn	69
The Hamburgers	70
The French forces in the North. King of Prussia	71
General Tettenborn. The Danes at Hamburg	72
Convention signed at Breslau.	73
M. de Gentz. Arrive at Berlin	75
Expected battle	76
Dresden	77
The Chancellor Hardenberg .	78
Madame d'Ompteda's tea party	80
Austria, as *une puissance médiatrice*. Position of the armies	81
Marshal Kutusow. Presentation to the King	82
Presentation to the Prince Royal of Prussia	83
The ex-King of Sweden . .	84
Lord Cathcart leaves for the armies. Death of Marshal Kutusow	85
Dinner at the Chancellor's; discussion respecting Hildesheim, &c.	86
Sir Charles off to the wars. .	87
The battle of Lutzen . . .	88
Bonaparte's boast	90
Causes of the failure of the Allies	92
The Prince Royal of Prussia .	93
Private correspondence prohibited.	94
Confusion and misery at Dresden. General Kreusemarck and Bonaparte	95
Austria expected to join the allies	96
Lieutenant Rodney	97
Bridge over the Elbe burnt. *Un sauve qui peut* . . .	98
Bautzen. Quartered at the bishop's	98
Conference at the Chancellor's	100
Ascending the steeple. Arrival at Görlitz	101
Robert Semple, "the traveller"	102
The King and Hardenberg depressed and anxious . . .	103
Austria's proposals to mediate	104
The action at Bautzen . . .	105
The army in retreat	108
The French in pursuit. Silesia	109
Quartered at an old lady's country house	*ib.*
Duroc killed	110
French at Lauban. Flight to Goldsberg and Jauer. . .	111
Bernadotte at Stralsund . .	112
Arrive at Breslau	113
Field-Marshal Kalkreuth . .	114
Enemy advancing. Dinner at *traiteur's*	115
Sir Robert Wilson decorated in front of the Russian army	116
Letters from Brighton . . .	117
Lady Holland	119
French advancing on Breslau.	122
Countess Tauentzien . . .	124
Letter from Sir Charles Stewart	*ib.*
Idem. The armistice . . .	126
The young Princes of Prussia.	127
Sir Charles Stewart's mission .	128
Dinner at Sir Charles Stewart's	129
Hardenberg and the King . .	130
Lord Cathcart. The Treaty with Russia	131
Bonaparte's conversation with General Kreusemarck . .	132
Sir Charles leaves for Stralsund	133
Lord Cathcart	134
Diplomatic dinner at the Chancellor's.	135
Grand review of Russian troops	136
Home news	137
Madame de Lieven	139
Mesdames Moreau and [illegible]	

PAGE

Reichenbach in 1790 . . . 142
The Regent's *fête*. Madame de Staël 144
Madame Moreau, General Moreau. Battle of Vittoria . 145
Great rejoicings. The Regent's *fête*. 147
Lord Byron and Lady Caroline Lambe. A party to Astley's 148
Amusements at Reichenbach . 149
Alexander and Bonaparte . . 150
Lord Kinnaird and Mr. Hobhouse . . . . . *ib.*
Unsatisfactory news from Prague. Mr. Vernon . . 151
Mr. Boughton. Letter from Sir C. Stewart. 152
Landsturm and Landwehr of Berlin 153
Letters from Sir C. Stewart . 154
Assistance of Great Britain to Prussia 155
The Swedish army 156
Letter from M. de Gentz . . 159
News teaches Reichenbach of the Battle of Vittoria . . 162
Secret interview between the Emperors Alexander and Francis . . . . . *ib.*
Lord Cathcart and Sir Charles Stewart 163
Shoals of British travellers. Prince Czartoriski . . . 165
Professor Ancillon. Prince of Sweden and King of Prussia 166
The *friseur* of Reichenbach. A *Te Deum* for Vittoria . . 167
Caulaincourt and the armistice. Letter from Sir C. Stewart . 168
Mr. Semple 169
Letter from M. de Gentz . . 170
Grand review at Grottkau . . 176
Letter from Sir C. Stewart. . 177
The Crown Prince of Sweden. Bonaparte leaves Dresden with the King 178

PAGE

Supper at Duke of Oldenburg's. Mr. Semple outrageous . . 179
The views of the British Government stated 180
Letter from Sir C. Stewart . 183
Letter from M. de Gentz . . 184
Discussion at the Chancellor's. 186
Birthday ball at Landeck . . 187
English travellers. Mr. Morley, Junior 188
Reported defeat of Wellington by Soult. Letter from Sir C. Stewart. 189
The Crown Prince of Sweden . 190
Hungary. Home news . . . 191
The armistice. Austrian mediation. 192
The Vittoria festival at Vauxhall 193
Joseph's *portefeuille*. Lord Aberdeen 195
Letter from M. de Gentz . . 197
The armistice denounced. Letter from M. de Gentz . . 203
Bonaparte. Hardenberg. King of Prussia 204
Austria declares war against France. 205
Birthday dinner. Letter from M. de Gentz 206
No houses to be had . . . 209
No quarters. Presentation of gold snuff-box. Some high words 210
The ball at Landeck. The King of Prussia 211
Un dîner champêtre 212
The public baths 214
The Empress Maria Louisa . 215
General Moreau. Setting out for Prague 216
Königgratz. Pat's German . 217
Grand review of Austrian troops at Schlaw 218
Conversation with General Jomini. 219
Gentz. 220

	PAGE
Metternich	221
Spanish news	223
The secret Treaty	224
Duke of Cumberland. Advance of Bonaparte and Blücher	225
Letter from M. de Gentz	226
The theatre. Supper at the Princess Wolkonski's	227
Prague	228
Hardenberg's timidity	229
La Baronne de S.	230
Morals of German society	231
Attack on the old town of Dresden	232
Prayers for the success of the allied armies	233
A letter from Töplitz	*ib.*
Ladies to dinner	234
Letters from Sir C. Stewart	236
The battle before Dresden	237
General Moreau wounded by a cannon ball	238
Defeat of Vandamme by Osterman	239
Lord Aberdeen out of sorts	*ib.*
Sir Charles Stewart wounded	240
Marshal Vandamme insulted by the populace of Prague	*ib.*
Drink tea with the Duke of Cumberland	241
King of Prussia at Peterswalde. Death of General Moreau	242
Letter from Colonel Henry Cooke. The retreat from Dresden	243
Lord Aberdeen	245
Moreau's letter to his wife	246
The attack on Dresden	247
The Hradsehin	248
Reports from the armies	249
General Jomini	250
Blücher's skirmishes. The accession of Bavaria expected	251
The Allies repulsed at Peterswalde	252
A note from M. de Gentz	253
Intercepted letters	254
News from the armies. A ride with the ladies	255
Letters from home	256
Lord Burghersh	257
Obeying orders	258
Moreau's letter. Madame Moreau	259
Metternich	260
Lord Aberdeen. Life at head-quarters	261
St. Sebastian	262
The Bath archives	263
Bath tea-tables and tea-tables at head-quarters	265
Mr. Rumbold. Paddy's letter	266
Madame Moreau	269
The company at the Wells	270
Baron de Rolle	271
New books. The treaty with Austria	272
The action at Culm	273
Waiting dinner for the Duke	274
Distress of the French army	275
Letter from Sir C. Stewart	276
The Austrian Treaty	277
The German Legion	278
Töplitz	279
General Moreau	280
Gentz	281
Mr. F. J. Jackson's illness	282
Sir C. Stewart disposed to resign. Note from Sir C. Stewart	283
Good news from the armies	284
Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt	285
Anniversary of Alexander's coronation	286
Investing the Emperor with the Order of the Garter	287
Presentation of Orders	288
Novel mode of wearing the Garter. Lord Cathcart's supper	289
Sir Charles's dinner	290
The conduct and the views of the Crown Prince	291
Action between the Swedes and the French	292

	PAGE
Official news of the capture of St. Sebastian	293
The Chancellor's dinner in honour of it	293
Blücher defeats the French. Bennigsen and his troops	294
Overtures from Bonaparte. Pât and the thieves	295
Bonaparte leaves Dresden with the King and Royal Family of Saxony	296
A ride to Komatau	297
Great battle expected. Intercepted letter from Murat	298
Part company with my friend Rumbold	299
A wet journey to Marienberg, Accounts of a general action	300
Marienberg. Conversation with a Saxon peasant	302
Chancellor's anecdote of Bonaparte. A battle	304
General Mehrfeldt and Bonaparte	305
Desire shown to accept Bonaparte's terms	306
The Chancellor's *déjeûner*. Quarters at Chemnitz	307
Accounts from the battle-field. Allies repulsed at Dresden	308
Complete defeat of Bonaparte at Leipzig	309
Entry of the allied Sovereigns. Conduct of the Crown Prince	310
The battle-field	313
Leipzig	314
Presentation of Orders. Treaty of alliance	315
The Crown Prince of Sweden	316
Mr. Rumbold returns	317
Blücher and his army. Letter from Bath	318
Illness of Mr. F. J. Jackson. Dannewitz	319
Blunders of the Allies	320
Lord Wellington's army	321
Amusements of Bath	*ib.*
Pursuit of the French	322
General Vallery. Prince Poniatowski	323
Payment of subsidy. From Naumberg to Weimar	324
The Grand Duke. Note from Sir C. Stewart	325
Dining at Court	326
General Jomini	327
Quartered at M. Göthe's. Supper after the play	328
Another action, and retreat. Metternich created a Prince	329
The King of Würtemberg joins the Allies	330
Letter from Sir C. Stewart	*ib.*
Bernadotte's letter to Sir C. Stewart. The library at Weimar	331
Dining at Court; the opera. Jerome Bonaparte's valuables	332
A *Te Deum*. Blücher's successes. Werner's play. M. Göthe	333
General Kleist's head-quarters	334
Gotha. Dine with the Duke and Duchess	335
Letter from Sir C. Stewart	336
The Crown Prince of Sweden	337
Eisenach. Dead men and horses lying along our road	338
Wartburg. Luther's inkstand	339
Phillipsthal. The Prince and Princess	340
Jerome Bonaparte	341
General Czernichoff and his Cossacks. A burnt village	342
Jerome's letter. Hardenberg in high spirits. His journal.	343
Gelnhausen. Lord Burghersh. Set out for Frankfort	344
Hanau. Scenes of the battle-field	345
News of the taking of Hochheim	346
Metternich. Lord Burghersh and Sir Robert Wilson	347

PAGE

Grand procession of the Sovereigns through Frankfort . 347
Madame Bethman, the banker's wife. Letter from Mr. Rumbold 348
Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt . . . 349
Pestilence at Torgau . . . 350
Duke of Cumberland and the Crown Prince at Hanover . 351
Letter from Sir C. Stewart. . 352
Ball at Frankfort to the allied Sovereigns. King of Bavaria 353
The Emperors Alexander and Francis 354
Madame Bethman. Baron Stein
Bonaparte and M. Bethman. Talleyrand's opinions on peace and war 356
Hardenberg. Davoust. The Crown Prince dissatisfied . 357
Conversation with Mehrfeldt . 358
The Bavarian mission 359
Conference with the Chancellor 360
Madame Bethman. Another conference. Lord Aberdeen 361
Home news 362
Mr. F. J. Jackson's failing health 363
The Dutch proclaim their independence 365
A French officer arrives at the out-posts . . . . . *ib.*
Alexander and Prince Schwartzenberg. General Czernichoff 366
Bonaparte's answer to M. de St. Aignan's communication 367
The Maritime Rights 368
Sir Charles Stewart and the Chancellor Hardenberg . . 369
Violent breeze. Sir Charles threatens to ask for his passports 370
M. de St. Aignan's minute . . *ib.*
The Grand Duchess Mary of Weimar 372
Letter from Mr. Rumbold . . 373
Pestilent atmosphere . . . 374

PAGE

Sir C. Stewart and Lord Aberdeen 375
Diplomatic dinner 376
Baron Stein 377
Sweden and the Treaty of alliance 378
Sir C. Stewart. Madame Bethman 379
Review of Russian troops. Greek mass 380
Swiss deputies arrive to declare their neutrality 381
Mission of General Pozzo di Borgo 382
Caulaincourt's answer to Metternich. 383
Anecdote of Eugène Beauharnois 384
Despatched to England . . 385
Lord Aberdeen's proceedings disapproved by the Government 387
The Crown Prince of Sweden . 388
Entry of the Duke of Cambridge into Hanover . . . 389
Letter from Lieutenant H. G. Jackson. Attempt of the Americans to take Montreal 390

1814.

Murat joins the Allies . . . 394
The Treaty of Kalizch . . . 395
Return to the Continent. The Hague 396
Bonaparte beaten at Brienne . 397
Bonaparte and Blücher, in the action at Brienne. . . . 398
Proposed march of the armies by Troyes and Vitry to Paris 399
The language held by the French towards Bonaparte . 400
The Cossacks. Notes from Sir C. Stewart. 401
Charles Jean. 402
Conference with Caulaincourt. 403
Chaumont. Blücher's retreat. 404
Troyes. Distress in France . 405

PAGE
The taking of Soissons . . . 406
Letter from Bath 407
Bath gossip and gaieties . . 408
The Prince Regent and Colman 409
The Queen of Würtemberg . 410
Reports current in Bath. Marriages on the *tapis* . . . 411
Rejoicings 412
Blücher and Bonaparte. Conference at Châtillon . . . 413
Letter from Sir C. Stewart . 414
Defeat of the French at Laon . 415
End of the Congress at Châtillon 416
Bonaparte and the Emperor of Austria at Bar-sur-Aube . 417
Veils and cambric. Sufferings of the army 418
A rejected suitor . . . . *ib.*
Lord Castlereagh and Caulaincourt 419
Bonaparte's intended attack on Schwartzenberg 420
Brilliant movement at Fère Champenoise 422
Colonel Neil Campbell wounded by a Cossack. Rapatel killed 423
The entry into Paris . . . *ib.*
The reception of the Sovereigns 424
Drunk with joy and champagne 425
Maria Louisa and her son. The Senate 426
The French Generals . . . 427
The Provisional Government. The Emperor Alexander . 428
Talleyrand. Perfidy attributed to the Allies 429
Bonaparte accepts Elba, and the pensions granted by the Allies 430
Letter from Mr. Francis Drake 431
Letter from Bath 433
Prophecy of the Bishop Arles . *ib*
Bath illuminations 434
French prisoners. Rejoicings, idleness, distress 435
The defeat of Soult 436

PAGE
The laurel and cypress. . . 437
Arrival in London of the allied Sovereigns. . . . . *ib.*
Investiture of the King of Prussia with the order of the Garter. 438
Sir Charles to be made a peer. Offer of a red riband . . . 439
Letter from Bath 440
The Bathites think themselves ill-used 441
The procession. Proclaiming the peace at Bath . . . 442
The Grand Duke of Weimar visits Bath 443
Lords Castlereagh and Stewart both go to Vienna . . . *ib.*
The *fêtes*. The Prince. Preparations in Hyde Park . . 444
Death of Mr. F. J. Jackson. The King's arrival at Berlin. 445
The Car of Victory 446
The thanksgiving. The dinner. The opera 447
The reception of Blücher and Hardenberg 448
Letter from Lord Stewart. Congress postponed till November 449
Talleyrand. Alexander . . 450
Precedence to be given to age, not to rank 451
Mr. Rumbold's letter. Diplomacy as a profession. . . 452
Exceptions to the general rejoicings 454
Extracts from Count Löwenstern's letters 455
Vienna overflowing with visitors. The Château Razamowski 456
The palm of beauty accorded to the Polish ladies . . . 457
French to be the language in general use . . . . . *ib.*
Hardenberg and Nesselrode . 458
Saxony and Prussia. The "Chronique du Congrès" . 459

PAGE
Tristesse of Berlin. Preparing to be gay 460
The King's liveries. The Saxon question 461
Lady Castlereagh and the Garter 462
Uproar at the Berlin theatre . *ib.*

1815.

Extracts from Count Löwenstern's letters 463
Stagnation in the council chamber. Flirtation and suicide 464
Prince Charles de Ligne . . *ib.*
Countess Voss. The poet Werner; his plays and his sermons 465
His conversion to Catholicism. 466
Une partie de traineaux. . . 467
Lord Wellington arrives at Vienna. The Redoute. Emperor Alexander 469
Prince Eugène. Maria Louisa. The Prince Regent's gold medal 470
Letter from Lord Stewart . . 471
Maria Louisa 473
The King of Saxony and his subjects 474
The mausoleum of Queen Louise 475
Letter from Lord Stewart. Bonaparte's escape from Elba 476
Louis 18th and the Senate . 477
Paris; flight of the English and others 478
Arrival of Bonaparte; departure of the King. Letter from Russia 479
Bonaparte's escape causes alarm in Berlin 480
The ladies of Vienna propose to lay aside their jewels, &c. 482
Letter from Copenhagen . . 483
Bonaparte's Ministry. State of Paris 484
The armies 485
Murat 486

PAGE
Marriage of Duke of Cumberland 487
Louis 18th at Ghent . . . 488
Preparations for the campaign 489
Louis *le Désiré.* Grand military ceremony in the Champs de Mars 490
Bonaparte's adieu to Paris. . 492
Position of the armies . . . *ib.*
The battle of Ligny . . . 493
Duke of Brunswick killed at Quatre Bras 494
Blücher's narrow escape . . 495
The Battle of Waterloo, or Belle Alliance (Prussian account) 496
Complete *déroute* of the French army 498
The pursuit 499
La Belle Alliance 500
Joy of the people of Berlin . 501
Bonaparte again abdicates. . *ib.*
Capitulation of Paris. Conduct of the German soldiery . . 502
Note from Prince Hardenberg. 503
Letter from Mrs. F. J. Jackson 504
King of Prussia . . . . . *ib.*
Aristocratic and political circles 505
Lord Stewart. English open houses. The French families 506
Letter from Sir J. Milles Riddell. Silesia. Cassel 507
The young Princes of Brunswick. Hanover; Duke of Cambridge 508
Prince of Orange 509
Lord Castlereagh 510
Lords Whitworth and Walpole The Russian *noblesse* . . . 511
The Russian character . . . 512
Paris; the French Royal Family 573
Feeling towards the English . 514

1816.

Note from Prince Hardenberg 515
Letter from Mrs. F. J. Jackson *ib.*
Marriage of the Duc de Berri . 516
The Duchesse de Berri . . . *ib.*

THE BATH ARCHIVES.

A FURTHER SELECTION

FROM THE

DIARIES AND LETTERS

OF

SIR GEORGE JACKSON, K.C.H.

1813.

Letters.—Stevens's Hotel, January 1st.—My most loving salutations to you, dearest mother, on this new year's morn. I hope it is a less dreary one in your part of the world than it is here—where the fog is profoundly thick, the streets too slippery for walking, and the roads so bad that the horses can scarcely stand. Nevertheless, it is a day of especial rejoicing; the commencement of a new era, as some people think, and devoted by many to the *fêting* by anticipation, of Bonaparte's downfall. The Russian news with which the year ended has been hailed throughout the country with one general shout of delight, qualified, however, by the announcement of Bonaparte's escape and safe arival in Paris. If he had been drowned, or mangled by the pikes of the Cossacks, with the thousands of unhappy wretches

who met with a horrible death in order that his retreat in safety might be secured, at the passage of the Beresina, there would have indeed been cause for rejoicing from one end of Europe to the other.

But the *hero* has returned to the bosom of his family and is restored to his "*bon peuple de Paris.*" He has skilfully availed himself, also, of the vanity inherent in the French character, to turn aside the execrations and curses with which he ought to have been welcomed back, and to remove from his own shoulders the blame of the misery that this most fatal of all campaigns has brought on the French nation, by attributing his defeat solely to the rigour of the Russian climate. "Could it be supposed that a French army was vanquished by a Russian one? Impossible! But against Russian snows, even a French army could not fight."

What will be the end of it all? Perhaps we shall have an Austrian mediation—or an attempt at negotiation while another French army is being raised. What a moment to have such a man as Lord Cathcart to direct Alexander! I trust that Bonaparte may not even yet cajole him, or most of John Bull's high hopes and speculations will be balked..

Hamilton told me when I went down to the Office, there would be a Cabinet on Monday, and that I was to be despatched with the result; but this I do not think likely. Lord Cathcart was still only a few miles from Harwich last night. Courvoisier was sent after him with Lord Wellington's last despatches, which contained little more than a

report of the heavy loss sustained by our army in the operations from Salamanca to Ciudad Rodrigo.

I am now looking out for the first opening abroad. I wonder whether our friend in Prussia will begin to feel his chains sit uneasily, and think of taking advantage of this golden opportunity of breaking them.

G. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Brighton, January 8th, 1813.

I have been busy all this week in getting together a meeting, to raise a subscription for the Russians. We do not feel so much for them as we did for the Spaniards, though they have done us more good, and for less cost. Perhaps John's feelings are a little worn; perhaps he expected that the Muscovite should do more, or he is disappointed that he let Bonaparte escape. Nevertheless, it went down very well; the meeting was well attended, and more than two hundred pounds subscribed in the room. Books are open at the banker's, and a collection is to be made at the churches after the Fast sermon.

Lord Sidmouth wrote to me respecting it, and I know it is wished that the proceedings in London on this head should become general throughout the country. *We*, then, have set a good example; and it was more my wish and expectation to have it followed in other parts, than to do a great deal by the sum that could be raised in such a place as this.

I think it right to inculcate throughout the country a correct notion of the real character and views of Bonaparte, and of the meritorious conduct of the Russians; which, if we could have foreseen a few months ago, we should have been ready to idolize them for.

Mr. Manning, the governor of the Bank, has assisted me greatly, and others have taken up the matter, so that in a few days we shall probably double the sum now in hand. I trust you Bathites will not be backward in following the example of the Brightonians.

I want you to get the "Edinburgh Review" and read the account of the memoirs of the Margravine of Bareuth; the good old friend of my Erlang College days. The article is entertaining; but the book itself is a trial of patience to read. How happy it would have made the old lady to have heard of the discomfiture of Boney.

We were to have had on the 6th a juvenile twelfth-cake ball, but as we unfortunately had the doctor in the house, Mrs. Fitzherbert, with whom I had made a previous arrangement, took the youthful company off our hands. James and I, only, were able to go to it, and a very merry and delightful party it was, Mrs. Fitz, herself, seeming to enjoy it as much as the youngest girl that was there.

12*th*.—I find that we shall get above five hundred pounds for the Russians; Lord Chichester gave us fifty, and we have set other towns a-going. Besides we have produced no small good to the county by

bringing out an offer from Lord Egremont to give one thousand guineas, and more if necessary, towards building a county hospital; and it will probably be done in consequence.

The appointment given to the Duchess of Leeds is the result of a great deal of intrigue both at Windsor and Carlton House, and it is still going on. She has undertaken a very arduous task, that will require, perhaps, the sort of passive capability she possesses to get through. She has stipulated that Lady Catherine should be always with her; so it will be a good introduction for her, and a very convenient addition to the Duchess's income.

F. J. J.

Mrs. Jackson to George Jackson.

Bath, January 19th.

I think I do not love writing so well as I once did, my dear George, and as you do not need so much of it as formerly, I am the more reconciled to my falling off as a correspondent. However, I must not lay the blame of my unusually long silence wholly on disinclination to take up the pen, for it is partly due, I must confess—you will laugh at this—to Bath dissipations. Whether the Russian successes and the hope we now have of seeing an end put to the career of the infamous Bonaparte have raised people's spirits I cannot say; but certain it is, there has been lately a vast deal more gaiety with us than at any time since our return home. Your sisters, naturally, like to have their share of it, and I, whether I like

it or not, must take mine. My old friend Mrs. Whitaker and her daughter are now on a visit to us; and this, with our frequent evening assemblies and our morning company, of which I have daily a constant succession till dinner-time, so fully takes up all my leisure, that you will not be surprised if I have been more negligent than usual in inquiring after my absentees.

As I have no franker at hand, I don't know that I should write to you to-day if you were not conveniently staying with an M.P.; for we dine with the Fords this evening, and I am somewhat tired with our last night's party. There was a concert, and afterwards a dance at Lady Bateman's; all very elegant and pleasant. Her daughters, who have had the best masters, and sing very beautifully to the harp, performed twice or thrice, and we had besides the best professional people. The young folks enjoyed the dance that followed, and, of course, there were waltzers who would not be disappointed of their favourite pastime. Indeed, many who once very properly objected to this most objectionable dance now join in it, and with as much delight as others—excusing themselves by saying, "it is ill-breeding as well as prudery, to set one's face against what people of fashion and good taste consider both innocent and amusing."

Amongst "distinguished foreigners," we have the Prince Kosloosky, who has been enlivening the Bath world of late. He is a Russian, and is going to Sardinia as ambassador. Of course, the brilliant

successes of the Russian army shed a little light upon *him*, and made him the hero of the night as much as if he himself had been the victorious General, especially with the young ladies; though I cannot say much for his looks. But they all tell you—and your sister Clara, I am vexed to say, as admiringly as the rest—"Oh he is such an elegant figure, and waltzes like a divinity!" What divinity, they do not say, but surely it is not Apollo. So much for Prince Kosloosky. Have you ever heard of him?

If it is true, as you tell me, that the king of Prussia is gone to Silesia, I am afraid the French may find an opportunity of carrying him off as a prisoner to France. I am sure, poor man, he has my best wishes and prayers for his speedy and full release from Bonaparte's clutches.

I am not so sanguine as you are, so I confess that I have no expectation of your going abroad. I don't think the present ministers regard the waste of the public money; therefore I believe that they will employ without scruple any man of their own set, however unfit, whom they wish to give a good thing to. The little sugar-plum, in the shape of a small pension, they have put into your mouth, they will think should stop your crying out, for a time. You think otherwise. Well, my dear George, *nous verrons*.

As to your idea of going abroad on your own account, if not sent officially, I must really take you to task for that. You seem to forget that you are not as free now to run about the world as when you were a bachelor. If you should give that a second

thought I hope it will have the effect of putting your first one entirely out of your head.

You may remember that I gave you a letter to get franked to Miss Clyston; it appears you forgot it, and the letter is perhaps still in your coat pocket. For Miss C. has written to ask if the hares she sent me a month ago had arrived, and *the letters with which they were stuffed.* Now, the hares I acknowledged, but not being aware that their stomachs were used as post-bags, the letters were thrown into the fire, as I have since learnt from my cook. On my telling her of what the stuffing of the hares chiefly consisted, she drew herself up, and with a dignified air asked me, "how *she* was ever to suppose that a born lady would do so nasty a trick; or how *I* could suppose that she didn't better know her duty than to send up on a silver plate, for drawing-room reading, such dirty bits of blood-soiled paper that she, in the kitchen, wouldn't touch with her fingers?" I own that I had little to say in defence of Miss Clyston's ingenious device for defrauding the revenue, which deserved, as it did, to come to a bad end. But she has always so much to say, her brain and her pen flow on like two rapid rivers; and having no franker at hand, she did not wish to put us to the expense of several shillings for double and treble postage.

Notwithstanding all our gay doings, we have found time this week to read Walter Scott's "Rokeby." Though a great admirer of Scott's poetry, yet I do not go so far in my admiration of it as to call

it, as Francis does—divine. "Rokeby" has many beauties, but I think I remark the faults in it more than I did in the former poems. A second reading is required in this, as in the others, to enjoy the poetry and, at the same time, to understand the story.

I shall be glad to hear that you are successful in obtaining a foreign post, but do not see where you can point out a pleasant situation. Perhaps, after Accourt's appointment to the Barbary States, Botany Bay might not be thought ineligible. But while you are waiting to be suited, I shall beg you to read a book I am going to send you as a new year's gift: it is "Purdy's Sermons." I have been much pleased and edified by their perusal, and I think you will be also. You will have time to read them while you are in Devonshire, and I hope you will not fail to comply with my wish that you should do so. They will do you good, my dear George; they will allay that feverish anxious state of mind which your desire to be in the midst of the troubled scenes enacting on the Continent produces in you.

Your affectionate mother,

C. J.

Diaries.—Stevens's Hotel, January 21st.—As soon as I heard of the defection of d'Yorck, whom I knew well at Memel, I was half inclined to try and get out to my old quarters again. But General Hope is already ordered off, though I do not understand *for* what, or *as* what he goes; because as long as the poor King remains in his own dominions, though

virtually dethroned, I do not see how we are to pretend to doubt his authority and intentions and to preach up resistance to them. But General Hope was fixed upon to go to Sweden, with a view to Bernadotte's co-operation, before the progress of the Russians had brought them to the westward of the Niemen, and I should suppose that his mission is chiefly, if not entirely of a military character.

It is certain there is now an opening in the North; a turn of the tide in the affairs of Germany that may flow on to emancipation and freedom. There is an appearance, too, that ministers are sensible of it; but I doubt their being well or thoroughly informed. It is pretty certain, that with very little management an army of fifty thousand men might be got ready to take the field—out of the Prussian provinces that will be emancipated—long before the French conscripts will reach the scene of action; and that the said army would consist of grown men and soldiers, and would be commanded by officers, quite equal to the French—in every rank below that of Generals. The deliverance of Europe is again in our hands, and the present men are fortunate if not able. What they will do, seems yet to be uncertain; but I am sure that, as at the beginning of the Spanish Revolution, every man who is acquainted with the language and inhabitants of Prussia ought to be employed. If they send, as before, *Galopins* who are acquainted with neither, we may look for the same result.

25*th*.—Our present rulers seem to be really in-

capable of taking full advantage of the new state of affairs. The idea of *overcoming* Bonaparte is one that seems never to have entered their heads, and still to have much difficulty in effecting an entrance. To keep him in check on the Continent and at a safe distance from our island is the utmost they have dared to hope for, or indeed that anybody, as it appears, ever expected to achieve; and I shall not be surprised if the present opportunity of driving Boney within his own borders and henceforth keeping him there—if the Russian successes be but vigorously followed up—should be allowed to pass away unimproved.

26*th*.—It is pleasant to see what a rage the great Nap is in, and how impotent withal.

The accounts from Vienna and Copenhagen give one reason to hope for a great deal from those quarters; and Alexander, so far, is well advised. It is fortunate that he is so, for he would get no advice worth having from Lord Cathcart; and this he seems to be aware of, by his leaving him behind at St. Petersburg. But in truth, I imagine that Alexander and his Cabinet will wish to go on now as they did in 1805, and decide everything for themselves; allowing us only an opportunity of acceding to what they do.

27*th*.—I saw Lord Palmerston to-day, to thank him in my brother's name for what he has done at his request in the case of Captain Fleming, who had been led into some gambling speculations with the public monies in his hands. Fleming is lucky to a certain extent in his misfortune, in being let off with dismissal from his civil employment, and the appro-

priation of his military half-pay to the making good of the deficiency in his accounts. But to be reduced to absolute poverty, and to be obliged to take flight to the Isle of Man in order to be safe from the grasp of his creditors, is perhaps a not much better fate than to be hanged, which poor Fleming has narrowly escaped.

What is passing on the Niemen ought to make room for more than one mission. With such successes, ministers will probably be able to stand their ground, though some assistance would still be very serviceable to them. I expect they will be pretty vigorously attacked, as well on the affairs of the peninsula as on those of America. Opposition will probably support Canning; but he will not always support Opposition; though it has been generally reported that he had coalesced with them.

February 1*st.*—Sir R. Wilson writes word that he hopes, but almost doubts, that the Russians will push on to the Vistula. If *he* doubts, little can be left for more reflecting persons and for cooler thinkers to hope for. The last French papers, however, afford promising grounds for hope. The disgrace of Murat, the visit to the pope, and above all, the *exposé*—more properly anglicized, *exposure*—of Bonaparte, tell more, I think, than anything he has given us since the 29th Bulletin.

The army of observation, too, in Italy, looks as if some doubts were entertained of the continuance of that delightful harmony he talks of, as now existing between himself and his Imperial papa-in-law.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Brighton, February 7th, 1813.

You ask for my opinion as to the policy of forcing an appointment by making it a *sine quâ non* of your friends supporting Government. There are many *ifs* to such a case; but in any case, would the bargain be *tanti?* I think the story of Lord Auckland's management when he was minister in Ireland, quite applicable to the present case. An M.P. asked some favour of him. "Granted; if you will support Government," was his reply. "You don't suppose I would give you my *constant* support for so paltry a favour," rejoined the M.P.

His Lordship noticed the emphatic word and said, "I agree to grant the favour you ask of me, making no conditions; but am willing to listen to those you were about to propose." A parley then ensued, and it was arranged that Government was to have the M.P.'s votes upon two previous questions, and a plumper, which he faithfully gave. I commend this to your and your friends' consideration. Though on the other hand, I would rather advise you—having such fair claims of your own, and having already got Lord Castlereagh's acknowledgment of them and an earnest of his intentions—not to urge anything further in the present situation of affairs, as I do not see how, with the best will in the world, an appointment could at this moment be made.

Walpole will not give up his place, which you

covet so much, except on promotion, and they cannot yet give him a mission. There ought to be a mission, as soon as the country is cleared, at Poland and East Prussia. But if anything is intended there, it seems to have got very much into military hands, and I suspect into those of the Hanoverians, which would not be very acceptable at Berlin. Much, however, on this score must depend on the progress of the Russians. They ought, in fact, to clear everything to the Oder and take possession of Silesia. If they do not, they will have done very little, and when the French advance again they will retreat towards the Niemen as rapidly as the French have retreated from it.

The letter in the "Times" from Walpole's *soi-disant* friend, and in which my name is so unwarrantably used, is beneath contempt. Nothing is so unfortunate as to have injudicious friends. I have been often attacked on the score of youth, but never noticed it—being sensible that the fault, if it was one, would cure itself; as indeed it has, too soon. I have now other reasons to complain, but am much disposed to agree with Lord Bolingbroke, who, in writing to Mr. Breton, our minister at Berlin in 1712, says, "I have borne very severe trials of the same nature, and am thoroughly convinced that in the chase of fortune and a life of business, a man must go through bad ways as merrily as good ones to arrive at his journey's end." If the ensuing campaign succeeds Lord William Bentinck will remain with the army, if not, he will probably return to England

to attend Parliament, and will give up the mission in Sicily. It is one I should like. But my claims are such as would I fear be postponed under the present *régime* to those of a parliamentary competitor. Nevertheless, I shall urge them when the proper time comes, as vigorously as may be.

Our Russian subscription goes on well. We shall complete it on the ensuing Fast-day.

10*th*.—As you are in town and will not have much *business* on your hands, find out whether any of my despatches from America have been laid before the House of Commons, and for what day the debate on American affairs is fixed. By Whitbread's question and Lord Castlereagh's answer, it would seem as if all that the American Government had published would be produced if demanded. The papers sent to me from the Office include Pinkney's statement of his complaints against me. I wish, therefore, that my long despatch explanatory of the rupture should be published also, and I have written to ask if it is intended to produce that, or any of my despatches. I have no objection that the question, "what do they mean to give?" should be put to the Secretary of State. Lord Francis Osborne, and several other members would be willing to move for the production of the explanatory despatch; but I would rather, that whatever is done should be done by the Government, than that I should have the air of applying to, or even communicating with, Opposition.

The news from France is very good, and the next from the Vistula will I hope be equally cheering.

If your German wants any rubbing up I suppose you are busy at it, and that you imagine yourself minister to the Free, if no longer Imperial, towns of Dantzig or Hamburg, at least.

F. J. J.

Letters.—Stevens's Hotel, Feb. 21*st.*—I saw in a newspaper the other day, my dear mother, an account of the very sudden death of your next-door neighbour Mr. d'Arcy, of pigeon-fancying fame, and was reminded by it of what you said when I last saw you; that of all your neighbours he was the one you could best spare, and most desired to get rid of. I have since seen from your pen quite a poetic prose elegy on the occasion, showing that your neighbour had a multitude of good qualities obscured but by one fault; he kept pigeons that were your aversion. That he really was, in the main, a good kindly-natured man, but that this hobby of his caused you so much annoyance that a coolness, which every day approached nearer to iciness, had sprung up between you in consequence. In the announcement of his death, it was stated that he was the lineal descendant of the earls of Holdernesse and next claimant to the title, a part of his family history I had not before heard; and your thoughts were so taken up with the mischief and damage done on your domain by his numerous pigeons, that, that he was the offending owner of them was all you seemed to know. Poor pigeons! well, as mortal enemies of yours, I congratulate you on their banishment; but I am very

sorry for poor d'Arcy—walking out, apparently quite well, at two, and lying dead in his house half-an-hour after. It was very sudden; and I do not wonder that all your vexation and anger, as suddenly, or even more so, died away too.

In the dearth of foreign news, all the world has been reading and commenting upon the Princess's letter, which she was so ill-advised as to have written and then to print. One would have thought she had got some tenth-rate novel writer to pen it for her, or some attorney, who would rise to fortune by writing a thirteen and fourpence letter that should make a noise, and cause a sensation. But I imagine that the effect of this letter will be small and of no duration, and that it need give the Prince but very little trouble or "concernment." The real author of the letter, as I know for a certainty, was Brougham. Sir Francis Burdett, who was consulted by the Princess, did all in his power to persuade her and Brougham to stop the publication of it. In consequence of his advice not having been followed he has withdrawn from the *coterie*. Sir Francis, himself, told this to the gentleman from whom I have it; so when you hear it discussed at the Bath tea-tables, you may with confidence, dear mother, look wise, shake your head, and assume an air that shall indicate that you know all about it, and, if it so pleased you, could clear away all doubt by one word.

24*th*.—What think you of Bonaparte's speech?—from his silence respecting Austria I should say we may hope for something from her. The general

sweeping clause about his allies is, surely, very different from what we should have had, if Austria had sent a single additional man into the field. But the importance of the present crisis seems to be lost sight of, public attention being wholly taken up by the delicate, or rather indelicate investigation now going forward. I know little or nothing of it, being determined to treat it with so much contempt as not to allow it to come in competition with more interesting subjects, though the Cabinet do pass five or six hours every day in consultation upon it.

The *on dit* of the hour is, that the Duke of Clarence wants a Russian princess. I should not wonder if the Regent were speculating upon one himself; and if they could bring such evidence forward as would justify a divorce he might try to give an heir to the crown.

You will have seen that the American debate was the quintessence of dulness, and presented nothing of interest, or novelty. I was prevented from attending; and my desire to do so was considerably lessened when I heard that Canning would not speak, and that there would be no division. But the unanimous vote on the Address will be of use, and *perhaps* encourage ministers *not* to give up the point in dispute. Foster's speech made me rejoice that I was not in Parliament, for I could not have forborne to tell him that he ought to know better.

28*th*.—If you have not already the Princess's letter, perhaps you would like to have it for your Scrapiana. Everything is so dull that I know of

nothing else you would care for, unless you wish for the Emperor of Russia's proclamation. It puts me in mind of some of Clarissa's inscriptions upon her coffin.

I have been down to the Office, and hear that Oakeley has just got his pension—thanks to me, I imagine. Canning, too, has got one of 1200*l.* a year; a proof, in addition to H. Wynn's, that it is no bad thing to belong to an opposition leader.

A severe cold and some fever have kept me in town; when I get back to the country I shall not return till I am sent for. Except to get presented, I have nothing to detain me, and owing to this business of the Princess of Wales, there will not be a drawing-room in a hurry. G. J.

Diaries.—March 2nd.—I see, or at least I think I see, that the question for a committee for the Catholics will be carried in the House of Commons in the affirmative; and I daresay that concessions will be made now which may be beneficial, if properly used by the Catholics, but which will be revoked at no very distant period, if they attempt to make them the stepping stones of ambition.

With the first easterly winds, I expect to hear that the Russians are at Berlin; an event that may also be very beneficial if properly improved. But I have not much more faith in those who should improve it than I have in the moderation of the Catholics.

A report is current of Lord Pembroke being about to set off on some embassy. Is it that they have at

last found out what a cipher Lord Cathcart is, and have yet failed to discover what is patent to all the rest of the world—the degree of efficiency to be looked for from an embassy of which Lord Pembroke should be the head? Perhaps they are waiting for something at Vienna; for if an opening should come from that quarter, his Lordship would then be off at a tangent, and I cannot help thinking that some notion—how profound an one I cannot say—is entertained by ministers of negotiating for a peace.

3rd.—We hear of there being a state prisoner at Gross Wardein—I should not be surprised if it were Gentz.

I met to-day Metzger, who was for some time our *maître d'hôtel* when my brother was in Berlin, and had some conversation with him, hoping to hear something interesting of our late *dramatis personæ*. But he seemed rather surprised when I questioned him about the great misery and poverty so general in Berlin, and from his account, things do not wear nearly so melancholy an aspect there as we have been led to suppose. He is come over with Count Lieven, who is a relative of the Lieven who was with the Emperor in 1805, and has been two years minister at Berlin.

Southampton, 13th.—Events are succeeding each other so quickly, and things appear to ripen so much faster than I had expected, that I waver in my intention of staying quietly in the country until summoned to town by his Lordship. The news brought by the last two mails makes it advisable for

me, I think, to see Lord Castlereagh with as little delay as may be possible. For surely we ought to have somebody at Hamburg the moment the French leave it; and if he would send me there I should like it immensely. Just now it would be an especially interesting spot; and I might, I believe, by activity find opportunities there *de me faire valoir* a little

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Brighton, March 12th, 1813.

I gave you two days ago, my dear mother, an account, full, true, and particular as you could desire, of ourselves and our household, so that I have little to add to this acknowledgment of your letter of the 10th, received this morning. But I don't think I told you of a church squabble that is going on here; though to tell news to you Bathites seems hopeless, and I often laugh at, and duly admire the ingenuity with which a word dropped on your fertile newsmongering soil, is made to come forth a full-blown story to enlighten less favoured districts. Is it in the air, or in the Pump Room that this fructifying power resides?

However, to return to our church, there is a Sir Thomas Bernard—a sort of an itinerant institutor, whom I dare say you remember at the Foundling—who wants to establish a chapel here, independent of the bishop and of all church authorities. He has engaged as minister a Mr. Marsh from Reading—a son of the banker—to whom the bishop objected on the score of non-orthodoxy. At first, the bishop was

very easy in the matter, and I fear has not shown much judgment throughout. At last, however, he is in the right way to put a stop to it, for there is no doubt that the plan was to establish a Methodist chapel under the guise of a Church of England one —a wolf in sheep's clothing, and a much more dangerous enemy than even a Roman Catholic establishment.

Another kind of entertainment we have, consists of French readings, with which the Baron de Montalembert has lately been favouring us. He is a Frenchman by birth but educated in England, and has risen in our service to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and assistant-quartermaster-general of this district.

He gave us *La Petite Ville*, on one night, and *Le Prisonnier* another. In the last, which is an operetta, his remarkably fine voice enabled him to execute the songs admirably.

The 41st Regiment, which has been here all the winter, marches on Tuesday for Portsmouth to embark for Canada. Our cousin, Henry George, who has got his promotion, goes there too.

George oscillates between town and country, with longing eyes fixed on the Continent, and waits with one foot in the stirrup, as it were, for Lord Castlereagh's word of command to mount and set off. His Lordship has promised that he shall be sent off at the first favourable opening, and it is not unlikely that he may keep his promise; but I have less confidence in him than George has. I am going to town in a day or two and reckon on finding G. there. I

hope the next accounts will produce something for him; but I am afraid our people are too much busied about this disgusting business of the Princess of Wales. It is quite shocking that such a subject should occupy so much of the public attention, and at such a moment as this.

The Prince, too, is just now busily occupied with his own *private* affairs, which gives rise to a good deal of comment of no flattering kind. But our queen of Brighton, Mrs. Fitzherbert, goes calmly on in the old quiet way, giving her dowager whist parties and pleasant weekly *réunions*, with occasional *petits dîners et soupers*; all in the best taste, and acting with a tact, judgment, and dignity, with reference to the dirty business going on in town, that are sadly wanting elsewhere.

F. J. J.

Letters.—Foreign Office, March 17th.—Once more in town you perceive, dear mother, but this time because I was sent for. In a few days it will really be "*Fouettez, cocher, pour le continent.*" I received my summons yesterday morning and was up in town by ten last night. I have been at the Office the whole day, as busy as possible. All is at present a secret. Francis came from Brighton to-day and will write to you to-morrow.

Stevens's Hotel, 18th.—Francis has been engaged to-day with M'Mahon on some business. he has with the Prince, and I just come in to learn that he has not had time to appease my dear mother's curiosity. I

snatch up a pen to do so myself, before I appease the cravings of hunger—for dinner is serving and I have not had time to eat a morsel to-day. Know then, that the Government has determined to send out a Chargé d'Affaires to the King of Prussia, and a quantity of arms, clothing, and I believe money, which are to be placed under the control of the said Chargé, and that in consequence, I was written to, to come up directly to town to set off at a very short notice upon this errand. It is just the thing of all others that suits me, and for which I hope I am calculated. Of course, it is intended in the first instance only to see how the land lies; to feel my way, and to prepare for more extensive diplomatic communications.

I am to go first to Gothenburg, thence to Colberg or Rügenwalde, keeping my eyes and ears open, and making the most of my time and means. When a minister is appointed, I should like it to be Francis; but this we shall know more of by-and-by. You will see the Austrian proclamation in the "Courier," and I am persuaded it might be turned to very good account. In short, everything looks smiling as the season to which we are approaching.—The soup is served, I must lay down my pen, for my brother, as you know, likes his soup hot, as does also your younger son.

G. J.

Diaries.—19*th.*—I fully expected yesterday to receive my general instructions, and I waited long at

the Office for the purpose of entering *en matière* with Lord C. and his man Cooke, but everybody was so busy with the Princess's *affaire* that more particular conversation was put off till to-day. They now talk of not being able to despatch me for seven or eight days. In the interval, events, which do indeed keep pace with our most sanguine expectations, have occasioned an alteration in the plans of our Government. Something had come in in the night that occasioned the sort of hesitation and demur I noticed yesterday, but could not well account for. But this morning there has been an arrival from Heligoland, announcing that a vessel had come there from the Elbe with the news that Beauharnois had been defeated on the Oder, and that, in consequence, the allied forces, part of which is composed of d'Yorck's corps, had entered Berlin, Dresden and Hamburg. The general belief is, that the King of Prussia has declared for the Allies, but it is doubtful whether he has actually done so. There is, however, no doubt at all of the governor of Colberg having sent word that he holds that fortress only for the interests of the Allies, and is ready to receive succour for them; that he knows that the King of Prussia's proclamation is about to appear, when there will be a hundred and twenty thousand men—Prussians—ready to fight against the French.

Nothing can be more satisfactory than this, and in consequence of it Lord Castlereagh has determined to send out his brother, Sir Charles Stewart, on a military mission, and I am to accompany him. He

will shortly go to the army, and I shall remain as Chargé d'Affaires with the Court. In the present state of things, this appears to be not only natural, but proper.

I have had a very satisfactory interview with Sir Charles, and all is going on right. He tells me that Fitzclarence is to go with him.

20*th*.—I went this morning, directly after breakfast, to Grafton Street, where nothing new was to be learnt as to the principal point; but I found Sir Charles very anxious to inform himself as to "*essentials*,"—*savoir*—what footing my brother's mission to Berlin was upon; what were the emoluments; the rank he enjoyed, &c. When I had explained all this to him, he seemed to think it would not do, and said he could not go in any respect differently from Lord Cathcart. In the course of our conversation, Lord Harrowby's special mission in 1805 was mentioned, and upon referring to his Lordship's instructions, they appeared in many points to be very applicable to the present state of things; and I should not be surprised to find that *embassy* made the model on which the arrangements for the present *mission* will ultimately be completed. For pay—*à la bonne heure; mais c'est beaucoup prétendre* in Sir Charles Stewart that he should have the same powers as Lord Harrowby had. For the present, this forms a hitch in the business, and it may prove to be not the only one.

The negotiators in Sweden certainly run before the wind, and the more one thinks of the embarrass-

ments of the interior, the more they appear likely to throw a stumbling-block in the way of Ministers. If somebody does not go immediately by the Elbe, the interests of the country will again be sacrificed to parade and private interest. The "essentials" of the mission, as *I* understand them, seem to be little attended to. But this is a good time to make friends with the brother of the Secretary of State; and I must say that, from what I have as yet seen of him, I like Sir Charles, and think we shall get on very well together. He is popular, too, with the army I believe, though decidedly a little maddish.

In consequence of a note I received from Count Lieven, the object of which was to give a character to his *chasseur*, whom I have just engaged, but which contained a hint that he would like to speak to me, I called on him after leaving Grafton Street. I found the Count so perfectly informed of what was going on, that one would have thought he had overheard our conversation. He was very desirous of having somebody sent off at once, straight by the Elbe, which he agreed with me would be very feasible, and he expatiated largely on the disadvantages of so long a delay as *must*, in all probability, occur if the present plan be persisted in. He said, that he should see Lord Castlereagh tomorrow, and would press the subject—as from himself—upon his Lordship's attention. I should therefore not be surprised suddenly to receive an order to be off, though, as I suspected, I find there is a difficulty about the ratification of some of the Articles.

Count Lieven told me, his last accounts from the Emperor are of the 15th ult., on which day he was at Posen, and it was expected that an interview would take place between him and the King of Prussia a few days later.

21*st.*—Things remain in *statu quo.* Lieven's hint may perhaps do good, and the near approach of the Emperor forms an additional motive for sending off somebody. But "*le vieux Général diplomate*" will be with him soon: and then our mission and his will clash if Sir Charles has not sense enough to attach himself to Bernadotte. If he gets his mission put on the same footing as Lord Harrowby's, then I assume Hammond's place, which will be the more necessary, as there will be a greater probability of Sir Charles and I being obliged to act separately.

Foreign Office, 22*nd.*—A mail has arrived from Heligoland, but has brought no messenger or official advices, nothing but merchants' letters. But, with this proof of the necessity of our plan being adopted, I am still without orders, and Sir Charles told me this morning that his brother had determined that we should go to the banks of the Elbe, viâ Gothenburg! Perhaps, when I go in to talk with Cooke—for I am now waiting for the exit of a big-wig—some more rational plan may be decided upon.

From what Sir Charles says to-day, I suspect he must content himself with his double character of General and negotiator, and that it will be made up to him in some way, either by an increase in the emoluments, or the retaining of his military pay.

Five o'clock.—I have been in Cooke's room ever since I was called off from my log, reading papers of the greatest interest.

It is now just six. Nothing new is come in. The last official accounts are to the 13th, at which time the Russians had not actually entered Hamburg, but were at Bergdorff. A column of sixty thousand men was in the neighbourhood of Berlin: a corps of eight thousand cavalry had passed through the town in pursuit of Beauharnois, who had gone off with only two thousand, in the direction of Leipzig, the day before the entry of the Russians.

Cooke now tells me that we shall be off as soon as the next mail arrives. By *we* I may understand, I suppose, myself and the military stores.

25*th.*—A mail has just brought a Treaty signed between Russia and Prussia, and the news that Stadion was to be sent to the Emperor of Russia's head-quarters. This Treaty has given rather a fresh turn to their views, for England is invited to accede to it; and it has put for the moment a little quicksilver into them, and there is some appearance of really preparing to despatch us. It is intended to send the Garter to the Emperor, but ministers are in doubt about the forms to be observed, and can find no one who actually knows what they are.

The old Duchess of Brunswick is dead, and her funeral, I hear, will not take place for these ten days.

This would lead to Passion week, that to Easter; so 'tis probable the Prince will hold no levée until

afterwards, and we shall not be presented. I may learn something more of this at Lord Westmoreland's, where I dine to-day.

Mrs. Jackson to George Jackson.

Bath, March 25th, 1813.

I was roused this morning out of my sweet dreams and slumbers—for I was indulging myself in lying rather later in bed than it is my habit to do—by your letter, which Clara, in her impatience to know its contents, brought up to me. I was not at all disappointed at your having no fashionable chit-chat to tell us, by way of enlivening the dreary details incidental to warfare; but your sister said, "If he passes his days in Downing Street reading despatches, I know him too well to believe that he does not find livelier amusements for his evenings; and of these he ought to give us some account."

It is enough for *me*, my dear George, to know that you are once again quite in your element, anxious only to be gone, and eager for the busy changeful scene that awaits you. Why are you so much annoyed at the prospect of Sir Charles Stewart proceeding direct to Berlin? You must take the chance of events, my dear, and I dare say there will be opportunities enough before you return to show how well fitted you are for the profession you love so well.

It is very gratifying to know that what you call "things in the North" are going on so favourably,

for I confess that I began to be afraid that our hopes had prematurely risen too quick and too high. I wish I could separate from them the thought that ever comes into my mind, of the blood that yet must flow before Bonaparte, the scourge of the earth and of our days, is fully and finally put down. Even within the small circle of my acquaintance, I have known of many homes made desolate by this continual warfare; of many hearts doomed to life-long sorrow for the slaughtered victims of this one demon-man's ambition.

At Sir Charles Stewart's mission I am not well pleased. I am quite tired of Generals being sent out as negotiators; and there never came any good of it yet. I did flatter myself when I heard that your brother was in town, that it was with a view to his following you shortly to Berlin. His acquaintance, we may almost say his friendship, with the King, his intimacy with Baron Hardenberg, his long residence in Berlin and knowledge of the language and people, would have pointed him out, I should have thought, to any minister who wished to send the person best suited for the office, as the one on whom his choice should fall. But Lord Castlereagh, I suppose, must be credited with more love for his brother than regard for the interests of his country, and with amiable weakness has given him the first and the best thing that came into his hands. Apropos of this, I must tell you how people's guesses sometimes show what is expected and what ought to be done. I give you my word of honour that I never [illegible]ned

my lips on the subject to any human being; yet two days ago Mrs. Ford told me that, last week at her whist table, some of the dowagers mentioned that they had heard Mr. Jackson was in town, and that one lady answered, "Yes, and a friend writes me word it is expected he will be appointed to the Berlin embassy."

I have not yet got through that speech of Whitbread which you sent me. It is a very long one, to my palate, and we have already had so much of the self-same thing, that I confess to having become weary of it. We have been occupied, too, with reading of a different kind, and have just finished Mrs. Opie's novel, "Temper." There are some descriptions in it that are very entertaining, and the sentiments throughout are good; but I think that almost all the situations are unnatural, or not sufficiently accounted for. But this you will not care for now, and, besides, while I think of it I must give you a commission which, busy as you are, I hope you will execute, as it will not take up much of your time.

As the Duchess of Brunswick is dead at last, and we must all put on our black, I wish you would order Painter to make my short black gloves, and your sister's long black ones, as soon as he can, and to send them to *you*, when you can forward them to me under an Office cover. This death will prevent the Prince, probably, from holding a levée before you go; for of course the Duchess must be buried first, and everybody be in mourning. And even then,

who knows if the afflicted son-in-law will be over anxious to show himself in public. The struggle to get into mourning on Sunday has put all our friends here into a fuss, at least those who have not had the forethought to be ready for an event that has been some time looked for.

It is useless to ask when Sir Charles thinks of going, for I know too well the uncertainty of all human things, and particularly of all human things in the shape of a minister, to expect to such a question a definite answer. Many people in Bath talk of going abroad, and I am persuaded that to make a continental trip will soon become quite a mania, especially if the present contest should continue to promise as favourable a result as it does now. But some cautious and prudent persons have doubts of the final result; and, awed by Bonaparte's superior talents and former good fortune, waver in their belief of its proving successful, and so think it wiser and safer not to leave the shores of Old England and their own firesides till it can be done with more perfect ease and security. I am quite of their opinion. *Qu'en dites vous?* my dear George.

C. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Stevens's Hotel, March 27th, 1813.

I know you will be anxious, my dear mother, to hear of what is going on, though I know not what, or how often, George has written to you. He and I are both very busy, though in a different

way. The late arrivals from the continent occasion a great bustle at the Office, and make the Government anxious to get off the mission on a great scale. George is very lucky to be the second person in it. Sir Charles Stewart seems very good-humouredly disposed, and they get on together in the best manner possible. I dare say that before long George will have an opportunity of acting *en chef*.

They will be off, at least so they say, next week, about the middle, and will go wherever the Emperor and the King of Prussia may be. The fighting will not take place till the summer, when Bonaparte will have got together something of an army, and then the civilians will go to the rear.

Things really are in so fine a course that unless they are most miserably mismanaged, or that Bonaparte is more than usually fortunate, there must be, I think, a general peace in the course of this year. I have little or no confidence in the doings of the people now in power, but they are greatly favoured by circumstances; and I see plainly that Castlereagh and Co. are determined to keep everything in their own hands. So much is this the case, that the present mission having risen, since their first idea of sending George to Berlin on an errand of inquiry, to one of as high importance as Lord Castlereagh can make it for his brother, a sort of an attempt was made yesterday to get rid of George. I was at considerable pains to keep him steady, and I am glad I was at hand to do so; for in the natural indignation he felt at the discovery of the underhand proceedings

that have been going on for some days, he was on the point of playing into their hands, and furnishing the opportunity that was desired for the *gentleman* who was prepared for the emergency, to step into his place. I hope all is now going on right again, and that a few more days will see them fairly off. The fact is, the present is considered as a fortunate chase, and everybody is wild to be in at the death. Royal dukes, Generals, all are for going to Hanover.

The theatres are closed, but will probably be open next week, except on the day of the funeral, which is not yet fixed. All parties are put off—but there are but few of them—and the Duchess is to lie in state. The royal dukes are out and about. To-morrow everybody will be in mourning; those who are not will hardly dare to look out of window.

The Drakes are in town. We dined with them yesterday at the house of Mrs. Drake's brother. He has ten children, mostly daughters, richly ugly, but very musical; so we had the organ, piano, flute, and singing all the evening. It was pleasant enough. Lord Clinton was there; he told me that Lord De-la-Warr is about to marry one of the Duke of Dorset's daughters.

29*th.*—I have been to Carlton House to-day, but could see nobody, not even M'Mahon, whom I most wanted to see. I also looked in at the Office and found them all over head and ears in business. George has no orders yet, but Wessenburg is arrived, and a Hamburg mail. The Danes have agreed to the neutrality of the Elbe; so we shall

have plenty of news direct. The Emperor and the King were to meet at Dresden on the 23rd. Davoust commands at Dresden on the south side of the town. There had been great discontent among the people, a *fracas* had ensued, the French blew up the bridge and the Russians entered on the north side. They had passed the Elbe at Schandau and it was supposed that Davoust would be forced to withdraw. There is a list of I know not how many thousands of men marching against the French. The spirit of the entire German nation seems to be thoroughly roused. In short, everything seems to go on *au mieux*.

31*st*.—Frightful! you will exclaim, my dear mother, on unfolding this Patagonian sheet of paper. Frightful! especially as the dearth of news will not enable me to fill it. But this hotel produces nothing better or more orthodox, so I am fain to accept it from young Rumbold, who has had these enormous sheets cut, on purpose to write long letters to his mamma from the continent. He is the brother of George's late flame, and notwithstanding the rather abrupt breaking off of the match they have kept up an intimacy. Desiring to see Germany, and hoping also to see France, he is going out with George, and is staying at this hotel until G. gets his sailing orders. George left town by yesterday's mail and returns to-night — Lord Castlereagh having allowed him these two days to go into the country to take leave of his wife. I had taken leave of him myself, but the unexpected announcement of a levée keeps me in town till Saturday. I don't know why they try to make a secret of Sir

Charles' going to Germany, as everybody knows it. But I hear he has been telling people that he is going to Spain; it may be, 'tis to try his hand at diplomacy that he would thus mislead the world.

They do say in town, that part of the troops destined for America are stopped; but I believe the 41st have already sailed. Not even a transport is yet appointed for the conveyance of the artillery, and a writ has been issued to prevent Lord Moira from leaving the country; but I believe it is got over by his having raised money at a great loss.

According to present intentions, only the German Legion, and *some* cavalry and artillery will be sent to Hanover; and it will all depend upon a battle lost or won whether, when they go, they will remain there or not. Many people observe that hitherto, we have done nothing but rejoice at the good news.

The delay in despatching the mission is difficult for anybody not in the secret to account for. If George had been sent off, as was intended when he came in all haste to town, he would have been at Berlin by this time. Now, they all talk of going at the beginning of next week. I dare say it will be the end, and perhaps the beginning of the week after.

April 1st.—I kept this letter open, as so large a space in the gigantic sheet remained blank, to tell you of George's return. He came in at ten o'clock, and was afterwards in Grafton Street consulting till past midnight with Sir Charles. I had dined with the party which occasioned George so much emotion at Bath last year—Lady Rumbold, and her

daughters. They are pleasant and pretty girls, no doubt, but as in other respects the match was not desirable on either side, I see no great cause for regret and lamentation that the thing went off. There is plenty of society for those who seek it in London, but *the season* will not begin this year till after Easter, and will be at its height in June.

I dined on Thursday at Lord Dillon's—*dîner fin.*—I think there is an appearance of marriage there with Lord F. Beauclerk. I know of nothing else on the *tapis*, except that Sir William Scott, a judge, is to marry the dowager Lady Sligo. On Saturday morning I return to Brighton, having promised George some notes and instructions, which I hope will be at least useful to him, as supplementing those he will receive from the Office.

F. J. J.

Diaries.—Stevens's Hotel, April 3rd.—I have not learnt much at the Office this morning, not even when we are likely to start; but, from having accidentally cast my eye on a paper Cooke pulled out of his pocket and which I perceived related to me—I suppose to Sir Charles also, but mine was the only name visible—I infer that it must be very soon. This paper was evidently a draft of instructions. In the margin of it was written in Lord Castlereagh's hand, "Approved, and to be employed by General Stewart as circumstances may require."

I met Drake, as well as other expectants now on the look out, in Downing Street. This both surprised and

amused me, for he had called here in his phaeton, just after my brother left, and said he was going to Kew to buy merinos. As I told him I was going to Grafton Street—as indeed I was, but Sir Charles directly after sent me word that he would like better to confer with me in the evening—the meeting was unexpected, and to him it was evidently annoying. He had met with a friend, he said, and had been led to put off his purchase of merinos *till* another day. He found, too, that he had so much to do in town that he should not get home so soon as he expected, and that, in fact and *entre nous*, he wanted to see Cooke before he went, as he thought he could give him a few useful hints. If these useful hints are to the effect that Government would do well to employ him again, I fear they will prove useless as far as he is concerned; for, notwithstanding the present changed and changing aspect of continental affairs, it is certain that the stupid conspiracy business of 1804, of which Drake was made the scapegoat of the ministry, will not tend to make his services acceptable to the present people, or himself, if an opening should offer, a desirable minister at any of the German Courts.

On my way I met Count Münster and went home with him to look at the "Moniteurs," which he has down to the 28th ult. No notice is taken by them of the entrance of the Russians into Hamburg, nor did I find that they contained anything of much interest, except an article from Utrecht, mentioning the arrival there of a great many wounded. This, as it

was unaccompanied by any explanation or observation whatever, may be connected with the idea Lord Liverpool yesterday threw out to my brother of a rising in Holland. The Dutch might make a powerful diversion in our favour; but I don't know if it is to be expected till the allied armies are come nearer to them.

The French *régime* was abolished throughout Brandenburg on the 15th. The King had divided his dominions, from the Elbe to the Russian frontiers, into four military governments, each with a civil and military commander—Massenbach is one of them.

D'Yorck entered Berlin on the 17th with his corps of forty thousand men under Wittgenstein's orders. His innocence had been publicly declared.

4th.—Sir Charles sent me word last night that the Russian troops had left Hamburg for the Weser; that the Mecklenburgers had entered it, and the Prussians were expected. The Cossacks had arrived at Lubeck, and the Elbe and Weser were reported free from the enemy.

Saxon, Westphalian, and Bavarian officers had entered the German Legion, publishing their reason for doing so in the Könige paper.

Stettin had been summoned—the people were violent for capitulation, and a conference of four hours had been held with the governor. Immediate surrender was expected. A troop of Westphalian horse had deserted from Magdeburg and others were following. The Emperor left Breslau on the 19th, and the King of Prussia entered Potsdam on the 23rd.

All this is most encouraging, and I trust our people will not be much longer content with receiving the reports and smiling their approbation.

The French, they write from Spain, are assembling in large force near Valladolid. Soult was going off as fast as possible with five hundred cavalry and from four to five thousand infantry.

5th.—A pencil note from Sir Charles; 'tis just eight o'clock. He is at breakfast; hopes I am also, and that we shall meet directly after. Possibly, if not probably, we may now be off at a tangent.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Brighton, April 5th, 1813.

I give some latitude to the information I have had, from pretty good authority, of your speedy departure, yet shall hasten the preparation of the papers I propose to send you, as I shall not be sorry that you should be in possession of them a day or two before you sail. I and my secretary—Elizabeth—will therefore work hard to send them this evening under cover to Cooke. Of course it will be as well not to open the packet in his room. I believe they will all have to rely upon you for essentials.

Fitzclarence, I hear, does not go, because they think he would write everything to his father, who would publish it in Bond Street; but I should not be surprised if he were reserved for the royal party. For both the Duke of Cumberland and the Duke of Cambridge are to go to Hanover, I understand; the

former in a military, the latter in a civil capacity. If so, there must be question of sending there an army of some sort, and I should think that by very great exertions it might be possible to collect ten thousand men for that service—including guards, German Legion, artillery and cavalry. But I do not know that we are up to the effort which to get together even this small number would require.

If you have an opportunity, pray urge upon Sir Charles the necessity of forming an army of reserve—almost as strong as the army that goes forward—to act in case of check or defeat in the first instance; also, that the countries where the allied armies subsist should give them gratis those supplies they would have been forced to give as contributions to the French army. Bernadotte ought to be by this time in Pomerania, and I see clearly that much stress is laid upon his co-operation. If he should get the command of an efficient army and be disembarrassed of the Danes, his name and military talents would indeed tell for more than the number of men he would take into the field. The origin of the expedition of 1807 was, in *my* sense, that we should make Denmark everything or nothing; and now the time is come, if she be obstinate, to reduce her to zero.

6th.—I had only just time to get the inclosed ready to send off as a parcel, per coach, to your hotel. On reflection, I have preferred this to sending to the Office. You will find allusions to many points of which I am persuaded Lord Castlereagh will say nothing. On the last point I am sure he will be

silent, whatever he may think; so you must take me for the only monitor you have. *Valeat quantum valere potest.*

I like very well Bonaparte's answer to the representative body. It shows or seems to show that he thinks of making no stand to the east of the Rhine. This is a fine wind for the transports. They sailed on the 3rd, I see, for Sweden, and I trust Bernadotte will very soon make use of them. By-the-bye, it looks as if Bonaparte were not quite sure that the King of Denmark would refuse this Norway scheme. I think he will, and I hardly see what indemnity we could in decency offer him. To give him any German town or province, would be in direct opposition to Mr. Fox's instructions to me on the subject of Anspach and Bareuth. By these several days of hard work with Sir Charles, I suppose you have now got into the pith of the business. It would not surprise me if, now, as in 1805, Russia had pledged us for more than we choose to perform.

If I thought it probable that you would be yet some days in town, I should be inclined to run up again, as this is an interesting moment to be near the centre of affairs.

Extracts from Mr. F. J. Jackson's Notes and Memoranda for his Brother's use in Germany.

. . . . . You know also, how sincerely attached I have ever been to Baron Hardenberg; I will therefore only mention here, that I shall enclose a letter for him, and that you may assure him that

I have never ceased under all circumstances to do full justice to the *loyauté* and sterling worth of his real sentiments.

You will remember Helbig, and if any circumstances should bring you within reach of Gentz you should certainly keep up a communication with him, though with more caution even than formerly. Because, in addition to his vanity—which might then have led him to disclose your secrets, if entrusted with them, to other persons—there is now the circumstance of his connection with Metternich, whose agent he is supposed to be, and with the French Government, who most likely on their own terms only have forborne to persecute him. Nevertheless, I cannot help thinking that Gentz, in the main, is sound at bottom and that he would rather serve our cause than that of the French; in which case, he is by far the ablest man I ever met with in Germany—infinitely superior to Pozzo de Borgo and the other agents who have at different times been employed by us and Russia. His views, are practical, and theirs, for the most part, though otherwise good, are only theoretical.

However, you must be cautious not to enter into any positive engagements with him without sufficient authority; for he is needy, fond of his pleasures, and would entertain great pecuniary expectations. But bearing in mind these *antécédentes*, it would not be difficult to turn to a very good account a renewed communication with him. If you see him, make my kind remembrances to him, and say that I set a great

value upon his correspondence and upon his account of the Prussian campaign of 1806, and that I shall be very glad at all times to hear from him.

I would by all means advise you to be upon your guard against the swarm of French agents who, under different disguises, will assail you for the pretended purpose of giving information, but in reality for that of obtaining it, and of betraying you. The establishment of a French police at Berlin and its environs must have multiplied this race; though, perhaps, the suspicions to which, from that circumstance, they will be exposed will make it necessary for them to use more specious pretences. I should extend my precautions to the answering in very few instances, in writing, applications of this sort; and I should be particularly careful how and where I deposited papers that I did not wish the enemy to obtain possession of. As long as he has a garrison on the Elbe, there will be a receptacle for stolen papers, and even for stolen persons, if the latter should be thought likely to be valuable. I should also communicate with great caution with those agents who have been heretofore avowedly employed by England—as Mills, Ompteda, King, Horn, &c. The plan has hitherto been to get all out of them, and they may be useful to tell you what *has* passed, but they have very rarely learned what our plans were, and they will now only know them by second hand, and after some interval of time. I would, however, advise your keeping on good and confidential footing with the Hanoverian ministers or officers that may come in

your way. You may be sure that that is a strong interest here now, and Münster has many opportunities of putting in an efficacious word for or against a man. The same of Russia. But this applies more strongly to either of the royal dukes who may go to Hanover, and from whom I should, if necessary, *appear* to receive orders.

You must be on a footing of great civility and etiquette with Lord Cathcart; and by praising his despatches and style of writing, and, if an opportunity offers, telling him what an effect they had in England this winter, make him believe you know nothing of his military incapacity. He fancies himself a great officer, and why wake him from his dream? You must, therefore, affect to look up to him as to a Malmesbury or an Ewart.

As an object of general enquiry, I do not know that you can fall upon a subject more interesting at the present moment, or more likely to influence the future events of the campaign, than the actual state of Prussia, as compared with that in which it was at the beginning of the last reign, when all her resources were entire; or with that of the present reign, when she had made large territorial acquisitions and considerable portion of her treasure had been spent; and, owing to the relaxed system of administration, the different branches of it were not so productive as under the severe *régime* of Frederick the Second.

At the former of the two periods, the Prussian revenue amounted to about thirty millions of dollars, not so much as the produce of either our excise, cus-

toms, or stamp duties. Of this sum, about three millions of dollars, or half a million sterling, were annually laid up in the Royal Treasury; according to the old but impolitic maxim of the Prussian monarchy of always having a large, but unproductive sum of money ready for all contingencies. With this small revenue, an army—with the constitution of which I presume, as you ought to be, you are acquainted—was kept on foot to the number of two hundred and fifty thousand men, the regiments being, in many instances *über-complet.* I have an authentic list of it, which establishes this fact, for the year 1791, when every particular was considered a secret.

A change in the pay of the different ranks of officers, and what horses and baggage they were allowed, was in contemplation when I left Berlin in 1806, and was probably rendered indispensable by the *déroute* at Jena. The pay of the soldiers used to be eight *groschen* every five days, and one and a half or two pounds of bread per day. The subalterns had ten or twelve dollars per month. The captains, considering their companies a sort of freehold, were well paid, and so were, in their way, the field-officers.

I suppose there is a great want of arms in Prussia, and that the manufactories of them are probably at a standstill for want of funds and raw material.

Muskets and bayonets ought to be furnished from this country to any amount; but I see no reason why the infantry should be allowed side arms, as was formerly the case.

As the allied forces, if defeated, must retire

through the Prussian territory, you should enquire particularly—but of course underhand—what are the Posts intended to be occupied, and any, or what fortresses the King of Prussia possesses on the line of march towards Poland. I know only of Colberg; Schweidnitz, Glatz, and Silberberg are too far to the right to be of use. They should nevertheless be well garrisoned and provisioned, as a last resource; as his Prussian Majesty may rely upon it that, if matters come thus far, Silesia will be taken from him.

After so long an interval, and knowing as we do the nature of our Berlin friends, I should look to find amongst them a certain leaven of French principles, and an apprehension of the return of Bonaparte, from which many evils might be expected. This is a nice matter for observation, and one in which your former knowledge of individuals may be of great service to you. Whilst I should not pin my faith upon the strength or violence of people's professions, neither should I in any case reproach them with their past subserviency to France, but rather appear to consider it as the inevitable consequence of untoward events, and give them credit for good intentions. Many a sinner may be reclaimed in this way. It will answer your purpose to ascertain distinctly the state of things and of parties. I need hardly recommend to you, as they are the habits in which you have been trained, to transact business regularly and completely, as well for your comfort as advantage, that is, not to leave things to be finished at future times, but to get finally rid of them when they are undertaken; not

to put off men and things till to morrow, but to despatch them, even if inconvenient, at the time they present themselves. By a contrary practice you become overwhelmed with a multiplicity of odds and ends which must at some time be attended to, and you are disabled from undertaking any business that may occur without, in a similar manner, leaving a part of it to be finished the next day.

At all events and at all times, appear not to be in a hurry. Those who know what business is, know that a certain time is requisite for the despatch of it; those who do not, should be taught that lesson. Nothing contributes more to self-possession, than the being disembarrassed, in the manner above mentioned, from a multiplicity of little affairs.

It may be, that there will arise a question when you are separated from Sir Charles, of your reporting to him, instead of writing directly to the Secretary of State. I should myself originate nothing on this point, but when the case occurred should write straight home, according to diplomatic custom, and send him either an abstract or a duplicate of my despatch. Remember that many cases may occur in which your despatches may appear in the 'Gazette;' they should therefore be, both in style, and certainty of intelligence, fit to meet the public eye: or when you are not certain of facts you should say so. I would avoid, as much as possible, speaking of myself, as well as every sort of circumlocution.

Much of this advice, my dear George, may seem superfluous, addressed to a *veteran* diplomatist. I

hope and believe that it is so; but so anxious were you that I should on *all* points say *all* that occurred to me, that I have done so. I have no doubt that the *élève* will do credit to the master; yet I think it will do him no harm to read over advice that will remind him, though it be not actually necessary, of what has hitherto been and I trust will continue to be, as regards the conduct of business, *his* practice and the habits of our school.

F. J. J.

Brighton, April 6th, 1813.

I add letters for Kircheisen, Hardenberg, and Gentz. Kircheisen and his wife are very worthy people; I know they will receive you well, and perhaps may be of use to you. I shall like to know what is done up to the time of your leaving London; but pressed as you are, I cannot look for much of your writing. You have, I dare say, some rough notes that will give me an inkling of what is going on. If you do not want them, they can go into "the Archives," which, I suppose, are still with the great seals, &c., in the same good keeping, at Bath. I would advise you, generally, not to encumber yourself with unnecessary papers, which can be safely deposited here.

F. J. J.

Diaries.—Stevens's Hotel, April 6th.—At last I believe it is finally settled that I am to be off on

Thursday. Sir Charles—who says he desires to depend entirely on me—objected only to this new plan, inasmuch as it might take me away before all his instructions were submitted to him. But we have arranged with Cooke that, as soon as they are all drawn up and discussed, I am to have a Packet put under my orders and to go at once up the Elbe, should that prove feasible, or to land at Cuxhaven and act as circumstances may require. Sir Charles will follow as soon as he can, and on his arrival, we shall proceed on our journey; I having in the interval collected all the intelligence I can as to what is passing in Germany. Respecting this, we are now sadly behind-hand—nothing having reached us from head-quarters since Lord Cathcart's despatch from Kalisch, or from Hamburg, beyond the news of its evacuation on the 18th ult.

I succeeded in getting them to adopt this plan, in a great measure, from the Admiralty refusing to give Sir Charles a frigate. They say "they have no frigates to place at his disposal, and that he must go in a small sloop." This would not suit us; and indeed, with the numerous appendages to this mission it would not be possible to pack the half of us in it. The letter from the Admiralty on this subject, signed Barrow, was one of the coolest and most cavalier things imaginable. However, we had a good hearty laugh over it, and I was commissioned to speak to this Barrow about our passage, and to make him feel that the dignity of the *corps diplomatique* was outrageously insulted by his letter. I

made him fully sensible of his crime and left him profoundly penitent.

This morning I saw Mr. Croker, but gained nothing by my visit, beyond civil expressions of regret that no frigate could be had, and a little good-humoured amusement at this dilemma, which it is thought piques Sir Charles not a little. Croker, however, promised to order a packet for me, and as soon as it has landed me, I shall send it back to Cuxhaven for Sir Charles.

They have behaved pretty well towards me in pecuniary arrangements—1000*l.* a year, net, and all my travelling and extra expenses to be charged in the extraordinary disbursements of the mission. Something down also, by way of outfit, the *quantum* not yet settled.

7*th.*—I have been hard at work all day, reading, and making notes upon, Lord Castlereagh's instructions to us; and to my great satisfaction all my observations have been attended to.

Sir Charles's first instruction was as unsatisfactory as it well could be. It directed him, 'tis true, to present letters of credence to the King of Prussia, but that was all. For having done so, his functions as minister appeared to end there; and he became nothing more than an appendage to Lord Cathcart's embassy, and was to consider himself under the control and guidance of his lordship—being without any one original instruction of his own, as to the language to be held to Prussia, as to what we were to do for her, or she for us. In short, the

Russians were to manage and decide everything *à leur gré*, and "*le vieux Général diplomate*" was to have the honour of acceding submissively to their *ipse dixit* on the part of every other Power.

This appeared to me to be an excess of *complaisance*; considering that we consent to a further advance of two millions sterling, by way of subsidy, and to two thirds of five millions of *Federative medium* —"Moyen Fédératif"—to be paid in two years, or six months after a general peace. It is proposed to raise it, by way of loan, the three Powers binding themselves jointly to guarantee it—and this, over and above the charge of their fleet, estimated at 500,000*l.*, which we take wholly upon ourselves.

The share of subsidy to be allotted to Prussia is 660,000*l.*, for which she is to cede to His Britannic Majesty, in his electoral capacity, Hildesheim, Minden, and Ravensberg, and to consent to bear such a share in the indemnity to be given to Denmark—should she join us—as may be determined upon. The quota of Federative medium—in each case to be regulated in its application, which is to be purely military, by commissioners—for the use of Prussia, would be one third; that which she would be chargeable with, one sixth. This was the extent of the aid to be afforded her; and for this she was to bind herself to keep up an army of a hundred thousand men—exclusive of garrisons—and not to make peace but by common consent. No additional allowance or advance was to be made, even for *première mise en campagne*.

I went carefully through these papers; and from the notes and observations I made on them, Sir Charles drew up a memorandum addressed to Lord Castlereagh; referring first, to the situation he would be placed in by the proposed arrangement—his hands tied, his mouth closed—and next, regarding the political part of it, as it concerned Prussia.

Respecting his own position, the change Sir Charles desired was instantly made, and he is now to act in concert with the noble viscount—conjointly with whom he is to sign the treaty. After that, he will probably be off to Bernadotte, for whom he takes a letter.

As to the cession of the small provinces above mentioned, it is still insisted on, and they affect to consider that no objection can be made to it. We had at first no better success on the subject of an advance; but upon a rejoinder, founded less on precedent than on the impossibility of Prussia performing her part of the arrangement without some such assistance, it is granted—should it appear to be necessary—to the extent of 100,000*l.*

I have advocated the cause of Prussia with much earnestness and zeal; I trust that the event may justify it. For us, the present effort is a great one, and with the expenses in arms, ammunition, transports, &c., the cost of it must exceed ten millions. But it is not gratuitous, if we should be able to confine France within her former limits.

A letter has been written to Metternich, in answer to the one which Wessenberg was the bearer of, the

substance of which is to express the satisfaction His Majesty would feel at resuming amicable relations with his Imperial Majesty; and while doing justice to the sentiments which have guided him, to state and demonstrate that this is not the moment to treat for peace with a chance of obtaining it. It disclaims also all wish to destroy France as a great Power, merely seeking to reduce her to her proper limits; which can only be done by a vigorous prosecution of the war, and restoring the three other great Powers of the Continent to their former strength; and it concludes by inviting Austria to join in so salutary a work.

I have seen, too, the answer to Rosencrantz, founded on the supposition, that, Denmark being fully aware of the nature of the relations now subsisting between Russia, Sweden, and ourselves, she would not have made this overture if she had not been prepared to approve and accede to them.

Coming out of Cooke's room I met Lord Walpole, who is just returned. He told me he left Berlin on the 30th. The King was about to return to Kalisch for a few days. He describes the people, as full of enthusiasm; as an army without leaders; all impatient to rush *pêle mêle* on their foes. In fact, in a very undesirable state of excitement which was not likely to lead to any good result; for all classes and all parties had apparently so lost their heads, in the excess of their joy at the prospect of being freed from the clutches of the French, that they required a little time to cool down, before they would be

capable of making the most of the new order of things that was dawning upon them.

10*th*.—Yesterday, when I went to the Admiralty to receive, as I thought, the order for the packet, I found they had given directions that I should be forwarded only from Heligoland, and that I was expected to embark with other passengers in this day's boat. In Canning's time, this sort of nonsense with the Admiralty was quite got the better of. He conveyed His Majesty's *commands* on the subject to the first Lord—as indeed the Secretaries of State always used to do. But now, the different departments instead of working together seem rather to be bent on thwarting each other's arrangements, and it was only with difficulty that I got Cooke to give me *a letter of recommendation* to Freeling. Of Freeling's attention and friendly dispositions, I cannot say too much. He gave me a positive order for an extra packet, to be entirely at my disposal and without any incumbrances whatever. But I believe, I owe his marked civility, and ready compliance with my request, more to his acquaintance with my brother than to any efficacy of my letter of recommendation; for Cooke himself told me, he had little hope of its success, and expected there would be a further delay. However, as it was, it took up all the early part of the day, and had I even not been detained again by Sir Charles, I could not have got off till this morning. I have fagged so incessantly night and day that I am completely knocked up. It is a relief to me to see the carriage at the door. Rumbold and I start

directly, and hope to sail early to-morrow. Sir Charles goes this evening, and has at last, I believe, got a passage ordered in the "Nympha."

At the moment of setting out, a letter from Robert Fägel reaches me. He is on his way to England with the Prince of Orange, perhaps is already arrived.

Extract of Letter from M. de Fägel to Mr. G. Jackson.

Berlin, March 24th, 1813.

. . . . . Several estates, if not destroyed, have suffered considerably. Much distress might have been prevented if the Prussians had taken proper measures to secure in time, and within the *rayon* of the fortress, all cattle and other provisions which fell afterwards into the enemy's hands. There is, as you say, a fair prospect of putting an end to the French dominion in Germany; but at the same time I must confess that I am not very sanguine in my expectations. I have found—*entre nous, s-v-p*—the Russians bragging of always cheating their allies as to their numbers, and complaining of the Prussians for their want of activity and exertion, whilst on their part, the Prussians were complaining of being drawn by Russia into a war beyond their power to sustain. In a word, there did not appear to me to be that *ensemble*, indispensably necessary to assure success; and I am afraid, that the consequences of this movement will be to lay waste and devastate a part of Germany, that is intentionally outlawed, to justify the cruelties now exercised there by those worthy executioners of the tyrant's will—Davoust and his comrades.

Wessenberg, I suppose, is now with you? He is an honourable and perfectly right-thinking man, though he does not explain himself on the present state of affairs as I should wish him to do. But I have no doubt, if the war continues, that Austria will join the Allies; she would have acted more honourably to have done so two months ago, *de premier mouvement*, than to wait to be forced to it by the pressure of public opinion, or the true public spirit which prevails in that country.

RT. FAGEL.

Letters—Harwich, April 11th.—I was good for nothing, my dear mother, when I left London, or I would have written my *adieux* from thence; and have also begged you to be indulgent to me on the score of my sins of omission, in failing to execute the commission you gave me in your two last letters, and to attribute it to incessant occupation rather than to negligence. I must own, that until I was a *long* way on the road to Harwich, I forgot all about your long black gloves; but I hope you have long since received them, as I believe I was only to remind Painter that they were long ago ordered. However, I really did look in at Oliver's in Bond Street to speak to him about sending your black braid; so that if it has not yet reached you, you must *up*braid him, not me.

The reason of your not seeing my name at the levée, was because the mission was meant to be a great secret and that we have not kissed hands upon

it. Rumbold accompanied me. As our going out together is only a private arrangement between ourselves, there was no reason why he should not take leave, as he accordingly did.

Cooke gave me before I left Downing Street 500*l.* by way of outfit; and in addition to the 1000*l.* a year, and travelling and all extra expenses paid, I shall have two pounds per day as Chargé d'Affaires, when Sir Charles is absent. This would not go far, if I were to entertain all the John Bulls that came in my way, even when separate from Sir Charles; I shall therefore follow your advice and attempt nothing that will lead to superfluous expense in that way.

I took leave of Lord Castlereagh on Friday; after having thoroughly talked over matters with him and Sir Charles. He seemed to think that, let their plans have been what they may, the Emperor and the King will certainly have rejoined each other upon the receipt of his last despatches announcing our arrival. His Lordship was in a most wonderfully gracious mood; and when we parted, wished us success two or three times over, and on each occasion shook hands upon it.

Sir Charles and I parted the same evening. He said he felt much obliged to me for the great assistance I had given him, and he seemed disposed that we should be on the best and most confidential terms together.

The "*in finale*" of your last letter, my dear mother, is so deeply diplomatic that I must compliment you

upon it. I shall certainly. "*appear* to have no opinion of my own, but fall in with the opinions, be they what they may, of the higher Powers." It would be as useless as impolitic to do otherwise, if not consulted; but in any case, I reserve to myself the right of a little private opinion of my own—for my own breast at least—as I should hesitate to believe that black is white; even on the authority of Lord Cathcart.

I had hoped that we should be off to day—but there is very little wind, and a fog so thick that we cannot distinguish one vessel from another.

12*th*.—The fog is still thick, but if the wind holds we shall make an attempt by moonlight. Sir Charles got to Yarmouth yesterday morning. I do not know that he has better luck than we have.

8 *o'clock*—After waiting all day, vainly hoping to get off, we are now just going on board. Evening very fine—wind pretty good, so I hope you will soon hear of us from the other side of the water. Broughton is my agent at the Office. To him, when opportunity offers, I shall forward my packets. Private correspondence on the subject of the war, &c. is generally prohibited; though not *yet* to me individually. However, upon what may be going on around me—though I like to take note of it—you are aware that I rarely write letters. If any of my notes reach you, after passing them on to Francis, lay them up in lavender with the rest. Once more, adieu, dearest mother.

G. J.

Diaries—Harwich, April 11th.—It appears that Russia has been very urgent respecting subsidy. Till she had crossed her frontiers, she professes not to have wanted any, but declares now that she cannot go on without it. However, whatever is given now in the way of arms, stores, clothing, or money, to either Power, will be deducted *pro tanto* from the gross amount.

We go out still clogged with the cession business. I look upon the whole system of compensation and exchange, that is made a condition *precedent*, as a miserable species of policy. As a condition *subsequent*, I should not have objected to it for Sweden; but for us—a great nation, who have always set our face against the unwarrantable practice that has prevailed of late years amongst the Powers of Europe, of indemnifying themselves for the sacrifices they have been obliged to make to powerful enemies, at the expense of a third party—for us, to put in a pitiful, piddling, stipulation about Hildesheim, &c., for Hanover, is what I must ever consider as disgraceful and impolitic, and what I am sure will never bear the light here.

I have urged all I could on the subject and proposed some modification, at least in point of form; but I fear without any other effect than impressing on Sir Charles's mind the great importance of the question, and preparing him to find it a stumbling block in our way—the more so as the whole drift of the late treaty, is, to transfer the preponderance of Russia, as a maritime power, from the Baltic to the Black Sea.

It was said when the question was discussed, that these three small provinces were essential, to make even the residence of Hanover less confined; and this is no doubt the case, as well as on account of some roads that pass through Hildesheim. But I expect that the Prussians will be very stiff about them, and that Hardenberg, himself a Hanoverian, would be charged with partiality if he gave them up. Walpole says, the Prussians are nothing humbled; but retain all the pretensions of the time of Frederick Second. The Swedish mission will, equally with ours, be under the control of Lord Cathcart. Thornton will accompany the Crown Prince, wherever he may go —a service in which he will I think feel a little out of his element—and will have orders to meet Sir Charles before operations commence. But if we are not pretty quick in our movements, Boney may be before hand with us again. The step he has taken of making his Empress Regent, is well calculated to flatter and cajole the Austrians, and although, what Walpole says must be received with a certain degree of reserve, I agree with him that we must not expect much from them. Neither should much stress be laid on Wessenberg's language. When I called upon him, by desire of Sir Charles, I found him, though *empressé* even to recognize me as an old acquaintance, yet extremely reserved on public affairs, and evidently anxious to avoid allusion to them. He has despatched a messenger to Vienna, who, like ourselves, is detained here by the fog.

12*th*.—A man I have met here, of the name of

Du Moulin, who was formerly an officer of dragoons in our service and who left Hamburg on the 4th, has told me, that the force under Tettenborn and Dornberg is small, that the former has about two thousand Cossacks, and that the corps of the latter is composed chiefly of peasants who, in the first burst of exultation on the retreat of the French, joined his standard. He says that the Russians might have swept the whole coast, if they had advanced a few thousand infantry and half a dozen pieces of cannon. But that instead of that, Tettenborn came at once to Hamburg, where there was nothing to oppose him; showed his whole force, and has been, and is to this day, amusing himself with illuminations, *fêtes* and other festivities. In consequence of this, the French, who were flying on all sides, had recovered from their first panic and were re-occupying the posts they had abandoned.

Would that the fog would clear off!—I am very anxious to get away to ascertain how far this account is true. Cockburn has arrived at Heligoland, and was still there when the packet left.

According to Walpole's account, Alexander and Lord Cathcart are amusing themselves with reviewing the Guards, and the King, who was at Potzdam, was to return with all speed to assist at the reviews. Lord Cathcart, he said, had expressed himself much pleased with the gracious reception he meets with from the Emperor and, especially, with the "*petit couvert*" to which he is always invited, when His Imperial Majesty has leisure to dine at all.

There is but little wind, but it is southerly—the moon as she rises seems to drive the fog before her. "The 'Lord Nelson' shall show the others the way," says our captain, and we are off.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Brighton, April 11th, 1813.

I send a few lines, my dear George, on the chance of their finding you still on this side of the water, to bid you once more farewell, and God speed.

Lord Castlereagh ought to regret every day of the last fortnight that he did not send you off. Indeed it is already clear, by their own shewing, that Government has proceeded too slow and too fast in this business—too slow by not letting you, as was intended, first feel your way and obtain authentic intelligence; too fast, in having got up a mission of *éclat*, such as Sir Charles Stewart's is known to be, without any sufficient overture or arrival from the King of Prussia.

If Gniesman comes as Chargé d'Affaires, your going would have been a sufficient anticipation or answer to him. At present, we show ourselves too complimentary, and in too great a hurry to renew the connection, for which, I think, we should have been duly solicited from Berlin—taking care always that the main cause did not suffer for want of arms or accoutrements. For it must never be forgotten that England enters for nothing at all in the considerations that have induced Prussia to place herself in her present predicament. She is, as was

said, I believe by Mirabeau, "between the knout and the guillotine, and must necessarily choose whichever comes nearest to her." However, it is more to your purpose to look forward to future advantages than backward to what might have been done. I shall therefore be glad to know that you are gone, and I trust you may, *faire valoir en temps et lieu* your zeal for the Prussian Cause.

If well managed, the spirit that has induced a merchant of Hamburg to offer twenty thousand marks in money, and to equip two hundred men, in support of the good cause—an example which I hear has been followed in several instances—may be made the means of rendering national the warfare now commencing against France. That is the only way to succeed; and if we can create in Germany a Vendée, or Peninsula, that will not be conquered by one battle, things will end well. But Bonaparte is playing a desperate game, and even with his curtailed means, I have no doubt that he will make a good fight this summer upon the Rhine, though he should not advance to the eastward of it.

Were I in Lord Cathcart's situation, or even in Sir Charles Stewart's, I should certainly have a little *espionage* of my own, in order to ascertain the movements and the real force of the French—for we are too much interested in checking the theatrical marches and countermarches by which the French will endeavour to increase the apparent number of their troops, to depend entirely upon the reports of others.

I hope they will create no delays at Harwich. You will be the sooner embarked if you leave your carriage at the inn there. I know it will be taken care of. The landlady, Betty White, will see to that. She was for many years my mother's cook, and is sister to Lenny of the "Blue Posts" at Witham.

F. J. J.

P.S. I think much might be done in Austria through Gentz, by playing upon his wants and his vanity.

Diaries.— *Off Cuxhaven, April 17th.*—The "Nympha," with Sir Charles Stewart on board, and the "Lord Nelson" packet, with Rumbold and myself, have just cast anchor here. The two vessels reached Heligoland together yesterday morning, but too late to proceed on till to-day. We were becalmed from Monday night, when we left Harwich, until Wednesday morning when we were abreast of Yarmouth; but the passage has been a pleasant one, and from land to land only forty-eight hours.

Count Joachim Bernstorff passed Heligoland on Thursday on his way to England, on an important mission. Jacobi also left Breslau for the same destination on the 6th, *viâ* Gothenburg. He must have indeed been in a desperate fright to have chosen that *route*. We have taken Sir Charles on board and are proceeding up the Elbe.

Major Kentzinger came to pay his respects to Sir Charles, and gave us a very animated account of the enthusiastic spirit of the people—"Arms! arms!"

selon lui, is the universal cry. But Dornberg has retreated across the Elbe, and Davoust is advancing against him in force. Beauharnais had marched out of Magdeburg, but had been driven back again with the loss of above a thousand men, killed and wounded. The French have again retired to Bremen, and the united Russian and Prussian forces, under Wittgenstein, were stationed at Zübst. This, as far as I can learn, is the way in which matters now stand.

Du Moulin told me correctly; *in this quarter* there is nothing to prevent the return of the enemy. A party came back some days ago to within a few miles of this place, and carried off one of the newly constituted authorities. As soon as they reached Bremen, they shot him, *sans cérémonie*. In the neighbourhood of Bremen, it appears they have committed the greatest excesses, and this Major Kentzinger says, he has applied to Tettenborn for permission to retaliate upon them.

King was waiting at Heligoland for a passage home. Some of his doings had been discovered, and Metternich had desired him to leave Vienna in consequence. I told him my brother was at Brighton, and that if he should be that way he would be glad to see him. He said he should like to run down for a day or two, so Francis may learn some of his secrets, though I doubt their being worth the trouble of extracting; he told me, however, that Schwarzenberg had just left Vienna for Paris, with an offer to Bonaparte to treat for a general peace, on the

basis of the Rhine, Alps, and Pyrenees, for the French frontier; accompanied by a declaration that if this proposition was not acceded to, His Imperial Majesty would side with the Allies. If this should really be acted up to, we may be sure of Austria; but I think it will require further success on our part to *clench* her, and that if there should be, on the contrary, anything like a check, she would give us the slip.

The army broke up on the 8th from Breslau for Dresden. The Emperor was about to follow and to establish there his head-quarters, His Prussian Majesty, according to King's account, was to remain for a week or two in Silesia; but they say here —that is Kentzinger, who affects to know much but in reality, I fancy, knows very little, says—that he is again at Berlin. Berlin, at all events, will be our destination as soon as we land. Count Stadion, who was said to be expected at the Russian head-quarters, is, on the contrary, appointed president of a committee of finance, to provide for the expenses attendant on the formation of a new corps of observation in Bohemia. General Lebzeltern was the only Austrian, either already there or expected.

Hamburg, 18*th*.—We were obliged to anchor last night twenty-nine miles short of this place, but landed this morning and put up at the "*König von England*." After breakfast, I called on General Tettenborn, and met Ompteda, Walmoden, and Kielmannsegge. The latter gave me the particulars of the convention signed at Breslau, by Stein and

Scharnhorst, on the 19th of March. Scharnhorst had gone to Hanover.

I dined at the Russian General's. There were between thirty and forty persons at table, mostly officers. The band played during dinner, and a party of private soldiers sang Russian songs. I suppose they are trained for this duty, for they sang with a good deal of skill and *verve*, and communicated to the company a little of their own enthusiasm, when the sentiment of the song was patriotic. The health of the Emperor of Russia, the Kings of Prussia and England, and the Royal families of the three nations, were drunk, each, with three times three; the national airs being played by the band and appropriate songs sung by the military. There was much noise and joviality, and if they could have marched to meet the French in the mood they were then in, I dare say they would have done some very gallant deeds.

Late in the evening, a messenger arrived from England; he told us nothing but that the arrival of Count Bernstorff was very anxiously looked for, as well as the news of the landing of the Crown Prince at Stralsund.

19*th*.—To-day at noon, I went to a breakfast *à la fourchette* with General Tettenborn. Sir Charles was there also, with General Kielmannsegge, and Cockburn. The two last were impressing on him the desirableness of writing to Colonel Lyon to recommend him to augment the supply of arms to General Tettenborn from three, to five thousand. He promised to do so.

After doing full justice to Tettenborn's liberally

spread table, we went with him to a review of his Cossacks, and of the Hanseatic Legion, which in less than a month has been brought into very excellent order. The Hamburghers are certainly as enthusiastic, as much in earnest, and willing to exert themselves in aid of the good cause as any people I ever saw in my life. I only hope there is not too much of this enthusiasm; for one would suppose that the French were exterminated and Bonaparte already sent to the lower regions, instead of this being yet to be done. However, the fixed determination that it *shall* be done, is an excellent feeling with which to set about it.

We afterwards dined with General Tettenborn, the party and the music and singing much the same as yesterday. In the evening we filled a box or two at the theatre, and were treated to a good deal of vociferous cheering. Rumbold and I got away to spend an hour at a private party, which ended with one of their abominably long suppers, from which we have just come in. He has already turned in, and I after this long weary day's work shall lose no time in following his example.

20*th*.—General Tettenborn has sent me a report he has received of an affair said to have taken place on the Saale on the 13*th* or 14th, in which the Allies, under Yorck, have taken twenty-five cannon; made eight hundred prisoners, and killed many more. I wish it may be true; but in all these statements, a large allowance must be made for Russian exaggeration.

As nearly as I can ascertain from the most trustworthy sources, the French force in the north of Germany amounts to about forty thousand men, the greater part of whom are in Magdeburg and their intrenched camps near it. That fortress, and Bremen —where there are about seven thousand—will no doubt hold out as long as possible; they have already abandoned Zelle. Still, if the Prussian troops—who, whatever state they may be in, form undoubtedly the most efficient part of the allied army at this moment—are as numerous and well organized as they are represented to be, I hope they will be able to give a good account of these French troops before Bonaparte can arrive with any considerable reinforcements.

From the positions occupied by the united corps of Blücher and Wintzingerode, and that of Wittgenstein, under whose orders are those of Yorck and Bülow, the Viceroy, I trust, will find it a very difficult matter to make good his retreat to Würzburg and Frankfort—the first line of defence the enemy seem to be taking. They tell us here that Erfurt and Weimar are entirely abandoned.

The last accounts left the King at Breslau, and it was uncertain whether he would, from thence, go first to Berlin or direct to Dresden. Hardenberg was with him. Goltz was at Berlin, but about to go *en mission* to Sweden; that is, to meet the Crown Prince, I suppose, if he really goes there—which begins to be doubted, or rather that he will ever move from it. Tettenborn, who though he has a

little too much of the *freluquet* about him is certainly a very zealous and active officer, applied to the commander of the Swedish force at Stralsund for aid, at the time when Dornberg having recrossed the Elbe apprehensions were entertained for the safety of Hamburg. Not a man could he get. It was then that the Danes—willing I suppose, by making a virtue of necessity and thereby gaining time, as well as impeding our business with the Crown Prince, to ward off the impending blow from themselves—made an offer of ten thousand men to defend Hamburg and to oppose the French by force of arms if they should attempt to recross the Elbe. An agreement to this effect has been entered into at Copenhagen, between the Danish Government and Dolgoruski. But the Danes have not pledged themselves to an active co-operation with the Allies, and there is no reason to believe that they will. So that instead of regarding the above named agreement as a favourable circumstance, beyond the temporary protection of Hamburg, I can see only that it leads to a choice of difficulties. Either Denmark's attempt to save Norway will be fruitless—in which case she will be more inveterate than ever against us, and with the advantage of a good cause on her side—or Bernstorff's negotiation will succeed, and Bernadotte have a pretence for limiting his operations to the reoccupation of Pomerania; a measure in which he has at least an equal interest with ourselves, and from which we can derive no advantage adequate to the price we pay for it. But in either case, I am satisfied that

the possession of Norway will be Bernadotte's main object. Nor is this the only quarter where interests will clash. For after all the fine high-sounding phrases of "the Liberator of Europe, disclaiming all selfish views, &c." I could not but feel indignant, if not surprised, when Kielmannsegge communicated to me the nature of the Convention that was signed at Breslau, by Stein and Nesselrode on the part of Russia, and by Hardenberg and Scharnhorst on that of Prussia. By it, the whole of the north of Germany is divided into six departments, and the whole of its revenues *equally between Russia and Prussia*; without any other reference to that Power by whose aid, if at all, they can hope to carry this arrangement into effect, than the permission which they graciously condescend to offer us of becoming a party to it. This was signed on the 19th ult. and, on the pretence of Breslau belonging to a Power not at peace with Great Britain, "*le vieux Général diplomate*" was not invited there, and the Convention was not communicated to the British ambassador till the end of the month.

In pursuance of the above arrangement, "*un conseil central*" is to be formed at Dresden, composed of a deputy from each of the Allies, who are to appoint governors civil and military and administer the affairs of the different departments. The lesser princes of Germany are to have only a collective voice in this revolutionary diet, and their respective territories—with the exception of Hanover and the Prussian provinces—are to be cut up and parcelled

off into the six departments before named. It would be out of the question to hope to reconcile this measure to those individually concerned in any other way than by the "*stat pro ratione*"; but in what way the Allies are to reconcile this substitution of one revolutionary confederation for another I know not.

If Bonaparte should get hold of this scheme he will play it off nicely against us. But of the two arrangements, I doubt not that the German princes would prefer that of the Rhine. The only mention made of Austria is, that she is to be invited to join in it; but not a word is said of Sweden.

So rapidly is every part of this Convention being carried into effect, except it be that which can alone ensure its practicability, that Stein—whom they nick-name "Emperor of Germany," so great is the influence he at present enjoys; is already arrived at Dresden as Russian deputy, and Alopeus is appointed to one of the departments; that of the Mecklenburgs and mouth of the Elbe. Who is to represent Prussia I have not heard. Thus, it is evident they do not even wait for our acceptance or rejection of their plan, but proceed at once to its execution, making their own two deputies a sufficient representation of the whole.

A pretty state of things this is in which to bring forward *our* proposals! In fact, upon every main point, our instructions no longer apply, and I take it that it will require all the talent and address for which his Lordship gives *himself* credit, to make anything at all of the business.

Only yesterday, a letter was received here from Gentz who is at Vienna. It was in answer to one that a friend of his had written, reproaching him with the temporizing policy of Austria. He says, "*Les choses vont bien—n'en doutez pas; donnez nous un peu de temps, et vous serez content de nous.*"

Sir Charles set out for Berlin this morning. I have been writing the greater part of the day; but after dining with Captain Hamilton I and my friend Rumbold will leave Hamburg for the same destination.

Lübthen 21*st.*—I have just met M. de Nosslitz who, like ourselves, has stopped here to dine. I knew him when he was in the Prussian *Gens d'armes*, but he has been since, he tells me, in the Austrian service and is now on his way to join, as aide-de-camp, Count Walmoden, commanding the troops on the Lower Elbe. This Nosslitz was once a rather gay humoured pleasant fellow; he seems to be now just the reverse of that, and thick pated withal—for nothing could he tell me, but rather looked to me for news. I did not greatly lighten his darkness, and was not much edified by the renewing of his acquaintance.

23*rd.*—We reached Berlin this morning at 3 a.m. and, as I had sent on a courier from Hamburg, hoped to turn in at once at the "Parlement d'Angleterre." But the house was full, and the stupid fellow having omitted to leave word of this at the gate, we had to drive about Berlin to the different inns in search of our courier and quarters. Before we found them, and could get to bed, it was near six o'clock.

At nine I called on Count Goltz and was not particularly pleased with his manner or conversation. He seems to be so out of humour, and discontented with his present situation—which is that of a mere go-between for the common routine of business—that he either cannot, or will not, open his mouth. He told me, however, that Jacobi was still at Stralsund on his way to Stockholm for the purpose of taking with him the result of the negotiation between that Court and the Cabinet of Berlin. It is thought that Sweden is disposed to adjourn her pretensions to Norway until a more favourable moment. If so, things may go on well.

But the crisis is fast approaching; the French are advancing; Ney is at Eisenach; Souham at Coburg. On the other hand. Blücher and Kutusow effect a junction this day between Altenburg and Dresden. And Yorck, by way of keeping the Viceroy in check, has made a movement on Coswig. The battle will therefore, ere long, be fought probably on nearly the old ground. God grant it may be with a very different result.

I afterwards called on the younger Alopeus, who is named minister here—his brother was with the Emperor—also on Kircheisen, who with his wife received me with all the friendly and affectionate feeling my brother gave them credit for. Kircheisen's account of the King's sentiments and language is very satisfactory. He says, he is all activity, and is well aware that, however promising the face of affairs may be at this moment, it is necessary to be

unceasingly energetic, *et ne pas se laisser endormir*, as he has still no easy task to perform. They are expecting Kreusemarck from Paris from one moment to another.

I have paid a second visit to Count Goltz to introduce Sir Charles. The official account had just arrived of the surrender of Thorn. Spandau is nearly destroyed, but the French hold out. They proposed to capitulate on terms which were forwarded to Wittgenstein and rejected by him. Still they resist, and it is intended to make a general assault on the place. It is unlucky that the Allies have been repulsed at Stettin.

We have all dined together at the Hôtel de Russie, and I am now waiting for Rumbold to go with me to a party at Madame Renferne's.

24*th.*—On our return, the carriage was at the door to take us to Dresden, and we were soon installed in it; made up comfortably for the night. We stopped at Baireuth, where I met Pozzo de Borgo, going on a mission to Sweden from the Emperor of Russia.

We have just fallen in with a party of deserters from the French army, mostly Germans. They told us, the conscripts waited only a favourable opportunity to come over to the Allies.

25*th.*—This morning at eight we drove into Dresden and put up at the Hôtel de Pologne. I went almost directly to Lord Cathcart. His lordship was particularly civil, yet apparently not over and above pleased with Sir Charles Stewart's mission. After an abominably bad breakfast, I went to take

possession of the quarters allotted me in the house of the Saxon minister of police. This gentleman is suspected of partiality to the enemy, but I found him very obliging, and attentive to my wishes. We dined at the Hotel; Sir Charles arrived to supper in very good spirits. The Emperor and the King came yesterday. The former is in the town, on the south of the Elbe—the latter in the suburbs north of it.

The whole of the infantry have passed through, also the greater part of the cavalry, on their way to join Blücher, whose head quarters are still at Altenburg. The number of the French forces is very much beyond what they stated it at at Hamburg—at the lowest estimate one hundred and fifty thousand men. In this respect, the Allies are inferior to them, but in the composition of their army they are greatly superior, and particularly so in point of cavalry.

Bonaparte left Paris on the 9th and is arrived at Erfurt, if not at Weimar; so that we may look out for a battle very shortly.

Austria shows no disposition to come forward; but they say Stadion is daily expected here. The line of the Allies extends from about Magdeburg to Altenburg, all along the Saale. The enemy *débouchent* by the Forest of Thuringia and occupy all that part as far as Weimar.

26*th*.—Engaged all the morning with Sir Charles, reading and discussing the Swedish treaty. We afterwards dined at the inn and in the evening I went by appointment to introduce him to the Chancellor Hardenberg. His Excellency was much

pleased to see him, and to me he gave the warm affectionate greeting of an old friend, enquiring with much interest after my brother and his wife. He is looking remarkably well, and in the course of a long conversation we had with him—of which I made a minute on my return—he showed that his *morale* had remained no less sound and good than his *physique*. He entered fully into the situation of the Allies at this moment, and evinced the most cordial inclination, on the part of Prussia, to renew those relations with us "*qui n'auraient dûs être interrompues*," and which had been so, only from the force of circumstances. He said he would be ready to meet any proposal from England with all possible *loyauté et franchise*. That on being agreed upon the basis, that in which all nations were equally interested—the deliverance of Europe from the common enemy—there would be little difficulty in adjusting the rest. That in 1807, perhaps, the arrangement might not have been so simple, but now, the only thing to be accomplished, was to make as soon as possible one vigorous and united effort.

Of Vienna, he said, "*les choses vont s'améliorant de jour en jour*;" and on the subject of Denmark and Sweden, that he regretted that the question of Norway should have arisen as "*une pomme de discorde*" to prevent those two powers from uniting in the common cause. The King of Prussia, he said, had written a very friendly letter to the King of Saxony inviting him to join the Allies, to which he had returned an evasive answer, that might be considered a pretty plain refusal to do so. But

that if he persisted in it with the same *opiniâtreté*, it would be necessary to use other measures; for that a neutrality, such as the King was desirous of maintaining, could not under present circumstances be admitted. The King having attended a very long church service, and remained for a considerable time afterwards in conference with the Emperor, the presentation to him is deferred till to-morrow morning.

Madame d'Ompteda asked me to take our whole party to tea with her this evening, and I have just returned from this very lively *réunion*; everybody in the highest spirits. I think that even Madame de Staël would have been obliged to confess that "*ces lourds Allemands*" must have a grain of *esprit* in their composition, though it rarely comes to the surface with such a flash and a sparkle as she might have witnessed this evening. Perhaps she would say, "It is nothing of their own but merely the reflex of the *esprit français* that has been illumining without penetrating their thick pates, for so many years." But whatever the cause, I heard some of the liveliest *badinage* that has assailed my ears for a long time. Poor Rumbold was quite taken by surprise. "He had no idea the German ladies were so charming."

27*th*. — There are accounts of Schwarzenberg being already returned to Vienna from Paris. He stayed there but twenty-four hours, and report says, that Bonaparte did all but kick him out of the room, declaring that if immediate orders were not given

for the march of the Austrian troops he should consider the Emperor as having broken his alliance.

The Emperor declares that peace, and peace only, is his object. He puts himself in the situation of a *puissance médiatrice armée*, and will declare against whoever may pretend to infringe on that character. At the same time, the threats used towards his envoy make measures of precaution, and the augmentation of his forces necessary. At present, his army consists of one hundred and eighty thousand men, and it is proposed to increase it considerably, for which measures are being taken with the greatest activity—the Emperor Francis being determined not to comply with Bonaparte's demand.

If we had but a little more time, we should be justified in expecting theaccession of Austria; but, unfortunately, the blow will be struck before a declaration of war could well be written, and on the issue of that blow the conduct of that Power will depend. The French are already at Jena, manœuvring, evidently, to turn the left of the Allies; while Wittgenstein's whole force—with *têtes de ponts* only at Dessau and Meissen—having moved southward for the better concentration of the combined army, leaves the Viceroy at liberty to march after him with whatever troops can be spared from Magdeburg. Accordingly, he has broken up from Halberstadt for that purpose.

The relative positions of the contending armies are as follows:—The Viceroy—forming the left—at Quedlinburg. General Souham—the centre—at Jena

with the advanced guard of the main army. The right, is formed by a corps penetrating by the South-East to Plauen.

Of the allied army, Wittgenstein and d'Yorck form the right, at Merseburg—Blücher, the centre, at Altenburg—Miloradowitch, the left, at Chemnitz.

A corps is detached from the left *pour faire face* to that of the enemy advancing below Plauen. And since the Emperor's arrival, the Russian Reserve—fifteen thousand infantry and eight thousand cavalry—have defiled through this city in very fine style, on their way to join Blucher.

It is much to be regretted, that Marshal Prince Kutusow is in so bad a state of health that he was left behind at Bautzen, and it seems doubtful whether he will be able to resume the command. In this case, it will devolve upon Wittgenstein.

At ten this morning we were presented to the King. We were received in the most private manner possible, as though His Majesty still had the fear of Boney before his eyes, and was terrified at his own boldness in the step he was taking. He was, however, most gracious to Sir Charles, and was also pleased to express to me his satisfaction at again seeing "*une ancienne connoissance.*" I think he is looking very well; and does not appear to be a day older, though he has a more serious air than ever. He inquired very particularly after my brother, and desired me to tell him that he had done so. I believe he would have been more than gratified if it had been he who had had to present

his credentials. He paid Sir Charles a very well turned compliment on his military services, his gallant and distinguished conduct, &c., and conversed with him for about a quarter of an hour.

His Majesty said "he fully appreciated the readiness the Prince Regent had shown to renew relations of amity with Prussia." He spoke with regret of "the course Prussia had been compelled to adopt since the Treaty of Tilsit; but it had never been followed," he said, *de bon cœur*, "the time had always been looked forward to when fortuitous events might enable her to act as she had really been always disposed to do. That time had arrived"—I doubt that His Majesty in his own heart really thinks so—"England, with her wonted and unrivalled liberality, had anticipated his views, in stepping forward to aid Prussia and to join in the common cause of the civilized world; and no exertions that Prussia was able to make towards it should be wanting."

He seemed to be quite convinced, that Bonaparte's marriage with the Archduchess was the chief, if not the only, cause of the Emperor of Austria not availing himself of the present crisis to throw off his trammels, which in the end, he said, must be shaken off.

After the King had brought the conversation to a close, the Danish minister, Count Moltke, was introduced; and we were shown into another room and presented to the Prince Royal, who arrived yesterday from Altenburg. Both the King's brothers

are at the army. Since I was in Poland, nearly six years ago, the King's sons have become very fine youths. The Prince reminded me of our acquaintance at Memel, which brought back many recollections both painful and pleasant of my sojourn there. None more pleasant or more painful than those of his mother, the beautiful Queen Louise, whose sorrows and trials, borne with so much resignation, cheerfulness and dignity, I fervently hope her sons, if not her husband, may live to avenge on the infamous author of them. I heard to-day of one who was always a chief favourite with me—Gustave, the ex-king of Sweden. He made his appearance the other day at Blücher's head-quarters, quite unexpectedly, and with but one attendant—a groom rather than an aide-de-camp — and, announcing himself as a Prince of Holstein Gottorp, requested permission to serve as a volunteer. What answer Blücher gave him I was not told, but of course his request was not granted. He is brave, but rash almost to madness; yet of the stuff, I think, that heroes are made of, and had his resources been as great as those of some other sovereigns he would have been a formidable foe to Bonaparte, and an effectual check to his usurpations.

28*th*.—Spandau has at last surrendered. Being so near Berlin, it was thought desirable to grant the garrison more favourable terms than otherwise would have been obtained of the Allies, in order to get the work off their hands at once. Accordingly, the men are allowed to return to France with their

arms, under an engagement not to serve for six months against the Allies. The garrison amounted to about two thousand men.

30*th*.—Employed nearly the whole of the last two days in writing; despatched the messenger, and dined afterwards with Lord Cathcart. The Emperor left last night for the army, and his Lordship is gone with him, having requested Sir Charles to remain in Dresden to confer with the plenipotentiaries on the subject of the subsidiary Convention.

This annoys Sir Charles very much. His instructions are that he shall follow Lord Cathcart's directions; but, as he says, Lord Cathcart must be aware how painful, in the present instance, they are to him. He is anxious in no way to impede the negotiation, but on the other hand he is urged by the natural impulses of a soldier, to be a witness of the grand conflict about to take place; and these conflicting feelings, he confesses, place him in a more difficult situation than he was ever in before—a pretty fair exemplification of the wisdom of sending out a brace of military negotiators. The King set out also for the army at six this morning. We who remain behind, civil and military, invade in full force to night Madame de Dornberg's salons. An account is just received of the death of Marshal Kutusow, Prince of Smolensk. A great loss to the Russian army is the death of this distinguished General; many look upon it, superstitiously, as an omen of evil to the Allies.

May 1*st*.—Dined with Sir Charles at the Chan-

cellor's, a very pleasant dinner. We met there Count Nesselrode, Stein, and Count Lebzeltern, the Austrian agent. Baron Hardenberg, referring to the motto of the Order of the Bath, *Tria juncta in Uno*, made a neat allusion to the *triple alliance*, which the Austrian, however, in a manner disdained.

After dinner, the Chancellor urged Sir Charles to enter upon his communications, of which, he said, Lord Cathcart had given him no official information, by conversing privately and unofficially on the subject with him and the ministers present. Sir Charles was but little disposed to begin this discussion, but could not well decline it, and a very long conference followed. On the subject of the aggrandizement of Hanover, little difficulty was made, so far as regarded the cession of Hildesheim; but as to Minden and Ravensburg, whose inhabitants, Hardenberg said, were "the oldest and most faithful of the King's subjects, if England were to increase her liberality towards Prussia tenfold it would be dearly bought by either exchanging or giving up those provinces; and he was sure that no consideration would ever induce His Prussian Majesty to accede to the proposal of abandoning his subjects."

To this, Sir Charles answered that "the King had already ceded those and other provinces, to France." His Excellency, with great animation, immediately rejoined, "Yes! with *le couteau à la gorge*, at the Treaty of Tilsit! Would England like to imitate Bonaparte? Could she reconcile to herself the

receiving from the King the dearest provinces of Prussia, and at the moment of entering into an alliance with him?"

Sir Charles looked as if he thought that she could not; and the discussion, after a few more of these touching appeals, was put an end to by His Excellency delivering to him the *projet* of a separate and secret article on the subject, and urging Sir Charles to give him, in writing, the views of Great Britain.

2nd.—We have been employed to-day in drawing up a French note—containing the substance of what Sir Charles stated last night—to be delivered to the Chancellor. Having dined together, Sir Charles now sets off for the wars. The King gave him no invitation to accompany him, but as a military man he is mortified, he says, to be in the rear of the army; the more so, as accounts have arrived that a battle is on the eve of taking place.

An express has been sent by the ministers to Lord Cathcart desiring his return, accompanied by a request to the Emperor to lay his commands upon his lordship for that purpose.

3rd.—Great anxiety about the battle. Rode over to Briesnitz with Rumbold. Mr. Spencer Stanhope, who has just made his escape from France, called on me, gave me some particulars of his escape—but they have escaped me;—the battle! the battle! one has thought for nothing else. It is an anxious moment—conflicting reports arrive—now cheering, now despairing.

4th.—Again rode over with Rumbold to Briesnitz.

Accounts of the battle of the 2nd are arrived, expect further intelligence hourly. Bessières, they affirm, is killed. Sir Francis d'Ivernois and Mr. Perceval dined with me.

5th.—Roused up in the night by the return of Sir Charles, who had arrived at head-quarters the day after the fight. This has made him more inveterate against Cathcart than ever.

After some very smart affairs in the course of the preceding week while the armies were concentrating, Wintzingerode's corps was attacked on the 1st, at Lutzen, by very superior numbers, but fell back in good order to Zwickau. This brought him in contact with Blücher, who was stationed with the main body of the Prussians at Pegau. The next morning, after waiting their advance, as we are told, till eleven o'clock, it was determined to attack the enemy, whose first line was very strongly posted in and about a small village called Gross Görchen. In front of this village they had ranged heavy lines of artillery in the form of a half sexagon, thus:

On one of their flanks, but a little in their rear, were Klein Görchen, Starsiedel, and one or two other small villages.

The battle began by an attempt to cut off some of the small corps the enemy had pushed out from their right, but which failed from a want of combination. After an obstinate and bloody conflict, however, they were driven from the village of Gross Görchen to the other villages before named, which having been

successively taken and retaken several times and set on fire by the enemy, finally—at about seven o'clock—remained in the possession of the Allies. A strong reinforcement of troops under the Viceroy soon after made its appearance on the right of the Allies and obliged them to abandon the villages in advance; but they retired on Gross Görchen, and kept possession of it. Night put an end to this wanton and useless effusion of blood.

The next morning at eleven, the Allies still maintained their ground; the French manœuvring, but not attempting to advance. The Viceroy, who had come down from the direction of Halle, had pushed six thousand men into Leipzig; but General Bülow having in the meantime availed himself of this forward movement to retake Halle by assault, these troops were hastily recalled, and Eugène again retired in a northerly direction—whether for the purpose of cutting off Bülow, of crossing the Elbe lower down, or with what other view, remains to be seen. The action consisted chiefly in the struggle for the villages of Lutzen, the Görchens, Geras, &c. The French, supposed to be about eighty-five thousand strong—exclusive of the Viceroy's corps stated at forty thousand—were commanded by Bonaparte in person, with Ney and Bessières under him; the former was wounded, the latter killed. Their whole loss is estimated at from ten to twelve thousand men, a few hundred prisoners and several pieces of cannon.

The loss of the Allies has been extremely severe.

It is stated at not less than fifteen thousand Prussians and five thousand Russians. The Emperor and the King were both present, but escaped unhurt. The Prince of Hesse Homburg is killed; Blücher and Scharnhorst wounded. Of the Prussian guards, only one officer remains untouched. In some regiments not fifty men are left. After this, it is hardly necessary to say that the Allies, one and all, fought like lions. The Russians worked very effectively, too, with their artillery. Still I must consider this battle—of which, as far as it goes, a pretty accurate idea may be formed I believe by this sketch, drawn from numerous accounts that I have taken every pains to verify—as most unfortunate. Not so much from the loss we have sustained, heavy as it is, as from the wantonness with which it was entered into, and the proof it affords of the superior generalship and conduct of our opponents.

Bonaparte boasted that he would fight a gener battle without cavalry. "*Nous manquons, il est vra* he said in his address to his troops, "*de cavaler mais je saurai bien vous mêner là où nous n'en aur pas besoin.*" And the infatuation of one man enabled him to keep his word. The ground occup by the combined army was most favourable for t arm in which their superiority lay; but instead waiting Bonaparte's attack they very good-nature suffered him to advance and retire in differe directions with small bodies of troops, just enou to draw on the Allies, till he had got them on grou of his own choosing. The position he occupied w

naturally very strong, and was made more so by art; and from being very much intersected by wood and water would not admit of the cavalry acting with a chance of success.

The whole army, except the corps under Miladowitch that covered the left of the line, and those under Kleist and Bülow, was engaged; the infantry, chiefly Prussian, composing the right and centre, the cavalry, mostly Russian, the left. The reserve under Tormanzoff, formed the second line, and took part in the action towards its close. As soon as Bonaparte had succeeded in drawing on the Allies, the batteries opened upon them and mowed down the Russian cavalry by squadrons. At other times, the French formed into small solid squares, against which the Prussian cavalry advanced to the charge with so much impetuosity and rapidity, that they could not get back to the strong villages whence they had debouched, and great slaughter ensued.

In spite, however, of every obstacle, the determined intrepidity of the Allies so far triumphed, that in the course of an hour they forced the enemy into the villages of Lutzen and Gross Görchen at the point of the bayonet. But here fresh difficulties had to be encountered. Every house was a little fortress, from which the French—strongly barricaded and for some time inaccessible themselves—kept up an incessant fire of musketry upon the Allies, whilst the artillery played upon them in the streets.

But at length the French were driven from these villages to others, where in the same manner they

defended themselves desperately—success and defeat alternating between them and the Allies. Bonaparte pursued the same system throughout, and evidently *ménagé'd* his troops as much as possible. And no doubt, to this system as well as to the heroic but misplaced gallantry of the Allies—who, as fast as one battalion was cut up replaced it by another—must be attributed the immense loss sustained by us, and the comparatively small one of the enemy.

The great want of unity of action, observable throughout, has been one chief cause of our failure, and another, the unaccountable ignorance in which even the best informed have been of the situation and strength of the enemy. These two causes combined produced a much too rapid and inconsiderate advance of the Allies in the first instance, and an infinitely too great extension of their line when advanced. Thus, instead of one imposing and united mass, we have heard of nothing but of isolated corps *en l'air*, acting according to the circumstances of the moment without any previously concerted plan or direction.

If the result of all this has not been a victory, it has been what Bonaparte will not fail to publish as such; and will enable him, by confirming the wavering and frightening those who are ill-disposed towards him, to put a good face upon it, and at least to keep *his* ground, if not actually to drive us from ours.

The death of Kutusow, by releasing the sovereigns from the sort of restraint which his authority imposed

on them, completed our misfortune. Wittgenstein was nominally appointed to the chief command, but both the Emperor and King gave their orders independently, alike of each other and of him. Confusion was necessarily the order of the day; no Head existed, and a want even of cordial co-operation was manifested by Tormanzoff, who as a senior officer objected to serve under Wittgenstein. To the bravery of the troops, then, we alone are indebted for our escape from destruction.

The august personages returned to Dresden last night. That circumstance, and the constant passage of waggons, baggage, &c., has spread considerable alarm in the town. I had treated it as a favourable event, but I have since learnt that they leave again to-morrow for the army. If so, we may expect to hear of a repetition of Lutzen—more blood spilt, and to no better purpose.

The Prince Royal of Prussia and Prince Augustus are said to have much distinguished themselves. The former, being very much exposed to the fire of the enemy—who, it is believed, knew the spot he was on—was repeatedly, but in vain, urged to move away. At last his horse was killed under him. Again he was remonstrated with and entreated to take more care of himself. "*Ne voyez vous pas, mon Prince,*" they said to him, "*que vous êtes en but à l'ennemi?*" "Perhaps so," he replied, "but he shall not have it to say of me, I was so wanting in courage that I ran away from him. So give me another horse, for I will not quit my post." He may have remembered

his mother's words when, as a child, he came before her dressed in a military uniform, then for the first time made for him — "*J'espère,*" she said to him, "*qu'au jour où tu pourras faire usage de cet habit, la seule pensée qui t'occupera sera celle de venger tes malheureux frères.*"

7th.—Dined with Sir Charles, Ompteda, and Rumbold, at Lord Cathcart's. Writing nearly the whole of the two last days, and got the messenger off before dinner. A written order issued to prohibit all private correspondence on the events now passing here. Official reports of the action of the 2nd have been published by both the Russians and Prussians.

We are told that the Allies gained a victory, whilst every thing around us bears the appearance of the most complete defeat! Things are even in a worse state than I supposed them to be, and their worst feature is the total ignorance of the movements of the enemy. Nobody knows, or will tell, where the main body is; but we know that the French have had a smart affair with the corps, under Miloradowitch, that covered Wittgenstein's retreat to the right bank of the Elbe. Some of the French troops are at Leipzig, and some have crossed at Wittenberg, but whether they are coming up the Elbe or have taken the direction of Berlin is still to us a mystery.

Meanwhile, we are in a most *comfortable state* of bustle, disquietude and uncertainty; *un pied dans l'étrier*, ready to start at a moment's warning for Bautzen and eventually, Breslau—the only road likely to be open to us. The town exhibits an

almost indescribable scene of confusion and misery. For the last forty-eight hours, night and day, there has been no cessation of the passage of waggons, of baggage, of artillery, of carts and conveyances of all kinds, and of kinds improvised for the occasion, bearing the wounded, bleeding and moaning; the dying, and many already dead. The streets are now literally blocked up. And when I rode out of the town to-day with Rumbold and Sir Francis d'Ivernois, sights met the eye at every town that one can hardly write of, much less look on, without feelings of painful emotion. It is sickening, indeed, to contemplate the horrors of war when the excitement of the battle is over.

In the midst of all this, we are hourly expecting the arrival of Stadion. He appears to be the reed on which we now depend. God grant, it may not prove a broken one! I was to have left this town to day for Berlin; but when I called on Lord Cathcart he said I must not go, for the French were advancing.

Kreusemarck, who returned from Paris on the 30th, called on me this morning. He told me little more than I had already heard from Prince Hatzfelt. Bonaparte, he said, in conference with him—a few days before the arrival of the news of d'Yorck's capitulation—began running over the events of his last campaign, the composition of the Russian army, &c. He allowed the Russians no credit for, or part in, the destruction of the French army, and said, "with the single exception of Kutusow, they had not a General fit to lead an army; and that they would never hazard carrying the war beyond their own

frontier." He had given up, he continued, all thoughts of the continental system, as he now considered it an impracticable one; so that peace with Russia could be easily settled, though there could be no general peace, because England would insist on his reducing his navy to thirty ships of the line. He spoke with great contempt of Jerome, and said "possibly Prussia might be aggrandized on the side of Westphalia."

To my enquiry, whether he thought d'Yorck's defection was a surprise to him, Kreusemarck replied, "he thought it was, but that it was rather gratifying to him than otherwise. For that Bonaparte attached no sort of importance to the fact itself, and it furnished him with a pretext that he wanted for ordering immediately a fresh conscription of a hundred and fifty thousand recruits."

The Emperor Francis is said to have declared his intention of positively joining the Allies, and that so far from a reverse on their part making any change in his intention, it would only hasten its execution. He has now a fine opportunity of redeeming this pledge—supposing him to have really given it—whether he will do so is another question—*credat Judæus*. It would be sound policy on his part; for he has already gone too far to hope for salvation, even from the tears of his grandson, should Bonaparte ultimately prove victorious.

Barclay de Tolli is coming up with a reinforcement which has already reached Frankfort; but we hear nothing yet of Bernadotte being at Stralsund, and I

fear my speculations at Hamburg will prove to have been only too correct.

Dornberg is again on the right bank of the Elbe, and the French are even at Haarburg. This makes me fear that our messenger will not be able to go by Cuxhaven. He proceeds from this to Berlin, whence he is to feel his way; but I doubt his even getting so far—for if the French choose to push on ever so small a column towards the capital I believe there is nothing to prevent them. Bülow has not been heard of since the retaking of Halle, and as little is known of Boistell, who was observing Magdeburg. This want of information seems incredible; none the less is it true.

The English officers—nearly a dozen of them—who went with Lord Cathcart to the battle, are all returned here safe and sound, with the exception of Lieutenant Rodney, of the navy, who being unemployed came out just for a trip, as an *amateur*. He is a very fine young officer and I am told behaved most gallantly, having joined a Russian squadron as a volunteer. A cannon ball shattered his thigh. Amputation has been performed, but it is feared he will not long survive it, poor fellow. We shall have another battle soon.

8th.—Everybody up very early, and prepared for departure. Our messenger is off. Sir Charles very anxious to be with the army, and not yet in charity with Lord Cathcart for preventing him from "assisting" at the last battle.

Bautzen, 11 p.m. At a little before ten this morning

the bridge over the Elbe was burnt. The enemy was so close upon us that our escape was thought to be doubtful, owing to the fire not taking well at first. The *sauve qui peut* that ensued, lamentable though its results are for some persons, was yet so indescribably ludicrous, in some respects, that after the hurry and scramble to be foremost in flight had somewhat abated, I think I never laughed more heartily in my life than at the recollection of the scene of undignified haste I had taken part in. We, however, stopped to admire the *coup d'œil* presented by the *tête de pont* over which the Russians were retreating, with the enemy coming down from the hills and their cavalry already in the plain opposite to us. It was a very fine and interesting sight.

The Bishop has lodged us in his palace, and has received us in a most friendly manner. Sir Charles made his appearance very soon after us, and we all sat down to an excellent dinner, which the short commons of the day and our ignominious flight had furnished us with appetites to do ample justice to. Thoroughly tired out, we are now quite ready to find the beds which our kind host has had prepared for us very comfortable indeed.

9th.—Up early, and took a walk with Rumbold and Bidwell. Very pretty environs; but there seems to be nothing remarkable in Bautzen except the old castle and the church. We went into the latter; mass was being said, but we were told that it would soon be over and that the *Protestant mass* would then begin. The two masses go on alternately, it appears,

every day and all day long. This is doing what is fair by both parties, and presents a spectacle of differing creeds dwelling together in amity not to be met with every where.

The Bishop, who must be a very good fellow, gave us a breakfast as good, in its way, as his dinner. I afterwards went to call on Baron Hardenberg, and found him in very low spirits—evidently, he thinks we have all been too hasty in believing the star of Boney so near its setting. I told him some particulars of the state of the French army, that have come to us since the battle, and which perhaps buoyed up his hopes a little. I took leave of him to go in quest of horses, to be ready in case there should be need to decamp in a hurry. There was great difficulty in obtaining any, and only after long search and much perseverance did I succeed in getting about half the number required. I bought some very good maps here, and after dining early—not being sure that Boney would allow us to dine late—took a very pleasant ride with Captain Deering and Sir Charles. Later, Sir C. and I called on Lebzeltern and had a long conversation with him and D'Alopeus on the present state of affairs. Drank tea with Rumbold and Bidwell, who have had the good fortune to find out very good quarters to themselves.

10*th*.—After getting to bed late, having written far beyond the midnight hour, I was called up at five by Colonel Campbell, who brought intelligence of the enemy having passed the Elbe at Briesnitz. At seven, Sir Charles went over to a conference to which he

had been invited by the Chancellor at Pulsnitz, and soon after Bidwell set out for Hoyerswerde. I was on the point of following him, but having first to see M. de Lebzeltern he gave me information that put a stop to my journey. After two hours of suspense the Chancellor came back from Pulsnitz and announced the approach of their Majesties. Sir Charles also returned in the course of another hour and I went with him to M. d'Alopeus' quarters. There, we had a very good and pleasant dinner, much easier of digestion than the language of M. Lebzeltern at the conference which followed it.

In the evening, I assisted at another conference to which Sir Charles was invited by the Chancellor. It resulted in nothing. Sir C.'s thoughts are so taken up with the military arrangements of the allied army, that he has neither patience nor inclination for diplomatic discussion. The subject of the subsidiary Treaty, with the various propositions respecting it brought forward by the plenipotentiaries of the allied Powers, as far as he is concerned, he says, is of so intricate and important a nature, that if its ideas are to be immediately carried into effect, he shall write to his brother, Lord Castlereagh, suggesting that no time be lost in sending out a proper person, completely qualified to master such details, or in proposing that some person should go from hence to discuss the Treaty in England. Sir Charles seems to have overlooked "*le vieux général diplomate.*" When *he* has time to look into the matter, I doubt not that he will make it all clear enough to him.

After leaving this ruffling conference, I took a long stroll with Colonel Campbell. When we returned to tea, we found Colonel Lowe, who had just arrived from Königsberg, waiting for us.

11*th*.—We were somewhat startled at dinner today by the continued firing kept up by the enemy. We made a shorter meal of it than usual, and two or three of us, on leaving the table, went immediately to the church and ascended the steeple, which commands a wide view of the surrounding country, and whence we distinctly saw the attack of the enemy's advance. As night approaches all becomes quiet; but a general engagement being expected, all *civilians* are to leave Bautzen in the morning.

Görlitz, 16*th*.—We reached Görlitz, which is a neat little town on the banks of the Neisse, seven German miles from Bautzen, on the evening of the 12th, and got into excellent quarters—a very good house in a pleasant garden, and very obliging hosts. Count Stadion arrived from Vienna the following evening, and we had a long conversation together, which has rendered me rather less sanguine in my hopes of Austria joining her forces to those of the Allies than I was before. Boney's success at Lutzen has made Francis reconsider his half-formed resolutions; and Stadion is despatched to inquire on what terms the King of Prussia would be inclined to make peace. However, Stadion, on his own part, was as friendly and confidential as I could desire. We dined together, and after a walk in the public garden in the outskirts of the town, he went off to his quarters.

23590

I returned to make a minute of our conversation, which I forwarded to Sir Charles, who is now with the army. All remains quiet there for the present, which allows me time to draw up the Treaty to be concluded between the Allies.

A man arrived here yesterday, calling himself, Robert Semple, "the traveller." As this was the only account he chose to give of himself, the Prussian authorities had detained him as a spy. He then sent to me, saying he was a British subject; and I was ready and willing to claim him as such. But as no passport or other paper was forthcoming in proof of his declaration, the authorities would not give him up, and Mr. Semple is, in consequence, furnished with a lodging at Silberberg, until we can find out something more about him. Captain Deering has come over from head-quarters to tell us that the French have entered Bautzen. They occupy all the villages around Bischofswerde, and from the nature of the country it is difficult to ascertain their exact force. They have made strong *reconnoissances*, and seem to meditate an attack.

The Allies have strengthened the position they have taken up by many strong field-works and intrenchments, and are determined, so says the report, "to await, in ardent hope and perfect confidence, the attack of the enemy." Our head-quarters are now at Würzen. Deserters come in daily; and in the skirmishes that have taken place since the battle of the 2nd, the French have suffered considerably. The loss of the Allies in these affairs has been great,

and two or three of their most able officers have been killed.

18*th*.—It is evident that since the King of Saxony declared for Bonaparte, both Hardenberg and his Majesty of Prussia have been in a depressed and anxious state of mind, and that with the advance of the French—who, if they have achieved no great success, have met with no great reverses, and still press forward while the Allies retire—their hearts begin to fail them. They cannot now draw back, and they almost anticipate defeat, and dread its consequences. This morning I called on the Chancellor, who lives a German mile out of the town, and keeps as much out of the way as possible, and found him very much changed—looking worn and anxious, and his manner anything but calm and composed, as it usually is. He expressed himself dissatisfied with the state of affairs in general, and, in particular, with the negotiation with England. He said that Sir Charles Stewart's military duties no doubt prevented him from entering into the discussion of it so fully and promptly as was desirable, and he led me to infer that he would have been better pleased had our Government sent him a colleague more at leisure to confer with him. We had some conversation on the subject, but as it was of course private and unofficial, it did not advance matters, beyond enabling me, in the same manner, to place before Sir Charles the Chancellor's view of the business of the negotiation, at the first favourable opportunity.

He said that a copy of the note delivered to him by Count Stadion, relative to the objects of his present mission, together with a copy of the reply the King had authorized him to make to it, would be sent to Sir Charles in the course of the day, and that he himself might probably be in Görlitz this evening.

When I got back to Görlitz I found that Sir Charles had come over from head-quarters, and I afterwards met him and Lord Cathcart at dinner at Count Löthem's. The copy of Stadion's note, and Hardenberg's reply having arrived in the interval, I spoke to him of them. This being the first official notice we had had of Austria's proposal to Prussia to mediate for peace, and the King's willingness, on the conditions named in the reply, to accede to it, Sir Charles was so much annoyed, that the two notes were copied forthwith, and, without a translation or a line to accompany them, beyond the statement that they were just received—for "they would speak for themselves," he said—Bidwell's servant was sent off *en courier* with them to England.

From the report of Sir Charles, it seems great fears are entertained that the enemy will turn the right of the Allies before Bautzen. M. de Niebuhr came in after dinner and drank tea with us. He gave in a letter on the subject of our pretensions to Hanover—a most futile production, scarcely worth an answer. Sir Charles having waited until half-past ten, in expectation of the arrival of the Chancellor, then returned to head-quarters.

20*th*.—We are still waiting with all anxiety for the battle which is expected every day. Yesterday morning I went over to head-quarters with Rumbold. The Chancellor was already arrived. Sir Charles's quarters are at Graditz, where we dined, and met there Sir Robert Wilson and Mr. Vernon. After dinner, the three allied Plenipos held a conference, and the object of Count Stadion's mission was communicated by the Chancellor. The result was by no means satisfactory.

In the evening Captain Deering brought a report of an advantage gained over a French corps that had been detached under Lauriston, ten thousand strong, towards the Oder.

This morning we were up early, writing for England; but before breakfast the firing began, and by ten had increased to a loud and general cannonade. Sir Charles rode out with all the military part of the mission, and, much against his will, Bidwell and ourselves remained distant spectators of the action; which had become general in a plain immediately under us. The intention of the enemy in this attack was to force the Spree river, and to pass to some heights on the right of the Allies; thus, threatening the rear of Miloradowitch's corps, and gaining advantageous ground from which his artillery could sweep their main position, and under the cover of whose fire he could with greater facility dispose his forces for the general attack he is intending.

The cannonade became tremendous; but Bidwell

and I were obliged to go on writing, to despatch a Mr. Rouse Boughton, who was setting off for England. Occasionally, as the firing became louder and seemed to approach us, we took a peep at the battle that was raging below—all uncertain as to what was likely to be the event of the day. At four o'clock, Sir Charles returned and told me I must be off instantly; for although the enemy had been repulsed, he was bringing up fresh troops, and it was evident the attack would be renewed in the evening, or that a great effort was intended on the morrow.

We made, therefore, a hasty dinner; contrived to despatch Mr. Boughton, and Sir Charles then returned to the field. As night was falling, and the army withdrawing into position, we thought it high time for civilians to decamp, and Rumbold and I accordingly returned to Görlitz. As we descended the high hill on which Graditz stands, we stopped to take a last view of the battle-field. At that moment it was illumined by the spreading flames from several small villages that had been set on fire, and in the distance looked like a burning plain. At times, heavy masses of thick black smoke rolled over it and seemed momentarily to quench the flames, but only to burst forth again with a brighter glow—affording us glimpses of both armies. Viewed from that eminence, and in the dimness of the evening, it was a grand and picturesque scene, from which I turned away with an anxious and ill-foreboding mind.

Though we were pretty well tired out when we got back to our quarters, yet to sleep was impossible,

and day had hardly dawned on the 21st when the cannonade again began—such a roar as even old soldiers say they scarce ever heard—and a most bloody action ensued. The day was spent in running to-and-fro—in eager inquiries "How goes the battle?"—reports, now cheering, now alarming, are constantly succeeding each other—"the enemy is advancing!"—"the Allies are in pursuit!"—"the Allies are retreating!"—"The French centre has given way." This most anxious state of things continued until Bidwell arrived from Graditz at ten in the evening. He had left at seven. The house in which Sir Charles had his quarters had been pillaged by a party of marauders. A determination had been taken to place the army in a new position, which he believed meant that it was, in fact, retreating, and that the enemy was firing on the retiring columns from the heights of Krückwitz.

Nothing more positive was known at midnight. Sir Charles and the other British officers had been out from four in the morning, and had not been heard of since. On the preceding day, he and Sir Robert Wilson had exposed themselves to much danger, in order to rally and head some Russian infantry, for the defence of a height of great consequence.

I had just lain down for an hour or so, when Count Löthem came to tell me that the King was moving to Lauban from Reichenbach, where his head-quarters had been on the previous night, and he advised me to do the same. Before I was dressed,

Captain Deering arrived with the news that the day had been lost, and that the army was in full, though regular retreat, notwithstanding the unsurpassed bravery of the troops. This was confirmed, shortly after, by Sir Charles, who said we must lose no time in getting off, and following the King to Lauban.

All the British officers who had accompanied Sir Charles, and who had been foremost in this battle, escaped unhurt; but Colonel Campbell's horse had been shot as he stood by his side. During the greater part of the day Bonaparte was distinctly visible on a commanding spot, directing the operations of the battle. He deployed his guards, cavalry, and lancers in front of the town of Bautzen, and showed heavy columns of infantry on the esplanade before it, bringing up, besides, a number of brigades of artillery to occupy some advantageous heights, that favoured and supported his attack, between the position of the Allies and Bautzen. The Emperor and the King were both present, in the thickest of the action—very praiseworthy in officers, but conduct much to be deprecated in sovereigns. The *ill* effects of it had been felt at the battle of Lutzen, and were not less so at Bautzen. Their Majesties had promised not to be present or interfere again; but I suppose military ardour carried them away, and made them unmindful of their promise.

We left Görlitz at eleven on the 22nd, and threaded our way through the crowd of troops, baggage-waggons, artillery, &c., which literally blocked up the streets of the town, and got to Lauban in time to

look after our quarters. This was by no means unnecessary; for though the inhabitants evinced the best and most friendly dispositions towards us, the town, which is small, was so crowded, that it was hardly possible to find a room to lie down in. But the French are pursuing, and we left Lauban this morning, 23rd, for Löwenburg. The black eagle announces that we are in Silesia. Dreadful roads, but a very pretty country. We are now quartered at a country house, the owner of which, an old lady, was at first very little inclined to be civil; but after a time, finding that our behaviour was good, *elle se laissa amadouer*. Her house, she says, has been constantly a quarter for the last twelve months, and that the Russian and Prussian officers have used her very ill, and taken everything she had; behaving as badly as any party of marauding French soldiers could have done. But she is willing, she says, to do what she can in these dreadful times, and especially when she gets gentlemen quartered upon her. She has, accordingly, contrived to give us a very good dinner, and to reward us, besides, for our good conduct, and the many civil and consoling speeches we have made to her, by producing some excellent Burgundy. The old dame has given me, too, a little private room of her own, to enable me to get on with the drafts of the despatches. All private accounts from persons, civil or military, connected with the missions, are absolutely interdicted, and all other private letters of that nature will no doubt fail, for the most part, to reach their destination.

Our good hostess, as she ushers me into her own little *sanctum*, hopes that, in my reports, I will not fail to say a good word for her. 'I wish to God I could, for as she says, "her labourers are turned into soldiers, her estate lies desolate and uncultivated, and she has now little left beyond the roof that shelters her; so that instead of giving free quarters to others she will soon have to seek them herself." I tell her, for her comfort, that better times are drawing near; that we shall soon put a stop to Mr. Boney's career, that the country will then be more flourishing than ever, and that she will then be repaid for her hospitalities. She shakes her head, and answers, "You have not conquered him yet, and in a day or two I shall have to find house-room for *his* party, who will tell me quite a different story."

24*th*.—The heavy baggage was sent off at five o'clock. We have been up half the night and till now—eleven o'clock—writing for England. Captain Charles arrives. Intelligence of Duroc having been killed in a *reconnoissance* before Görlitz—Bonaparte standing by his side. Would to God that at that moment they had changed places! But if ever man bore a charmed life, surely it is he. At Bautzen, he exposed himself recklessly, and bullets and balls flew around him, but none touched him. Many companies and regiments march to meet him, with a conviction amongst the men that they are led out to encounter a foe that can never be conquered or killed. To this conviction amongst the men, and even in some of their officers, the many panics that have ensued—in

the Prussian ranks especially—may be said to have been chiefly due. How often has it happened, that after desperate fighting, and on the very eve of success, the slightest check to their armies, or an unexpected advantage gained by the French, has dispelled all the valour which, in the heat of the conflict, they had warmed up to; and like men in despair they have turned tail and fled—their officers unable, or making no attempt, to rally them.

The terrible disasters of the Russian campaign inspired high hopes at first, and it was thought that the moment was come for Prussia to shake herself free of her shackles. But these hopes have fallen considerably since the "Invincible Hero" has reappeared with an army far outnumbering that of the Allies, and with his infantry mowing down the squadrons of cavalry on which they so much relied, and killing, or putting *hors de combat*, at least half of the allied army.

One complete victory would do much for us; but a repetition of Lützen and Bautzen, though disastrous to the enemy, must be still more so to the Allies.

3 *o'clock.*—Captain Charles reports the French at Lauban. We must gather up our papers and finish our despatches where we may, as we are now to fly off to Goldberg as fast as our poor, half-starved, tired steeds can carry us; for the enemy, with Bonaparte at the head of the advance, is after us as fast *as he* can.

25*th, Goldberg.*—Just managed to finish and close the despatches—in which we have put as good a face

upon things, short of declaring ourselves victorious, as circumstances will allow—and sent off the messenger, Vick, to England. Firing, and the retreat of the rear-guard through the town announce the approach of the enemy. Since ten o'clock, and it is now nearly two, in expectation of this, carriages and horses have been waiting at the door. Our next halt will be Jauer.

11 *o'clock.*—Reached Jauer between seven and eight. Glad to find Sir Charles already there, and not sorry that I was just in time to sit down, with him and several others of our party, to a very good late dinner they had found means of providing.

After dinner, Sir Charles proposed my going on to Breslau in the morning, to look after Baron Hardenberg, of whom we had heard nothing for some days; which, coupled with a sudden journey of the King to that city, looked extraordinary.

A letter from Colonel Cooke announces the arrival of Bernadotte at Stralsund. The Colonel complains bitterly to his friend Sir Charles Stewart of the state of inactivity he is in there, of his extreme *ennui*, of his great discomfort, and of his desire to be with us. He is at all times a great croaker about himself, Sir Charles says. But he has written him a comforting letter; telling him what good service he is rendering to our cause by attaching himself to the Crown Prince and keeping him assured of the confidence he may place, generally, in the English Government, and, particularly, in Lord Castlereagh. That by and bye, the gallant Colonel's reward will come in the

shape of promotion; but that we must all be content to work up-hill; and that as to his discomfort, he would be no gainer by being here, where comfort is a thing unknown. This is true enough, for there surely never was such a *mission ambulante* as this; always on the road, the enemy close at our heels, and flying like fugitives from one miserable berth to another—and often not knowing exactly whither.

27*th*.—At eight yesterday morning, I left Jauer, the first place in which I remarked a bad spirit in the inhabitants. Half way on our journey we stopped at a large country house belonging to a M. de Diebetsch He was absent, but his wife, apparently a woman of the very best *ton*, received me very courteously and invited me and my companions to dinner. A large family party was assembled, ready to set out for *Les Bains de Landeck*, where, they said, they hoped to be quiet *until peace was signed*. Their departure was hastened by a very heavy cannonade, which was distinctly heard all day in the direction of Brenzlau. Our hostess, after very liberally and hospitably entertaining us, offered to furnish us with fresh horses for the rest of our journey, our own poor beasts being so thoroughly worn out they were ready to drop on the road. By this means, and a very fine *chaussée*, in two hours we got over four German miles and within sight of Breslau, which from the number and loftiness of its spires had a rather grand appearance in the distance and promised a fine city—a promise by no means belied on a nearer inspection. There is a considerable population here—near sixty thousand—

the greater part Protestants; but the same cordiality, and anxiety to oblige that we experienced in Saxony, no longer exists. We are well lodged, but have disagreeable hosts. M. Niebuhr and Sir F. d'Ivernois supped with us at a *traiteur's*.

This morning I called on the Chancellor, and found him very busy, surrounded with official people, all anxious to be informed of the state of affairs and to receive instructions for their own guidance. News came in of General Blücher having yesterday defeated the French, with some loss, at Brenzlau; and in consequence there have been such rejoicings and exultations as only a great victory could warrant. An injudicious proceeding, as I think, to attribute so much importance to an affair which nobody believes will retard the advance of the enemy for a single day. On leaving the Chancellor, I called on MM. d'Altenstein, Jazow, and Kircheisen—the latter on the eve of departure for Neisse—the conversation turned on the King, who is here in a most desponding state of mind, and who would be willing, it is believed, if left to himself, to make peace with Bonaparte on almost any terms. Austria, it appears, is the sheet anchor they look to, but, notwithstanding, little dependence is placed in her.

I met here also Field-Marshal Kalkreuth. The same caustic, sarcastic personage as ever. He was in an excessive ill-humour, and he has certainly good reason to be discontented with the disposition there seems to be in the Prussian government to draw back from the contest. Kalkreuth, who is entirely laid on the

shelf, still gives himself credit for being a clever negotiator, and is annoyed at not being consulted. His advice might, perhaps, lead to as happy results as those that followed his interference at Tilsit—Boney might take the remaining half of Prussia, and Frederick William retain the name of King, and have permission to reside in some corner of his former dominions.

29*th*.—I had yesterday a long conversation with the *financier*, Sir Francis d'Ivernois, on the pretensions of Russia and Prussia, with regard to the proposed Convention; and we agreed to renew the conversation this morning. But this morning I was roused early by a message from head-quarters: "Enemy advancing. Have every thing ready for a start." Every thing was made ready—horses saddled, and harnessed. Having been allowed to remain quiet till two, and there being no appearance of being immediately disturbed, I ventured to invite the assembled party; Sir F. d'Ivernois, Perceval, Stanhope, James, Colonel Campbell, Rumbold and Mr. Addington—Heley's son, who arrived last night and is attached to our mission—to dine with me. They accepted, and I despatched my servant to order the *traiteur* to have ready in one hour the very best dinner he could provide for nine persons. This he did very fairly, considering the shortness of the notice, and I took in a tenth diner with me, Marshal Kalkreuth, whom I met on my way and persuaded to sit down with us; and whose caustic gibes and jeers on persons and things, the high and mighty coming in for their full share, enlivened

not a little this *impromptu* dinner. The *traiteur* requested payment before I sat down, lest, as he wisely observed, we should be forced to decamp in the middle of our meal; but he promised to keep a good look out, and a watch for any sound that betokened the approach of the enemy. We however finished our dinner in peace, and continued undisturbed to so late an hour that we spread our cloaks to lie down.

30*th*.—Just as I had taken off my boots, a courier came in from Stralsund with letters and papers from England. They are the first I have received since I arrived on the continent, yet I fell fast asleep over them. I was soon awakened by an *estafette* from Sir Charles, recommending me to set out the first thing in the morning for Neisse, where he hoped very shortly to join me. Thus roused up, I once more looked at my letters, but tired nature would have her way, and again I fell asleep, but only to be again disturbed. This time it was by a messenger from the palace, to say that the enemy was very near, and that we must start without loss of time. It was four o'clock. We were up and off in an hour; but before we left I saw for a few minutes the Russian General De Witt, who told me he should make a stand, and have a fight for it.

We have just got as far as Brieg, where we dine; and are lodged for the night in the same house as the Russian minister D'Alopeus. From him I heard of the Emperor having conferred on Sir Robert Wilson the order of St. George, of the third class. His Imperial Majesty it appears rode out with his suite to

see the troops in camp near Jauer. After going along the line, and at the moment when he was surrounded by his general and staff officers, he called Sir Robert Wilson to him, and addressed him in very flattering terms, saying, that he had appreciated, as they merited, his zeal, his gallantry and his services throughout the war, in testimony of which he had determined to confer on him the above-named order; and that he was desirous of doing it in the most gratifying manner. He then directed General Auguruski to take his cross from his neck and deliver it to Sir Robert, who was thus decorated in front of the Imperial army—a very great and gratifying compliment. Sir Robert received the cross until the pleasure of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent be known.

At Brieg I at last get time to read my own letters.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Brighton, May 16th, 1813.

Our life here, my dear George, is so uniform that I have very few events to record. The one subject that now engrosses everybody's thoughts is Bonaparte's account, just received, of his battles to the 5th. I can myself think only of them, and of those which we hope to hear of from the head-quarters of the Emperor and the King of Prussia.

It is evident, from Bonaparte's own statement, that the allied troops have so far done their duty; and if their chiefs will but make a stand, I shall not be at

all discouraged at his having got the country between Lutzen and the Elbe. I hope they will take up a position behind that river and attack him as soon as he crosses it. For the present, the north of Germany west of the Elbe, will be insecure, and I am uncertain whether this letter will reach you by that route.

We make here a thousand speculations upon Trogau, upon Austria; but it is useless to communicate them. Till we hear from your quarter we shall really know nothing. Lord Wellington was to begin his operations the first week of this month, and is very sanguine of driving the French out of Spain.

I suppose you have croakers with you as we have with us. Some of our blockheads had flattered themselves that Boney would give up the game without another struggle, and are therefore apprehensive of the event of the present conflict. Not so your humble servant. The Prussians and Russians will I believe make a good fight, and in the end conquer. They should be cheered on by everybody, in every way.

If we are withheld by any nonsensical tenderness toward Denmark from consenting to the taking of Norway by Bernadotte, we deserve to lose his co-operation, for we need not fear what hindrance the Danes can throw in our way. Destroy the lion and the jackall will soon fall. The offer which the Danes made to Hamburg, should not stop us from agreeing to the transfer, which a demi-official pamphlet, attributed to Madame de Staël, states as being intended to be made of Norway to Sweden. The co-operation of

Bernadotte would not be too highly purchased at that price.

I like very well the plan of dividing the north of Germany into departments, and Stein is an excellent man to be at the head of such a commission. What becomes of the little principalities would not signify, so that the military and financial interests, and the policy of the Allies be but well served. We are to suppose that at the end of the war Alexander will be very liberal; at all events, England has nothing to do with these details. We owe nothing to the little princes, and all *we* have to look to, is that the French be well beaten. I hope that whatever the allied sovereigns, in their wisdom, may propose for this purpose you show approval of, and that you are on the best terms with their ministers. As this letter goes at a venture, I have thought it well to write a portion of it in lemon.

Next month we go to town, when I shall be nearer the fountain head, and have more to communicate. At present we are living very quietly, and are thankful that there are few evening parties. When we dine out, we stay the evening in the same house, and there is much more conversation than in what is called company.

The Hollands are here, and enquire much after you. Her ladyship is the chief curiosity we have here just now. She is said to be in a bad state of health, and certainly she is sufficiently fanciful. I dined with them the other day, and met there Mrs. Beauclerk, the daughter of the Duchess of Leinster, and

whom I formerly knew as Miss Ogilvie; when she was the chief star in a very brilliant constellation of beauty that shone at the Wells in the summer of '97. She is still very handsome and elegant, and to my taste, is a far more attractive person than Lady Holland, who possesses a certain degree of cleverness, but not *esprit* of that quality for which she would fain have you give her credit; there is too much effort, a straining after effect in all she says and does; and the effect is not always what she wishes, or imagines it to be. She says she has had Berlin news from Vernon, whom I suppose to be with you, and that we therefore shall soon hear something of you.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Brighton, May 23rd, 181

I have heard nothing of George, my dear mother, since the 27th of April, when he had just been presented to the King of Prussia. If he were *en chef* I should indeed be annoyed at his having sent no account of the battle; but I suppose Lord Cathcart and Sir Charles Stewart, who both ought to have been in it, have been a long while preparing their despatches, or have doubted of the possibility of sending them by Hamburg. But it is possible that Government may not choose to let anything received from them transpire, and have stopped all private letters from those who are of the mission or in their suite. I do not absolutely know that this

is the case, but suppose it to be so. Of the departure of messengers I can tell you as little, for I have had no information on the subject, and what I have sent to Downing Street has been sent at random. My opinion is, that this fighting will assuredly lead to peace. Neither party will like to lose again fifteen or twenty thousand men, which was, at least, the loss of the first week of this month. It is very ominous, when both sides, in giving an account of their exploits, are obliged to appeal to peace as the expected result of them. I am very glad to see that the Germans have made so good a stand in the first instance. If they will only continue their exertions, and should ultimately fall, they will fall with honour and be respected. But if they be true to themselves, it will hardly be possible for Bonaparte to overcome them.

30*th.*—I presume that the messenger who brought George's packet of the 16th, though he says nothing about it, was the bearer of the proposals of Austria; and that it is in consequence of them that Bonaparte has published in the "Moniteur" what he wishes to agree to. The tone in which he announces what he calls his proposals, is not very encouraging; but it is clear that there has been much fighting since, the event of which will decide the future. The "Moniteur" of the 26th, announces that Bonaparte gained another battle—it does not say *remporté encore une victoire*—on the 20th at Bautzen. I take this battle to have been one of those of which Bonaparte talks, but does not boast. At all events, he says,

there was at that time an armistice, and the way in which he speaks of it does not, in my opinion, announce it under favourable auspices. Yet every thing must have a beginning, and this may lead to a peace.

Hamburg is saved by the advance of the Swedes; but I should not wonder if the Danes were soon to stop, or render precarious, the conveyance by that route, and that some time were to elapse before we hear again from the continent.

We shall take a month's dissipation in London, for it is necessary to be a little in the way; and we shall just now see there several people from the continent who will be interesting, and among them some of our old friends.

F. J. J.

Diaries.—Neisse, June 1st.—On calling on the minister Altenstein yesterday morning, I found him about to set off for Neisse. The French were advancing on Breslau, and in such superior force that it was feared the Allies would be forced to abandon it to its fate. On our road to this, most unfortunately, the springs of our carriage broke, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we succeeded, after a long delay, in getting them botched up to last the rest of the journey.

On arriving, such was the *mauvaise volonté* exhibited by the people, that we found it no easy matter to procure a lodging, and were at last obliged to be contented with very poor, as well as very

close quarters. This morning I called on the Commandant, and was informed that this place was declared to be in a state of siege, and that he requested I would leave it. I answered, that the Chancellor of State had desired I would remain here till further accounts should be forwarded to me, and that, consequently, I must beg leave to stay for the present. As he could not well demur to this, he made a virtue of necessity, and submitted; but with a very bad grace. Though a very sullen spirit is displayed by some people in this and neighbouring towns, I have seen no such instance before as that of this Commandant. On the contrary, the predominating feeling among all classes is one of enthusiasm for our cause and, with some few exceptions in these towns, is beyond anything one can imagine. Had I not witnessed it, I should have hesitated to give credit to it; and I am persuaded that this patriotic spirit, if properly directed, might enable Prussia still to bid defiance to Bonaparte. I met here to-day Count Hardenberg, brother of the Chancellor. He has sent his wife, with his sister and children, to *Les Bains*, and has become aide-de-camp to Count Goltz, the military governor of this province. This is only one instance amongst a great many, of gentlemen of the first rank and fortune giving up their homes and separating from their families, in order to devote themselves entirely to the service of their country.

All the English dined with me. News came in of the entry of the French into Breslau early this

morning. The Russians had gone off towards the main army, and the Prussians along the Oder. Colonel Campbell, Perceval, and Stanhope then set off for head-quarters. I rode out with Rumbold to pay a visit to the Countess Tauentzien. The little lady told me in confidence, that her father might long ago have been in Stettin, had he not received positive orders to be in no hurry about it!

3rd.—Colonel Campbell sends me an *estafette* announcing negotiation for an armistice. Altenstein confirms this, and says, that General Kleist and a Russian officer have been sent to the French head-quarters—

Lieut.-General Sir Charles Stewart to George Jackson, Esq.

Imp. Head-quarters, Ober Grödetz,
June 2nd, 1813.

MY DEAR JACKSON,

I HAVE just received your letter, and although we shall meet soon, I send back a few lines by *estafette* to prevent your being in a state of anxiety.

Strange has been the game here, and I am by no means satisfied at what is going on. Before this reaches you, you will no doubt have heard that an armistice has been negotiating. The line of demarcation I believe is fixed. The term of duration is still at issue. Forty-two hours' cessation of hostilities to settle points has been agreed to. During the *first operations*, Bonaparte *adroitly* occupies Breslau. We cannot remain here, the enemy being in Breslau, unless the armistice is concluded. We shall therefore

march, it is thought to-night, on Strehlen. You had better remain *à porter* to Neisse or Glatz, until I am able to meet and see you, and we can fix matters.

I am in a miserable cabin here, and it was fortunate I got even this accommodation. You have been, I should say, two or three degrees better off. The Chancelleries are at Reichenbach.

Do you know anything of Captain Vyse or Colonel Campbell? I hope the enemy has not got hold of them.

It is thought here, Hamburg may still be safe. I doubt it. News from England to the 14th, nothing of moment.

Believe me, &c. &c.,

CHARLES STEWART, *Lieut.-General.*

4th.—My old tutor, Ancillon, called on me. We dined together with Captain Vyse; who thinks it right to go over to head-quarters to-night, taking with him a budget of news to amuse Sir Charles. Vyse is just off, having been with me to drink tea with Madam Kircheisen and the little Countess Tauentzien. The latter showed us an extract from the "Moniteur" of the 24th ult., received from Vienna, containing Bonaparte's letter to the Regent of France, in which the expression "*les insurgés*" is used most insultingly. I wonder what effect it will have in England. I learnt also at this political tea table that the Emperor Francis and Count Metternich arrived at Gitchin yesterday, from Vienna. This piece of news has since been confirmed, and it

is stated that he wishes to place himself near his army; and of course, whether he wishes it or not, he will be in the centre of a scene in which, doubtless, every political engine will now be in full play.

Lieut.-General Sir Charles Stewart to George Jackson, Esq.

Imp. Head-quarters, Reichenbach, June 6th, 1813.

DEAR JACKSON,

I lose not a moment in informing you that the head-quarters changed yesterday to this place, where I hope you will join as soon as convenient. You will have, like the rest of us, very indifferent accommodation; but in case of the worst, I have kept a little country house near Obergrödetz which is at your disposal.

You will know ere this from De Witt the terms of the armistice, and its duration till the 26th of July. Breslau and Neumarck are declared neutral, and the enemy retires behind the Katsbach. On all other points, as I shall see you so soon, I will not now dwell. I suppose it will create some sensation throughout Europe.

Believe me, &c. &c.,

CHARLES STEWART, *Lieut.-General.*

6th.—I suppose it *will* create some surprise. But great pains are taken to impress upon every one that the august personages who have agreed to the suspension of hostilities, have been actuated by no desponding view of their political affairs or military

interests. And there are, no doubt, reasons for considering that an armistice, at this moment, though useful to France may be of equal service to the Allies. The chief inducement, however, to agree to it has, of course, been a desire to conciliate the Austrian Cabinet; which has certainly most strenuously favoured, and invariably supported the negotiations which have been just brought to a conclusion.

7th.—The young princes left the town early yesterday morning, to join the King at Reichenbach. I was not then aware of the prolongation of the armistice, but as their carriage passed me and I saluted them, one of them leant forward, and said, "*ne partez vous pas aujourd'hui*, Monsieur Jackson?" A wave of the hand was all the reply I could give, as they were driving at a brisk pace; but presently after, meeting Kircheisen, he explained both their question and their early journey, by the information that the armistice was prolonged for six weeks.

When I called on the minister, Altenstein, he denied all knowledge of it, but told me there were most favourable accounts from Hamburg and of what was passing at Copenhagen. That a Danish ambassador who had passed through Berlin on his way to Bonaparte, had been followed by a courier, and was suddenly recalled.

No further news arriving from head-quarters, I translated the extract from the "Moniteur" of the 24th to send over to Sir Charles, and I am rather anxious to see if Bonaparte's idea of a general congress takes; for supposing England were to send

an ambassador to make the experiment, I should like nothing better than to be the Secretary of embassy.

This mission has disappointed the expectations with which I set out; but perhaps I was a little too sanguine. The *personnel* is as pleasant as one could desire, but business is transacted rather *en amateur* than according to the habits of the school I have been trained in.

We are slightly grandiloquent in our reports; and a certain degree of frothiness, and a desire to *faire effet*, which is rather amusing at times, but a little out of place—especially with these solid-pated old German ministers—pervades our discussions, and often weakens arguments, which require plainness of speech to enforce them, rather than commonplace flowers of rhetoric.

I sat talking over the present state of affairs till near midnight with Sir F. d'Ivernois, when Sir Charles's letter arrived per *estafette*. I heard also of General Hope's mission with Thornton, to Copenhagen. This morning at eleven we left Neisse, and reached this place before nine. I passed the evening with Sir Charles, Ompteda, and Niebuhr, who gave me very different intelligence respecting Denmark from that of M. d'Altenstein—Mr. Disbrowe, who left England on the 21st to join our mission, having just brought the news that the Danes had taken possession of Hamburg in the name of the French, and that a French General commanded their troops. Colonel Brown, Mr. Perceval, and two or three others were about leaving for Stralsund, which caused a

good deal of writing, and I did not get to bed until four.

As Sir Charles proposes to set out for Stralsund in a few days, he says, and as generally we have a short respite from the vagabond sort of life most of us lately have led—march one day, halt the next—he took advantage of it to give a grand dinner yesterday evening, the 9th. Count Stadion, Alopeus, Löwenhjelm, General Miloradowitch, Count Wrangel, the King of Prussia's aide-de-camp, Prince Radzivill, Niebuhr, and some two or three others less known to me, were there. It was, however, as dull and flat an affair as I ever assisted at. They all seemed afraid of opening their mouths on the present state of affairs; and as these formed probably the chief subject of their thoughts, the general conversation was very forced and constrained. It was, in fact, a failure; the whole thing a bore; though the dinner was good, and Sir Charles made a gallant effort to infuse a little of his own spirit and dash into the business, and to carry off a few toasts with *éclat*. We separated early, and I went off to drink tea with Sir Robert Wilson. "Somehow or other," he said, "we used to be merrier at Memel; though old Hutchinson *ne valait pas* Sir Charles, and the aspect of things was darker even then than now—for now we do see a streak of daylight. But then, we had the queen, all gentleness and beauty, to pay our adorations to, with good old Countess Voss and one or two younger ones to fall in love with and to please. Here, our only solace is to write letters to our absent divinities."

12*th*.—We had a messenger from London and Stralsund, but no letters; indeed, very few arrive for anybody. They have such a habit here of opening letters, and now, that a closer inspection is made of them than usual, correspondence is very uncertain. All, however, share in the general anxiety that is felt to know what effect the actual conclusion of the armistice will have in England.

Hardenberg keeps out of the way as much as he possibly can, and the King, perhaps more from his love of retirement than from any other motive, shuts himself up at his country-quarters, which are about a German mile distant. I went out there this morning to pay a visit to Count Wrangel, and after dinner took a long ride with him in the neighbourhood. The country about here is beautiful; Reichenbach lying in a very lovely valley bounded by mountains at a few miles distance, and presenting at every turn the most charming *points de vue*.

14*th*.—General Hope and Thornton have returned, the Danes refusing to let them disembark. They report a declaration of Bernadotte, on the Danes occupying Hamburg.

Sir Charles gave yesterday a great ministerial dinner, at which a lady was present; the first I have seen at head-quarters since we left Dresden, and lost the pleasant society we frequented in that then lively town.

This evening the Chancellor gave *his* ministerial dinner, which was not signalized by the appearance of any of the fair sex, but by the signing of the Treaty of subsidy, etc. And, by a strange coincidence, the

signing, which owing in some measure to Lord Cathcart's leisurely mode of transacting business, has been delayed till now, has taken place on the anniversary of the battles of Marengo and Friedland.

15*th*.—Lord Cathcart signed the Treaty with Russia to-day notwithstanding she acknowledges herself to be in negotiation with France. After the signing of the Treaty, the King of Prussia and Hardenberg left Reichenbach for Neisse, and the Emperor left his quarters to-day for Prague, for the alleged purpose of visiting his sister.

17*th*.—Lord Cathcart was so long composing his despatches, that we could not send off Captain Charles, who takes home the Treaty, until late last night.

Sir Charles fumed away at a great rate; for we had sat up writing more than half the night, that the gallant captain might start on the morning of the 16th. "*Le vieux Général diplomate*," however, detained him. He likes not to be hurried, but prefers to consider and reconsider the language he employs in his despatches, to round his periods, retouch his phrases, reconstruct his sentences, or add a word that shall make clearer what was already lucid as the day. It is the fashion here, to laugh at all this, *sous cape*. But for my part, I have been led somewhat to modify the opinion I had formed, rather from report than from my own observation, of the old General's abilities. He is a little too ponderous, no doubt, but on our side we are, perhaps, a little too light and airy.

19*th*.—Advanced the Prussians 100,000*l*. A second division of stores, arms, etc., is already, I

believe, arrived at Colberg; and not a day too soon, for the Prussian army is sadly in want of clothing and other necessaries, and the pay is greatly in arrear. It is Baron Stein's opinion, that if Austria does not come forward, the Allies could not, and would not, carry on the war with France. Hardenberg is now gone to Ratiborschitz to have an interview with Metternich; and the King, who has been moving about in various directions during the last few days, is now in the neighbourhood of Glatz.

21*st.*—Dined with Sir Charles at Lord Cathcart's, and in the evening took all the English home with me to tea. Ompteda was waiting for me, and General Kreusemarck afterwards joined us. The latter is fond of recurring to his conversations with Bonaparte; and to-night he told us, with reference to the impossibility of a general peace in which England should be included, that he had said, "under one pretext or another England will never make peace. I am perfectly informed," he continued, "of all that is passing there, and follow every step with the greatest attention and interest. I have just received from a person who is in communication with *des grandes personnages à Londres*, that "thirty ships of the line for the navy of France is the only condition on which they will hear of peace; but as they know they have not to deal with a Louis Quinze I may as well save myself all trouble about it."

Kreusemarck said, he did not believe that the intention attributed to Bonaparte, of carrying off the King and the royal family, ever really existed; though

he thought Augereau might perhaps have had orders, in case of an emergency, to secure hostages.

In the course of the evening my man Pat, who has knocked about the world with me now for some years, came in from Dresden, where, on our departure, I was obliged to leave him, ill in the hospital. My host, the Saxon minister of police, promised me that when Paddy recovered he would use his interest to get him off with a passport. He has kept his word, which, I think, looks as if he were not so much indisposed towards us as he had the credit of being. However, he took care that Pat, who is a shrewd fellow, should know nothing of what was going on outside the hospital walls, as he was not allowed to go beyond them until sent off, by favour of the minister, but under *surveillance*, to his destination.

23*rd*.—At last Sir Charles is off for Stralsund, but uncertain when he will return. He talks of the expiration of the armistice as the probable period, but I believe he has himself no idea when it will be. Before leaving, we dined together yesterday at Hardenberg's, and received letters from Mr. Addington to say that a polite intimation had been given to him that he would do well to quit Prague; whither he had gone to ascertain what had become of Alexander. On riding out this morning, 24th, with Count Bose—the *promis* of Katinka Löwenstern, and who is on his way to Livonia to celebrate the marriage—we met His Imperial Majesty on his return, accompanied by Count Stadion.

Shortly after breakfast, 25th, Stadion called on me,

and his conversation leading me to infer that we might look for more favourable accounts from Austria, I made a minute of what passed, and despatched a messenger with it to overtake Sir Charles. Though it was but an unofficial communication, on which we could only ground a hope of Austria's early co-operation with the Allies, I thought it was as well that Lord Cathcart should also be informed of it. I found him smoking in his garden, with only a great coat on, like an old German General. He was in very good humour, and pleased with my communication, but augured more from it than I was inclined to do. Metternich, he said, had gone to Dresden yesterday, but that he believed Bonaparte would not even listen to the terms that Austria proposed to lay down as a basis on which to mediate, much less accede to them; and that in the end, she would be compelled to cast in her lot with the Allies.

29*th*.—Writing the whole of yesterday to despatch a messenger to England and another to Sir Charles, who is at Berlin. Spent the greater part of the night in writing to Otto Löwenstern and my Livonian friends. Fell asleep ere the letters were closed, and was roused with difficulty, by the somewhat rough handling of Pat, to the consciousness that "sure it was time to be stirring," and that General de Knesebeck and Count Bose were to breakfast with me. However, my *factotum* soon got everything into apple pie order for our guests; and after an hour or two of pleasant conversation, the Count set off for Livonia

to wed the fair Katinka. She was a lovely child of ten years when I last saw her, in 1806, but now developed, he tells me, into a graceful, elegant young woman, the image of her charming sister Sophie.

In the evening I assisted at a great diplomatic dinner at the Chancellor's. Hardenberg gave as a toast "*à ceux qui ne sont point neutres*," which, after being a little disconcerted, Count Stadion drank. These dinners are becoming rather wearisome. A great German dinner is never a very lively affair, but when all is going on smoothly, there is generally somebody who contrives to relieve the dull business of gross feeding by some occasional happy remark; and if it does not always amount to a *bon mot*, it at least serves to aid digestion by stirring up the diners to a laugh, and at times, when the wine is good, to fling back a prompt response. But now, they are all frightened at the sound of their own voices, except, indeed, when, with bumper in hand, they are raised to a pitch that might well frighten the deaf, to drink uproariously a royal or imperial health.

I almost wished to-day for a scout to rush in and bring the great diplomatic dinner to a close—as my own hasty meal has been more than once—with the announcement, "the enemy is advancing; he is near at hand."

An interview being agreed upon at Trachenberg on the 9th of July, between the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the Prince Royal of Sweden, I wrote an additional few lines to that effect to my despatch, which General de Schildebrand, returning

to Stralsund, took charge of this morning, the 30th. Later, there was a grand review of Russian and Prussian guards. They are a fine body of men, and made a very brilliant appearance. Their evolutions were performed with the greatest precision, and some of the manœuvres they were put through were executed with a dash I have not often observed in German soldiers; for it is of the Prussians especially that I speak. All the regiments are imbued with a very good spirit, and if well handled, these men I sincerely believe will effect all we have a right to look for from them. But meanwhile, Bonaparte is not idle. He is training his conscripts diligently; and as the Frenchman is born a soldier, or at least with a large share of military ardour, these young recruits, now marching from all parts of France, join the main army already half disciplined by the instruction they have had *en route*, and soon acquire the rest by being incorporated with troops who have seen some service. Such is the idea, at least, of General Barclay de Tolli, with whom I dined to-day, and who expressed himself thus, in reply to a remark that "Bonaparte could now have very few veteran troops left." The General added, that he thought the bones of his best and bravest lay in Russia; but that often in young troops there was an enthusiasm, an *élan*, which directed, and turned to account, as Bonaparte and some of his Generals well knew how to do, would effect much, and was as valuable in some emergencies as, in others, were the qualities of steadiness and firmness in veterans.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Hanover Street, June 17th, 1813.

A Mr. Boughton has arrived from Goldberg with Sir C. Stewart's accounts of the battles to the 24th ult. I should have concluded you were not at that place, as he says he did not see you, and as I do not hear that you have written a line to anybody, but that our friend Rolleston tells me the principal despatches were in your handwriting. This Boughton, however, told Cooke he *had* seen you; but from what I hear of him I am not much surprised at any confusion in his accounts. I understand he was thrown into prison for a week at Vienna on suspicion of being mixed up in some mysterious way with secret political intrigues.

Lord Cathcart's messengers are supposed to have gone by way of Tornea, as nothing has been heard of them. In the meanwhile, people were already very anxious for news from your parts, when that of the armistice came *viâ* France.

You will easily suppose that this has not diminished the eagerness of our politicians, and they are now waiting with increased anxiety for the explanation that will be given from the spot, of so unfortunate a transaction. But ministers have enjoyed some credit for the successes of the Allies in which they had no share or merit; they must now be content to bear some blame for what they could not prevent. Whether, with very good intentions, they have known how to

do everything they might have done, is another question. I was yesterday at the Office, and found that the messengers who were to have left to-day are detained until further orders.

When the first idea of a congress was started, there was some thought of sending Lord Aberdeen to it; and of all the persons named, he seems to me to be the most likely. But in the armistice there is no question of a congress, and I hope it will only be employed by the Allies in collecting more troops. As all Prussia is left at liberty, men cannot be wanting, and muskets ought not to be, and from the 26th of July there will be summer enough for fighting.

Nothing can exceed the admiration of the public at the conduct of the Prussian army, by which every assistance to them will be facilitated; and I cannot perceive what they or the Russians can gain by negotiation, which they would not more honourably obtain *vi et armis*.

The representation of Sir Charles Stewart, that the French are double in number to the combined forces, is lamentable, and the causes of this difference —the inability to arm, the scarcity of provisions and forage—still more so. But the difference, and the causes, may be removed. If they continue, the only assistance we can look to is Austria. Of her junction, the best informed here seem to entertain no doubt; but no late advices have been received from that country, and the *general feeling* prevailing there, seems to be the chief stay of our hopes.

The Swedish treaty is very generally disapproved. Not that what is given would be thought too high a price for the service contemplated—though on that there are various opinions—but because our cession and our payments are made absolute, and the return for them must necessarily be eventual. If this had been otherwise, and the taking of Norway for Sweden had been made consequent upon any great service to be rendered by the Prince Royal to the common cause, there is nothing in the principle that would have stood in the way of general approbation. The subject is to be discussed to-morrow in the House of Commons. No opposition will be made to the fulfilment of the treaty, and I dare say ministers will give very good reasons for concluding it which the public know nothing of yet; but there will be a considerable minority on the question of policy.

The campaign is opened in Spain. Our army, according to the last accounts, had advanced to Toro; and if the French mean to make a stand, we shall shortly hear of a battle.

On dit, that Novossiltzow was to have come here as ambassador, and that Lieven only carried it by the interest of the Empress-mother and Romonzow. If so, this accounts for Madame de Lieven hating everything she sees and hears. People were prepared to be most civil to her, and there is no distinction that has not been heaped upon her. But all would not do, and she is now very unpopular. Of *him*, we hear little; *per contra*, the Prince Kuklooski *fait parler de lui, comme un bon enfant.*

21*st*.—No messengers have yet been sent off, but two have arrived, and we have had news of you. You lead a vagabond sort of life, truly; but you have been inured to that kind of thing by your previous experience. Our mother laments your being packed away in a closet of the miller's cottage; but I tell her that so many young sparks being huddled together in a similar predicament probably make it rather a matter of laughter and jollification than of murmuring and complaint; and that, at all events Boney had ousted you from those close quarters long before we heard of it. The season is fine now; hereafter, everything may be worse. Everything may also be better; so that you must take your chance.

The debate on Friday was not very interesting. Lord Castlereagh's speech put the subject in a new and less objectionable light, and I dare say obtained or neutralized the votes of many. Bernadotte's conduct appears to do him great honour, and I hope he will yet have an opportunity of giving effect to his anti-Bonapartean spirit.

As far as I can perceive, your interests in Downing Street are going on well, but as in many other cases it is "out of sight out of mind," I should not be much surprised if you were never thought of; I therefore repeat my advice to you to remain abroad to the very last, and if opportunity offers to get yourself employed separately. King, whom you met on his return at Heligoland—and who says he will, at all events, return to the Continent next week—is a proof of how much more easy it is to come home than to go

out; so stick to your post and your cause like a New Forest fly, which nothing but death can detach from the horse's flank. The decision of Austria will indeed be important. She is now where Prussia was in 1805. Keep up your spirits and never give in. You should be the very last to think or say that matters will turn out ill. Much good may yet be done, and there are abundant means, if only well used, to enable us yet to cry out with good reason, Victoria! Victoria!

Madame Moreau is at Portsmouth, having been denied permission to land in France. She is expected hourly in town. Madame de Staël arrived on Saturday at Brunet's Hotel, and made her *début* last night at Lady Jersey's. London is much as usual; perhaps not quite so full as last season. But there are balls, concerts, and masquerades without number every night. These, however, do not afford much matter for our correspondence.

24*th*.—As King puts off his departure from day to day, so I add to this letter, which I propose to send by him. He says, he is only going abroad on his own account, because he does not choose to wait any longer for the decision of the Office, or to lose the opportunity which his own connection would give him of seeing service. Considering that Metternich would not let him stay at Vienna, I think he places his pretensions somewhat too high, when he fancies he might, or ought to succeed to that mission. I presume that he would not refuse some other mission in Germany, if a degree inferior. You will know by his proceedings whether the pretext of his having no

connection with Government in this journey be well or ill founded. His first business, he says, will be to reach Berlin.

I could not help reflecting upon the singularity of your following so closely in my footsteps when I learnt that you were at Reichenbach. In the year 1790 I spent two months there. It was then, as it may now be, the scene of negotiation. The King's head-quarters were at Silberberg or Frankenstein, and Marshal Möllendorff's at a short distance from Reuhenborgh. At Breslau, we had balls and *fêtes* without end. If you ever go there you may find in the mem. book of the public library an entry by Count Hertzberg, in Latin, and which I believe was signed also by Ewart and the other ministers of the negotiating powers.. If you have time, do not lose the opportunity of seeing Glatz and Moravia. It would be well to find your way by that road to Vienna.

As ministers have now received advices from their plenipotentiaries with the combined armies, under date of the 7th, they must know in what sense the armistice was concluded. You may suppose that the reasonings upon the subject are pretty extensive, and nearly as various as there are politicians in St. James's Street. As for me, I see now, as I have often seen before, that there are abundant means of opposing Bonaparte, with the additional advantage that both Russia and Prussia have given useful proofs of their sincerity in the cause. It can, therefore, only depend upon Austria to put these means into action or not. She will of course wish by her mediation to bring

about a general arrangement without more bloodshed. This is the case for us to take and to keep sufficiently high ground; and it is to be hoped that Austria will stand by us, as we should stand by her. The sacrifices of all parties have been great, but it is only by further exertions that the general and permanent independence of Germany can be re-established.

After an interval of three years, Elizabeth was of course delighted to see again the handwriting of her brother. I am glad that he is where he is—on the field of honour and duty. But we were surprised to hear that he had been wounded, Count Arnim having told us that he had not been in action, but employed with Lützow in forming a *frey-corps*, of which he was major. Arnim, however, is but a rattle-brained fellow and has lost, or, as I have reason to believe, burnt, a letter that Dorville entrusted to him for us.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Hanover Street, June 20th, 1813.

There are no letters, my dear mother, from Reichenbach that contain any news. An embargo has been laid on the various members of the two Legations, which has been understood so literally that I have no doubt the further our correspondents are from confidential employment the more we shall learn from them. In truth, however, I conceive that we know from Bonaparte's bulletins and other sources, as much as our friends in Silesia; and instead of the anxiety

being all on our side, they are wishing just as much to know what we are doing here. I don't wonder at the strong disapproval of the armistice expressed by your Bath politicians. I believe everybody agrees with you in disliking it. It is very much a question whether the war will be renewed on the 26th; if it should be, there will be plenty of daylight to fight in.

Just now, we are all preparing for the Regent's *fête* on the 30th. It is to be a very brilliant affair. We have a good deal to do here, in the way of going out, and as we are here for that purpose, 'tis all very well; but I shall not be sorry when it is over, and we get into the country. Madame de Staël is the great novelty of the town, in good company, where many go to stare at her and some few to enjoy her conversation. Generally, the ladies do not I think, rate her so highly as she rates herself. They say "she is too anxious to *glitter* to be *intrinsically* good." But she has taken a house for a year, and talks of coming to Brighton in November. She wishes to establish a *coterie* for herself, at more regular hours; and this I dare say may suit the men of letters whom she wishes to get about her, for she does not care much for the women, except as foils or flatterers. I tell her, she must wait till the season is over. You know she is no novelty to us; for we saw a great deal of her in Berlin, where her contemptuous return for the many civilities she received did not tend to make her a favourite in society, though she was tolerated on account of her reputation for cleverness and *esprit*. Madame Moreau, who divides with Madame de Staël

the attention of the town, reached London on the 24th. She comes here because the French Government will not allow her to land in her own country. She is a gentle amiable woman, in delicate health; but interests only on account of the great military talents and reputation of her husband, and his peculiar position in respect to Bonaparte, especially at the present moment. It is thought he might be induced to follow, in a certain sense, the example of Bernadotte, which would be a great gain to the Allies, should war be resumed. I am sorry to hear that you are no longer so rural as you were. But it is a penalty you must pay for the honour of being a great city and one of the centres of fashion; which, whilst attracting the wealthy attracts also that part of the community who prey on them—from the petty house thieves whom you complain of as now infesting Bath, to the more ambitious *chevaliers d'industrie* who contrive to frequent the Pump Room, and to exercise their ingenuity at the expense of the unwary, and unsuspecting visitors.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson, Esq.

Foreign Office, July 3rd, 1813.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

When in Downing Street to-day in search of details, I heard that couriers without number were going to your head-quarters, and I determined to write you a line of congratulation on this great victory of Lord Wellington on the 20th ult. He took from

the enemy all his artillery, ammunition and treasure. It would be in vain to attempt sending more news than you will receive from hence by this occasion. Indeed the "Gazette" and the "Courier" contain all known particulars. People are only inquiring "how long Pampeluna will hold out, and how far Lord Wellington will send his troops into France." I hope this glorious event will fix the wavering policy of Austria. Probably Pampeluna will make a long and gallant defence. The most important fact, I take to be, that Sir John Murray's army is embarked at Alicante. If it goes to the north of Spain, Suchet may, indeed, be cut off; but he has several strong places to rest upon, and much remains to be done. However, we may calculate upon having Spain free this campaign.

Everybody, as you may well suppose, is wild with joy. Lord Wellington is made a Field-Marshal, and a general illumination will take place on Monday.

Lord Castlereagh is acquainted with your wish to succeed Lord Walpole at St. Petersburg; but at present can of course say nothing positive, as Walpole intends to resume his post, and will set out in a few days. Indeed, we now think more of *fighting* than of anything else, and hope *this* good news will produce the same effect upon you all.

9*th*.—I write this from St. James's Street. There is an arrival from Spain, by which it appears that Lord Wellington has invested Pampeluna, and that Sir Thomas Graham has engaged successfully the French General, de Foy. Sir John Murray had landed

at Taragona and taken possession of the Lower Town. All this will be in the "Gazette," to-night or to-morrow, and with the taking of the "Chesapeake" will make it a rich one. Such a scramble for Gazettes, Rolleston says he never before knew.

People are in the very highest spirits. I hardly can imagine what would be at this moment the effect of a reverse; for the public look for much, their hopes are placed upon the very loftiest pinnacle. And certainly, judging from the King of Prussia's proclamation, issued before he could have known of the battle of Vittoria, we may anticipate the renewal of the war in Germany.

The capture of the American frigate is a pleasant circumstance. I wish that the other vessels which are out may not do us some mischief to make up for it.

You seem to be far less gay at Reichenbach than we were in the year '90, or than we are now in this part of the world. In fashionable circles, events have been plentiful of late. The Regent's *fête* was, I thought, but a dull affair compared with that of last year. That had the charm of novelty which was wanting in this one, and consequently there was far less of scheming and intriguing to obtain invitations to it. We went at eleven, and were very glad to find ourselves comfortably at home by two.

A rather strange occurrence, at Lady Heathcote's ball last week, has furnished the scandal-mongers with a subject for much conjecture and discussion.

Lady Caroline Lambe, who had been flirting with Lord Byron, upon some quarrel with him stabbed herself with a knife at supper, so that the blood flew about her neighbours. She was taken away, and, as it was supposed she was faint, a glass of water was brought, when she broke the glass and struck herself with the pieces. A little discipline will, I suppose, bring these schoolgirl fancies into order.

Another event, was that of Lady Caroline Hood, Lord Castlereagh's sister, who went to the Regent's breakfast and made a *fausse couche*. She was carried away, wrapped up in blankets. Since that, we have had the very sudden death of poor Lady Campbell, whom I have known all my life, and at whose house we were a short time ago at a ball.

10*th*.—We made a strong party last night, with Mrs. Fitzherbert, Sir John Stuart—who, by the way is to be Commander-in-chief of the Western district and will make Exeter his head-quarters—and two other friends, and took our boys to Astley's, where they were highly entertained by the various feats of Ferdinand of Spain, the "Haunted Tailor," &c., &c. It was a beautiful night, and it was our intention to have gone on to Vauxhall; but our whole party found themselves sufficiently tired with the performances at Astley's, and preferred my proposal, that they should return to sup with us, and leave Vauxhall for the occasion when Lord Wellington's batch of victories, and particularly the battle of Vittoria, will be celebrated there by a national *fête*. I have been asked to be one of the stewards, but it did not suit

me to pay fifty guineas for the honour; yet I shall be at the dinner, and Elizabeth will come afterwards, as the ladies in general do, to see the illuminations and the fireworks.

From letters I have had from private correspondents, I am fully persuaded that there reigns throughout the Prussian dominions a most excellent spirit. It is evident, however, that you are negotiating instead of preparing to fight—perhaps, both at the same time—and if the independence of the Continent be secured by negotiation, as it might be by arms, I shall be satisfied.

But at all events; stick to your pippins to the last. And be assured that, while in town, I will not lose sight of your interests, or fail to pat on the back whoever may in my opinion appear likely to serve them.

F. J. J.

Diaries—Reichenbach, July 11th.—En attendant news from Trachenberg, we have enlivened our leisure hours by getting up some pony races, which have gone off wonderfully well—Rumbold and Colonel Campbell riding the winners. After the second day's race I gave a dinner to the whole party assembled here—about twenty-six in number—English, Germans and Russians in happy proportions that made up a very pleasant and lively whole; war and politics being banished for the occasion. We drank "the ladies," with three times three, and afterwards with three moans of lament for their absence.

Ancillon and Prince Radzivill—the latter from Berlin, but the bearer of no news—joined us at tea. The Prince told me a curious anecdote of Alexander and Bonaparte. At the meeting at Erfurt, he said, Bonaparte, in the boastful vein he was fond of indulging in, addressing the Emperor said, "*Je suis venu à bout de tous mes ennemis.*" Alexander replied, "*Je m'en aperçois bien.* But what is the charm you employ to engage Fortune always on your side?" "*La persévérance,*" rejoined Bonaparte, "*rien que la persévérance.*" This is said to have made a deep impression on Alexander, and is supposed to have influenced his determination to follow up perseveringly the advantage which the disastrous campaign of last year had given him over his boastful adversary. If this be so, I trust he will still go on persevering, and persevere to the end. For however ardent may be the spirit of the Prussians as a nation, the Prussian Cabinet is faint-hearted; distrustful of itself in this struggle with Bonaparte, and has need of a strong prop in its ally to keep it well up to the mark.

In the evening, MM. d'Armstadt and Humboldt set out for Prague, as the Russian and Prussian Plenipos. Two of our party are English travellers—of whom we begin to have more than enough—Lord Kinnaird and Mr. Hobhouse, the former giving himself just as many airs as ever his brother did, with less in him to excuse it. Mr. Hobhouse, I believe, is considered a very clever man; and he is pleasant enough, though a little pedantic. They brought me

letters from Sir Charles, as his friends; so I of course did what I could to be civil to them. But a more disagreeable fellow than Kinnaird I never expect to meet with.

This morning, 12th, Count Hardenberg brought me a letter from Gentz; a courier arrived from Sir Charles, who is at Stralsund, and a messenger from Mr. Addington brings unsatisfactory news from Prague. Mr. Addington had had an unofficial conversation with Baron Binder—who may be supposed in expressing his own opinions to express those of Metternich, whose principal secretary he is—and characterizes his remarks on the present state of affairs, as, "either imbecile or execrable, which, time must determine. But in any case, they are most unfavourable to the hopes and expectations of the Allies, as regards the Austrian Government." The Prague papers contain the edicts of that atrocious beast of prey, Davoust, against the poor Hamburgers.

Lady Holland's *protégé*, Vernon, has reached Vienna; but I hear he does not *take* there, at all—he is too free in his conversation, and so violent also about our home politics. It appears "he quite scandalized Gentz." I must, however, do Vernon the justice to say that, in the two days he spent with me at Görlitz, I found him very gentlemanlike, and moderate in his opinions, though he might have been supposed to be but little on his guard with me, from our having been old friends and schoolfellows. But I have since heard of his extreme and openly expressed political sentiments from another quarter. The Princess of

Orange (*mère*) said of him and Breiges, "*C'est singulier; hier, j'ai vu un Français avec des principes anglois—aujourd'hui il m'est venu un Anglois avec des principes français.*" Vernon, notwithstanding, is a very clever young man; by no means an inattentive observer of what is passing, and as he seems to be very *thick* at Holland House, I dare say he keeps up an active correspondence with her ladyship.

Those now here, who saw Mr. Boughton at Goldsberg on his way to England, have had a hearty laugh over the paragraphs in an English newspaper, describing the great interest his arrival created in London. But few chose to send their letters by him, and I certainly did not care to entrust my budget to the care of "that gentleman of eminence," as the papers call him; for such a *raff*, in appearance, manners, and conduct, I hardly ever met with. So much for our distinguished travellers. Sir Charles has rather lingered on his journey. He writes from Stralsund.

July 8th.

DEAR JACKSON,

I do not think there is much change in the face of things at head-quarters since we parted. I was detained at Berlin longer than I at first intended; perhaps more for amusement than business. I remained still another day to please General Bülow, who told me I should see, on the 2nd, at least twenty thousand of the *Landsturm* collected. However, these diminished to about four thousand, who had amongst them two brigades of guns, manned and appointed by

the citizens of Berlin. This was the most satisfactory part of the military spectacle. They worked the guns well, considering they had had but little practice, and this artillery might probably prove useful. The *Landsturm* were formed into six battalions—generally fine men, but a great proportion of boys among them. About one hundred and fifty in each battalion had rifles or muskets, the rest were armed with pikes. They moved without confusion, and one could expect no more of them. General Bülow told me there were from twenty to twenty-five thousand of these people. They may be counted upon with certainty to add to the *Landwehr* and other troops employed in the defence of the city.

I left Berlin the next day and got to Greifswalde just in time to see the Prince Royal of Sweden, on the 5th, and to dine with him. On the 6th, he set off for the interview at Trachenberg. Mr. Thornton left this place in a most strange manner about four hours before I arrived, and as he went another road I did not see him. I think it odd he did not wait to see me. He knew I was coming, and that the Prince was not to set out until the following morning. Is he with you? or has he also gone to Trachenberg?

Send Bidwell about a dozen passports by the first opportunity, and pray be an economist with the stationery; for I find that Cockburn has left our depôt behind him and has brought away an empty box instead; so you perceive we are likely to be bankrupt in that article. Don't let Lord Cathcart keep this messenger. He is Cooke's servant. Let

him come back instantly with any news you have at head-quarters, even if there should be nothing better than the gossip to write about. But for God's sake, my good fellow, expect neither news nor gossip from hence; there is neither. But as I send you a packet of letters that has been lying at Greifswalde, I hope the home news they contain will make up for the deficiency of this.

Believe me, ever, &c., &c.,

CHARLES STEWART, *Lieut.-Gen.*

Lieut.-Gen. Stewart to George Jackson, Esq.

Stralsund, July 10th.

DEAR JACKSON,

Many thanks for the letters and the information you have given me. Do tell those messengers to take the shortest road; there is nothing to fear now. By their going out of their way I did not get your letters till yesterday and was just on the point of sending off an *estafette*—for what the devil you were all about at head-quarters I could not think—when Bassett came in.

I have sent on your despatch to Lord Castlereagh. What you tell me of Hardenberg annoys me. Considering the nature of our relations with Prussia we are entitled to look for full confidence on their part. But I am convinced that his backwardness will not cause your efforts to relax in discharging your duty to the Prince Regent's government. The fresh instructions I have received here are only copies of those sent to Lord Cathcart, which he will show you.

I enclose a letter from Lord Castlereagh, giving a further proof of the assistance of Great Britain to Prussian wants. Don't fail to take a proper moment of laying it before the Chancellor, and expressing a confident hope that Great Britain may not be kept in the dark, or otherwise he must feel that we have the means to resent such behaviour. With regard to the 100,000*l.* sent in cash to Colberg, I think you had better not mention it till you have communicated with Lord Cathcart; as it is well to keep back this barrel of *pièces sonnantes* until a proper moment.

You will be glad to hear that the Prince Regent has expressed very flattering sentiments of approbation for my despatches. I hope affairs will go well with you. Lord Cathcart is very sanguine. Neither of you has mentioned a secret interview between the two emperors, Alexander and Francis; nevertheless, it has been written here as having taken place, and the authority, no less than the Prince Royal. I shall wait his and Thornton's return here, and then set out, on my way back to head-quarters. The Duke of Cumberland waits at Strelitz to accompany me, and I cannot get off this.

Believe me, ever, &c., &c.,

CHARLES STEWART, *Lieut.-Gen.*

Stralsund, July 11th.

DEAR JACKSON,

I have been reviewing the Swedish division of troops in camp near this town, consisting of about ten thousand men. General Aldercrantz was good

enough to propose this to me and I thought it advisable to accept, as it gave me the opportunity of looking a little into the composition of the Swedish army. I have sent home a report on the subject and fully expressed my opinion on the probable value of the co-operation of our new allies, if called to act with us in the field. Some few remarks on the subject will I doubt not be interesting and acceptable to you also.

Collectively, the general appearance of the men is good. Individually they have not the air, the gait or dress of disciplined soldiers. They are unsteady under arm, throughout; the old troops as well as the new levies. Their clothes are ill-made, and their appearance, after seeing the Russian and Prussian troops, is not favourable to them. But I must do them the justice to admit that their performance in the field far exceeded my expectations. Their guards and artillery are composed of the best of these men; but indeed, throughout, the composition of a Swedish soldier is not amiss.

The regiments were tolerably well appointed, exercising, and moving, on the French system of tactics. But generally they are loose in their formations, and have not yet acquired that celerity which the French possess, and which counterbalances the other fault.

I saw four brigades of artillery; two light horse and two called artillery *assise*—that is, carrying the men that work the guns, upon them. Perhaps you know this was formerly the practice in the Austrian

service. It is now abolished, as it ought to be everywhere; as it is disadvantageous when guns are to move rapidly on heavy ground. The guns were iron, and seemed to be particularly bad, and the carriages and everything relating to the equipment, very far behind those one sees of the present day. I inquired after the artillery received from England, and, as you may suppose, was much surprised to find they had packed it in Rügen and preferred to bring forward what is evidently so much inferior.

I saw four regiments of cavalry—two of hussars, one of heavy, and one of *chasseurs à cheval.* The Swedish horse is a beast of an animal, very short-necked and an immense hind quarter. He may endure fatigue, but in point of appearance and movement, he is a lamentable exhibition. There were, however, some few tolerable foreign horses in their cavalry, but in their exercise they are infinitely below par. But one cannot wonder at this, as I understand few regiments of cavalry in Sweden are kept together. Proprietors of a certain property are obliged to keep a man and horse for the Government; to equip him as a cavalry soldier and find him in everything. These men are seldom brought together and have few opportunities for exercise; so that the arm which requires the most constant practice and vigilant attention, to bring it to perfection, is very much neglected. It is not, therefore, surprising, after contemplating English, Russian and Prussian cavalry, that the Swedish should appear to very great disadvantage. Yet, I mean to assert that this

cavalry is fit to take the field; and if it could be brought to act in conjunction with a better description would, I am sure, be very different. The squadrons were weak—about thirty-two file each—and the regiments consist of five or six squadrons when complete.

I believe the Crown Prince has brought with him about four thousand five hundred cavalry, and twenty-eight thousand infantry, which certainly acquits him of this part of his engagements. The infantry are serviceable without being parade troops. They went through their manœuvres without confusion although without precision, which, considering their want of practice, is saying a great deal.

I am glad I have seen these troops; and I consider them capable, if well officered and in good hands, of great and powerful improvements. A campaign or two with troops more *aguerries* would bring them to a very perfect military state. I intend to go to Rostock to see the rest of them, and also the Hanoverian levies.

Though I have but little to add to this, I take a fresh sheet because I wish you to show my account of the Swedish troops to Lord Cathcart; but not as from me. He will like to see it I dare say, but better perhaps as your letter than as my report—therefore I have not marked it private.

Mr. Trotter has arrived here from Colberg. All the stores are landed and the transports are on their return. The demands for ammunition are still great and pressing. The governor of Colberg has sent a

return of what is immediately required for that place and Stettin, and I have recommended to my brother their being forwarded with the least possible delay. Adieu, remember me to all friends at head-quarters, and tell Captain Deering I do not write, because I am much pressed for time.

Believe me, ever, &c., &c.,

CHARLES STEWART, *Lieut.-Gen.*

The Chevalier von Gentz to George Jackson, Esq.

Au Château de Ratibörschitz en Bohême, ce 10 juillet 1813.

MONSIEUR,

J'ai reçu avec infiniment de plaisir et d'intérêt la lettre que vous avez bien voulu me faire parvenir de la part de monsieur votre frère, et tout ce qu'il vous a plu d'y ajouter d'aimable et de flatteur pour moi.

Le système politique que j'ai adopté et professé depuis vingt ans est trop amalgamé avec tout ce qui constitue mon existence intellectuelle et morale pour que je puisse m'en éloigner sans, pour ainsi dire, m'anéantir moi-même. Sur les questions particulières, la réflexion et l'expérience me suggèrent quelquefois des avis qui ne sont pas ceux de mes meilleurs amis ; car j'aimerais mieux ne plus m'occuper d'affaires publiques que renoncer à l'indépendance de ma pensée. Mais mon but est invariablement le même ; et s'il m'est permis de m'exprimer avec un peu d'emphase, tant que les rivières ne remonteront pas à leurs sources mes principes et mes affections ne changeront pas.

Je vous prie cependant instamment, monsieur, de ne pas évaluer trop haut le crédit que vous me supposez auprès du Gouvernement autrichien. Car, quelque honorable que puisse être pour moi l'erreur même dans laquelle vous tomberiez à cet égard, elle ne serait pas sans danger, puisqu'elle me chargerait à un certain degré d'une responsabilité, au moins morale, des résolutions et des méprises de ce Gouvernement.

Je n'ai jamais eu, comme vous le savez bien, de place effective en Autriche ; on m'a employé souvent comme un volontaire auquel on supposait quelques connoissances, peut-être quelques talens, et beaucoup de zèle et de bonne volonté.

Aujourd'hui, notamment, le peu d'influence que je puis exercer de tems en tems dans les affaires, je le dois uniquement à l'amitié personnelle et à la confiance particulière que M. le Comte de Metternich a eu pour moi depuis que nous nous connoissons. Ce genre d'influence est toujours limité et précaire ; et si vous réfléchissez après cela à ce que c'est que le pouvoir de M. de Metternich lui-même dans son Gouvernement, où le ministre le plus habile se voit entravé et contrarié à chaque pas, je vous laisse à calculer quelle est la part qui me reste dans un pareil état de choses.

Quoiqu'il en soit, tout ce que je suis, tout ce que j'ai acquis, tout ce que je puis faire, est et sera exclusivement conservé au grand objet de ma vie. *Je suis persuadé que nous l'atteindrons.* Un présentiment que j'ai toujours nourri, qui ne m'a jamais quitté dans les momens les plus menaçans, et que je porte en moi

comme antidote aux conjonctures les plus décourageantes, ce pressentiment invincible m'averti que nous n'avons pas travaillé en vain. Je ne vous parle pas de ce que se fera d'ici à trois mois, ou dans un an, ou dans tel ou tel espace de tems déterminé; mais je sais que nous vivrons pour voir le triomphe de notre cause, et que "*les portes d'enfer ne prévaudront pas contre*" *cette conviction.*

Lorsque vous écrivez à monsieur votre frère, je vous supplie de lui exprimer toute ma reconnoissance de son honorable souvenir, et s'il se présente une occasion où vous croyez pouvoir disposer de moi, n'oubliez pas que je me fais gloire de vous appartenir, et que vous ne trouverez nulle part de serviteur plus fidèle et plus zélé.

Je me rends demain à Prague, où je resterai pendant la durée de ce qu'on se plait à appeler un Congrès. Après cela les événemens décideront de moi. Quels qu'ils puissent être, je vous prie de conter sur la haute considération avec, &c., &c.

GENTZ.

Reichenbaeh, July 13th. — Baron Ompteda has brought me a letter from the Chancellor Hardenberg excusing himself for the incivility he has been guilty of—which prevented me from assisting at the interview at Trachenberg—on the plea of a great press of business and the absence of the King, whose commands it was necessary to take on the question I addressed to him. After all that has passed, his conduct has been, I think, as impolitic in a public

point of view as it has been unfriendly in a private one.

I rode out this afternoon to Gnaden Frei to call on M. de Jordan, who told me Hardenberg and the King had gone to Berlin. While we were talking, accounts came in from Dresden of a great victory gained by Lord Wellington in the neighbourhood of Vittoria, and of the French being in full retreat on Pampeluna. What we have heard leaves no doubt, I think, of the truth of this, and of the action having been a very brilliant one, but I should be glad nevertheless to have it confirmed by a Gazette extraordinary.

14*th*.—The news of this glorious victory is confirmed. It will, I should hope, effect wonders here, by stimulating the respective Powers to a due consciousness of their own strength and to correspondent exertion. I am anxious for the presence of a British negotiator at Prague; not with the hope of being able to effect a peace, but to prove to the world that peace is not practicable, and consequently to pat our Allies on the back a little.

Lord Cathcart, with whom I dined, told me, with reference to the secret interview of the two Emperors, that the Emperor Francis went, almost unattended, ostensibly to inspect a large stud he has in Bohemia, and that Alexander met him there *incog*., as an ordinary traveller. Their conference is said to have been most satisfactory, and it was given out that there were the best possible hopes of Austria. Everything looked too, as if the French doubted her; for they were not only making the greatest exertions

to fortify Neustadt at Dresden but had suddenly marched thirty thousand men and a large train of artillery from Lusatia to Pirna, on the Bohemian frontier; whilst, on the other hand, Prince Schwartzenberg with forty-five thousand men and several pieces of cannon had advanced to Töplitz. His lordship being in a very good humour—that is, well satisfied that everything is going on in the best possible manner, and convinced that the part he supposes himself to have played in the late transactions has counted for something in bringing about this satisfactory state of things—I took the opportunity of producing Sir Charles's account of the Swedish soldiery. I was about to read it, but he preferred to read for himself, and after going through it he said that "if we should ever require the services of the Swedish soldiers they might probably be turned to good account." Then, glancing again over the letter, his eye rested on that part where Sir Charles speaks of the very great approbation expressed by the Prince Regent of his despatches, at which his lordship smiled a meaning smile, that almost developed into a laugh, as he directed towards me a very meaning look.

No doubt, equally flattering assurances of the Prince Regent's admiration of his lordship's performances had reached him also. With very different qualities the two military negotiators are about upon a par in diplomatic ability. Between them, they have contrived rather to retard and confuse than to advance and explain matters. And I really

believe that much of the Chancellor Hardenberg's unwonted display of ill-humour, and backwardness to enter into discussion, is owing to the little confidence he has in his colleagues, and his annoyance at their unusual mode of transacting business. In the latter respect Sir Charles, I fancy, is the greater sinner. But he is a very active and dashing officer, and socially, a most pleasant and excellent fellow, while for the rest, he is the brother of the foreign secretary of state, and that fortunate circumstance for him must be accepted, I suppose, as making up for all his deficiencies as a diplomatist. I dare say I missed a favourable opportunity of administering a small dose of pleasant flattery to Lord Cathcart. But if it would have obtained for me the succession to Walpole's post, which I must confess I covet, I could not have spoken the word of compliment that went so much against my conscience; although the old man's deep faith in his great talents as a negotiator and in the expertness with which he wields alike the pen and the sword, makes the grossest flattery seem to him but as the language of sincerity and a tribute due to his surpassing abilities.

17*th*.—On coming in from a large dinner party yesterday at Lord Cathcart's, given especially to the Swedish minister, I found several letters; amongst them one from King, who has got as far as Berlin and is really here, he tells me, on his own account. He thinks it as well to be on the spot, he says; and so absurdly high are his pretensions that he insinuates it as not impossible that Government may avail

themselves of that circumstance to appoint him to represent Great Britain in any conference that may take place, having a peace for its object. He might have saved himself the trouble of coming hither with that view, for the "Château de Ratiborschitz" is already in possession of another, and into Prague or Vienna the Austrian Government never will allow him to enter. He professes to have been on very confidential terms with the Countess Lieven, with whose brother he is now staying, and will remain, he says, until his marriage with Mademoiselle d'Alopeus—a young lady who, without being pretty, has something very pleasing and ladylike about her, but I suspect, with *plus de caractère qu'il n'en faut.*

Such shoals of English, Irish and Scotch travellers have found their way to head-quarters that I have been engaged with them all the morning. I have a party of twelve of them to dine with me to-day—18th—Sir William Chatterton, Sir J. Anderson, Mr. Leslie, Solly and others. Rumbold and Campbell took them off my hands afterwards—Lord Cathcart wishing to converse with me on the subject of the late treaties between Great Britain, Russia and Prussia, and their unfavourable bearing on British commerce. On my return Prince Czartoriski called and drank tea with me, and we spent the evening *tête à tête*, in a most interesting discussion relative to Austria and Poland. The Prince thinks that Austria will not declare against France, and that Poland *might* be turned to very good account. Peace he considers to be impossible.

This morning, 19th, Professor Ancillon, called on me and gave me much useful information on the state of affairs generally. The country, he says, is in a very revolutionary state, and this was one great reason of the King's journey to Berlin. Ancillon has written, at the King's request, two *mémoires*, which His Majesty has approved of—the one, to show, that without the accession of Austria, the Allies could not hope to carry on the war successfully, the other, that a maritime peace is absolutely necessary, and to refute the idea, very generally entertained, that Great Britain was not really desirous of putting an end to the war.

Upon my objecting to him that the first of these *mémoires* might be construed into a recommendation to make peace *à tout prix*, he replied. "No; for in the first place *I rely upon Austria joining us.* And in the second, ruin for ruin, it is better to die nobly *les armes à la main*; and thirdly, whether peace or war shall ensue, we must continue to draw closer and closer to England."

He states that he observed a great shyness between the Russians and Swedes; but that great cordiality existed between the latter and the Prussians. The King was much pleased with the Crown Prince, but could not help an involuntary shudder when embraced by him. Ancillon's account of the general feeling amongst the Russians, who are all, he says—with the single exception of the Emperor himself—desirous of peace, agrees entirely with all I have heard of them from others, and have observed in them myself.

I have a letter from my brother containing a panegyric on Bernadotte, which I do not quite understand or sympathize with; but I pray God the Crown Prince may prove to be deserving of it. Sir Charles Stewart writes rather doubtingly respecting an order the Prince has sent to General Aldercrantz, to press forward with the utmost activity the works and the *tête de pont* of the bridge of boats that has been constructed to the island of Bornholme, and to prepare fifteen days' provisions, for the troops to march with at the shortest notice. These orders he says perplex him.

20*th*.—I was very early this morning under the hands of a *friseur*, who told me that twenty-three years ago he had operated upon my brother's pate, and that he had marked it down as an epoch in his early career, "*le grand et beau jeune Anglois*," he said, "having been the first of his nation whose locks he had then had the honour of cutting." As he was expatiating on the gay doings at Reichenbach in those days, which he seemed to think helped on the negotiation, Lord Cathcart came in to tell me Count Woronzow had arrived from London with the official account of Lord Wellington's great victory.

Later, I was informed that the Emperor had ordered a *Te Deum*, and afterwards Lord Cathcart and myself, with all the English we have here, assisted at it—the whole party, together with Counts Stadion and Stein, and General Nugent, dining with his lordship in the afternoon to celebrate the victory. In further honour of the great event, I gave the same

party, with the addition of Prince Radzivill and Prince Czartoriski, a supper last evening, 21st. Radzivill proposed "*L'armée anglaise*," and I in return gave, "*les souverains alliés de la bonne cáuse*;" in which toast Count Stadion joined. While we were at supper, intelligence was brought in that Bonaparte was sending off thirty thousand troops from Dresden to Spain, in waggons—a circumstance of such favourable augury that it gave a new zest to an already very joyous and jovial entertainment.

I wish it may be true that Sir John Murray is gone north for the purpose of cutting off Suchet's retreat; but at all events, I trust they will profit by the experience of last year and not *lacher prise* till he is disposed of, or, with all the fortresses in possession of the French, Suchet might still worry us considerably.

24*th*.—Caulaincourt had not arrived at Prague on the 22nd, and in consequence of the prolongation of the armistice not being actually signed, great movements are taking place amongst the troops on both sides. In the afternoon, I drove Ompteda over to see the Chancellor, who had a large party to dinner, after which I had some conversation with him about Mr. Semple, now a prisoner at Silberberg.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles Stewart to George Jackson, Esq.

Stralsund, July 18, 1813.

DEAR JACKSON,

As soon as you can, I wish you would speak to Hardenberg and lay the inclosed papers before him, that this Mr. Robert Semple, who was arrested

at Neisse by a Prussian outpost on suspicion of being a spy, may be released from *durance vile* without delay. You see the Duke of Kent and Dr. Collyer answer for him, and seem to insinuate that some or all of us ought to have known that Semple was a man of distinguished talent, integrity and honour, and an author, into the bargain, of travels in Spain and Portugal. I, for one, must confess my entire ignorance of all this. I never before heard of either him or his books. It is, however, of Lord Cathcart that he complains most loudly for abandoning him to the mercies of the Prussian police instead of believing his story of having had a letter of recommendation to him from the Duke of Kent, and taking him under his protection at head-quarters. His story, it appears, was true. He had such a letter, and probably destroyed it, as he asserted, on coming near a French column. Mr. Semple is also not too well pleased with you. He thinks you ought to have been able to tell an honest man from a spy. So pray, my good fellow, be alert to make the *amende honorable* and declare him to be a good man and true. And don't let him want for help if he needs it to reach England —for I suppose for the present he will have finished his continental travels.

If Deering is with you, tell him his horses are safe and will come back with mine. Remember me to all at head-quarters; and

Believe me, ever, &c., &c.,

CHARLES STEWART, *Lieut.-Gen.*

Diaries.—The king returned yesterday to Reichenbach, and the armistice was formally prolonged. To-day (27th) Sir R. Wilson, General Knesebeck, and Pozzo de Borgo dined with me—*dîner gourmet.* Received in the evening a most interesting letter from Gentz.

Le Chevelier von Gentz to George Jackson, Esq.

Prague, ce 24 Juillet, 1813.

Je ne sais, monsieur, à qui vous aviez confié votre lettre du 16 de ce mois; ce qui est sûr c'est que je ne l'ai reçue que dans ce moment même, ce qui me paraît hors de toute règle, car je suis ici depuis le 13, et tout le monde connaît ma demeure. Quoi qu'il en soit, cette lettre m'a fait le plus sensible plaisir, et je vous en remercie très-cordialement. Vous m'avez fait éprouver une satisfaction dont je n'ai pas souvent joui en dernier lieu.

J'ai un peu à me plaindre de vos compatriotes. D'abord, il y a quelques années, on avait répandu chez vous les bruits les plus ridicules sur un prétendu changement qui se serait opéré dans mes principes, ou dans mes vues politiques. Il ne m'en a pas couté beaucoup—je m'en flatte au moins—pour faire tomber une accusation aussi absurde. Mais l'espèce de refroidissement pour moi qu'elle avait causé ne parait pas avoir disparu avec elle. L'on ne m'a pas méconnu, on m'a au moins négligé; j'avais beau écrire, travailler, offrir mes services dans toutes les formes possibles. On m'a lâché de tems en tems un mot poli, ou une démonstration de bienveillance;

mais on n'a jamais profité de mes offres, et on les a presque toujours passées sous silence.

Il est vrai que depuis que toute la correspondence de Vienne se trouvait exclusivement entre les mains de Comte Hardenberg—à l'activité et au savoir faire duquel je rends certainement une justice entière—votre Gouvernement peut avoir eu de bonnes raisons pour croire que tout autre organe ou instrument lui était inutile à Vienne. Cependant, je me trouvais dans une position à laquelle, sous de certains rapports, celle d'aucune autre individu n'était comparable. Je ne pouvais pas me vanter directement, j'avais même trop d'orgueil pour le faire; et comme on ne voulait pas deviner mon secret il ne me restait que le silence et la résignation.

Je n'en ai pas moins servi la cause de l'Angleterre et de la liberté de l'Europe avec la même persévérance que j'aurais pu y mettre si chacune de mes démarches avait été connue et apprécié à Londres, et je sais que le jour viendra où on me rendra justice.

Je vous demande mille pardons, monsieur, de vous avoir entretenu si longtems de ce que m'est personnel. Mais votre lettre était trop amicale, trop faite pour m'inspirer de la confiance, trop engageante enfin à tout égard, pour que j'ai pu me réfuser cet petit soulagement. Ce que j'ai dit n'est, au reste, absolument que pour vous. Je ne veux pas avoir l'air de me mettre en avant, ou de me justifier, ou de me prôner par quelque canal que ce soit, même par une voie aussi estimable que la vôtre. Les résultats parleront.

Vous ne pouvez pas ignorer à l'heure qu'il est dans quelle position se trouve les affaires. Je regarde la guerre comme ouvertement déclarée de la part de l'Autriche ; car au moins d'un miracle je ne vois plus de chances qui pourrait amener un autre dénoûment.

Cet homme qui a désolé l'Europe depuis tant d'années paraît enfin tombé dans un état d'aveuglement et de démence que j'envisage comme l'avant-coureur direct de sa chute. Je ne dis pas que par une conduite différente il aurait encore une fois persuadé l'Autriche de fermer les yeux sur ses attentats, ou de s'écarter du chemin que depuis six mois elle s'était tracée par des moyens également adroits, mésurés, et soutenus—moyens qui, pour le dire ici en passant, n'ont été méconnus ou dédaignés qu'en Angleterre. Mais il est sûr que l'ennemi le plus mortel de Bonaparte n'aurait pu lui indiquer, pour développer et hâter les decisions de ce Cabinet, une marche plus calculé que celle qu'il a suivi depuis trois ou quatre semaines. Son silence, le retard de l'arrivée de son négociateur, ses chicanes sur la prolongation de l'armistice, le ton indécent qu'il a fait prendre à Berthier dans les dépêches adressée aux Commissaires de Neumark ; enfin, tout ce qu'il a fait et tout ce qu'il a negligé de faire a poussé les choses à un point de maturité où je n'aurois pas cru moi-même les voir arrivées à l'époque où nous nous trouvons.

Si on vous fait communication de l'office addressé le 22 de ce mois par M. de Metternich au Duc de Bassano, vous verrez bientôt qu'il ne nous reste plus

qu'un pas à faire pour la rupture finale. On leur a dit dans cette pièce que l'Empereur voulait sortir de cet état d'incertitude, prolongé de la manière la plus gratuite, *pour savoir si c'était la guerre ou la paix qu'on lui préparoit.* On leur a fait sentir, sans ménager les termes, l'indécence entière de leur conduite. On leur a enfin annoncé sans détour que quelque chose qui arrivoit on ne consentirait pas à aucune prolongation ultérieure de l'armistice.

Cette dernière resolution a été de même notifiée aux ministres des Puissances Alliées ; et je puis ajouter comme garant personnel des dispositions et intentions de M. de Metternich, que si jusqu'au 9 d'août les préliminaires de la paix ne sont pas signées la guerre est déclarée, ou censée l'être le 10. Or comme il faudrait une révolution plus étonnante et plus singulière que toutes celles que nous avons vues jusqu'ici pour que les préliminaires de la paix fussent signées le 9 d'août, je crois ne pas avoir tort en régardant la guerre comme *irrévocablement arrêtée dès à présent.*

J'avais souvent imaginé — et cela peut arriver encore — que Bonaparte, pour se tirer de l'affaire, affecterait à l'ouverture des négociations beaucoup de facilité et de condescendance, accorderait préalablement et eventuellement plusieurs articles les plus essentiels qui lui seront proposés du côté des Alliés, mais en ajoutant qu'il ne pouvait rien *signer* sans connoître les intentions de l'Angleterre, et sans savoir si pour les sacrifices qu'il faisait il s'assurait la paix maritime. Moyennant un manège pareil

il aurait pu prolonger les négociations, entretenir l'incertitude, paralyser les efforts des puissances, et affaiblir le concert établi entre elles. Mais il est maintenant décidé chez nous que cette tournure ne réussiroit point, et que le langage que je viens de lui supposer serait consideré et traité sans autre délai comme l'équivalent d'une déclaration de guerre.

Vous apprendrez encore avec plaisir que sur la demande des ministres des cours alliées relativement au cas que Bonaparte, sous prétexte du démêlé de Neumark, se portât subitement à rompre l'armistice, ce Cabinet a répondu hier *par écrit*, qu'une pareille méprise serait régardée par l'Autriche comme l'ouverture de la guerre générale, et que les Alliés, si un tel événement aurait lieu, pourraient non seulement compter sur tous les secours de l'Empereur, mais disposer même de ses provinces pour y faire entrer leurs troupes en cas de besoin. Je crois que cette déclaration fera un excellent effet à Reichenbach.

Je suis prêt à vous écrire, monsieur, aussi souvent qu'il se passera quelque chose qui puisse vous intéresser, ou, pour mieux dire, aussi souvent que vous le désirerez. Je suppose bien que tout ce que je puis vous communiquer de nouvelles vous parviendra sans moi par les relations directes que vous devez naturellement avoir au Quartier-Général. Mais il me suffit que vous attacheriez un intérêt quelconque à cette correspondance pour que je m'empresse de la continuer. Je vous adresserai mes lettres par les couriers Russes ou Prussiens qui partiront d'ici, et je vous propose d'en faire autant de votre côté;

il n'y aura plus alors un intervalle de huit jours comme celui de la date de votre dernière.

GENTZ.

Ce 25 Juillet.

Je reprends la plume aujourd'hui, monsieur, pour ajouter à ma lettre quelques mots sur le rapport de Lord Wellington sur la Bataille de Vitoria. Il me serait difficile de vous peindre le plaisir et l'admiration avec laquelle je l'ai lu. La simplicité sublime de ce rapport, où un des plus grands événements de ces jours se déroule à mes yeux comme un manœuvre d'exercice, est digne de l'homme que je regardois depuis longtemps comme le premier de notre siècle, et comme un de ceux qui réconcilieront la postérité avec nous. Son âme est aussi élevée que ses talens, et son caractère plus beau encore que son génie. Heureux le pays qui a pu produire un tel homme!

J'ai reçu, par les bontés de M. d'Arslett quelques gazettes anglaises, dont les plus fraîches sont du 21 juin. Je sais par Lebzeltern qu'il y en avait de plus récentes au Quartier-Général. Quel service vous me rendrez si de tems en tems vous pourrez me faire passer celles dont vous n'auriez plus besoin; et si on vous avait envoyé quelques nouvelles brochures politiques — *anglaises*, c'est-à-dire, car je reçois par d'autres voies des transports fréquens de ce qui se publie en *français* à Londres — ce serait infiniment aimable que de me les prêter pour huit ou quinze jours.

Je n'ai pas l'honneur de connoître de personne M. le Général de Stewart; mais indépendamment de sa grande réputation militaire qui a dû le rendre très-intéressant à quelqu'un qui a suivi l'histoire des belles campagnes de la Péninsule, j'ai une raison toute particulière pour l'estimer et pour l'aimer.

Dans une séance assez orageuse de la Chambre des Communes, au mois de décembre dernier, lorsqu'on attaqua, peut-être avec un peu trop de sévérité, une mesure prise en faveur de la brave Légion Hanovérienne, il fut le seul qui plaida la cause des militaires Allemands, avec un courage et une vigueur qui me l'a rendu cher, bien avant que j'eusse l'idée de le voir employé sur le théâtre de nos grandes affaires actuelles. Quand vous en trouverez un jour une occasion convenable, monsieur, je vous prie de me recommander à ses bonnes graces, et de lui faire part des sentimens respectueux et affectionnés que je lui porte. Quelqu' indifférent que puisse lui être cet hommage, je suis sûr qu'il ne le repoussera pas.

S'il arrive quelque chose de bien marquant, je vous écrirai sans attendre même votre réponse à cette lettre; mais il dépendra de vous de donner à notre correspondance toute la suite et toute la vivacité que vous pourriez désirer. Agréez, &c., &c.

GENTZ.

Diaries—July 29th.—After working half the night, with the hope of getting through so much of the overwhelming amount of writing on my hands just now as would set me free to go to Grottkau, where

the Emperor and the King reviewed yesterday eighty-six squadrons of cavalry, I found I must give up all thoughts of assisting at that grand military spectacle, as I had had a great desire to do, and keep close to the inkstand instead. I turned in then to get a nap, but had not had my snooze half out, when a courier arrived from Berlin, where Sir Charles now is; tired, I suppose, of kicking his heels at Stralsund and waiting there in vain for the return of Thornton with the Crown Prince.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles Stewart to George Jackson, Esq.

Berlin, July 27th, 1813.

DEAR JACKSON,

I am anxious for arrivals from England which may set me in motion towards you. But as I hear both the King and the Emperor are absent from Trachenberg, and as Thornton is not yet with the Crown Prince, I think I may be best employed at present in seeing what the Prince is about here.

He talks wonderfully bold of war, and boasts not a little of what he will do; which is just the reason that I believe we shall have a prolongation of the armistice, and in the end, a peace. He says he shall make Demmin his head-quarters.

Lord Cathcart's letters of the 21st are, as usual, very sanguine; but I confess I have not been of his lordship's opinion during the course of the late transactions. Certainly, however, he ought to know best. He understands these matters. I

profess myself to be so bad a diplomatist and politician.

The Crown Prince was at the opera last night, but not received with any great applause. Prince William gave him a grand dinner yesterday, and he gives one himself to-day. The Princess Ferdinand to-morrow, and the Princess of Orange the day following. So we are feasting, you see, and in good German style, until we get some news from our flanks.

I hope it goes well with you all. Compliments to all friends. Deering's horses are here with mine—all well.

Believe me ever, &c., &c.,

CHARLES STEWART.

Diaries—30th.—A great official dinner at General Barclay de Tolli's. While at table Count Klamm arrived from Prague. He reports that Bonaparte had left Dresden in the night of the 25th, very privately, and after receiving four successive couriers. Fresh advantages are said to have been gained by Lord Wellington, in consequence of which twenty-eight thousand men, under Augereau, have been marched back to France. Coulaincourt arrived at Prague on the 20th.

M. Niebuhr, Sir Robert, and Count Stadion drank tea with me. We had an interesting conversation on the present state of affairs, in the course of which I was particularly pleased with the general tone of Stadion's remarks. On leaving he took me

aside, and said, "*J'espère bientôt avoir de bien bonnes nouvelles à vous donner.*"

We were all engaged to supper at Count Löwenhjelm's, but a note from the Duke of Oldenberg, requesting that I would sup with him, obliged me, unwillingly, to separate from my party. At the Duke's I met Prince Paul of Würtemberg. Both seemed to be of opinion that war between France and Austria was certain. The conversation, however, was rather of a general character, public affairs being only incidentally touched upon.

The supper was intended to be rather a lively one, and quite *sans gêne*. But in this respect it was a failure. The mirth fell flat, the jokes hung fire, and seemed to be made only to hide anxious thoughts; so that the honour of supping with their Serene Highnesses but poorly compensated me for the loss of my old friend Löwenhjelm's entertainment and Wilson's lively rattle.

A letter from the Commandant at Silberberg, informing the Chancellor that Mr. Robert Semple was actually at liberty, was sent to me by Hardenberg last night. This morning, August 1st, the great traveller himself made his appearance at head-quarters in a most outrageous humour, and abused us soundly all round. We, however, made some allowance for this; and although he lost by his ungentlemanlike behaviour the civilities he would otherwise have met with, we took into consideration his having been nearly three months under lock and key at Silberberg, and therefore did not resent his violent language and conduct in

the way we might have done. The assistance I was authorized to offer him, he refused, and in terms not too polite. He demanded to see Lord Cathcart, whom he seemed to think was, like the rest of us, eternally disgraced by "the incarceration that he, a British subject, had undergone in a Prussian fortress." But his lordship was engaged with the Emperor, and, consequently, Robert Semple "the traveller," indignant at this fresh slight—for, a true born Briton being in the case, a foreign emperor or king should surely give place—went off in high dudgeon. He may perhaps attack Sir Charles, at Berlin; but I trust we shall see nothing more of him here, though he assured me I should certainly hear of him again.

In the evening I went to Lord Cathcart. He was much amused with the account I gave him of Semple's behaviour. We had afterwards a long and interesting conversation on the subject of a despatch from Lord Castlereagh, of the 5th July, declaratory of the views of the Prince Regent's government, with respect to the present situation of affairs, and the prospect of a peace. It stated that, "Hitherto peace was impossible; because"—with reference to Spain—"on a point on which Great Britain never could or would recede, Bonaparte had pledged himself not to yield, and that as long as Joseph remained in dominion in that country, and a French force existed in many of its provinces, there could be no question of negotiation. But Field Marshal Wellington's brilliant successes having, it is hoped, settled this question, the Prince Regent would make no difficulty

in treating in concert with his Allies; but he trusts that the idea of negotiation may not be made a mere means of gaining time, and a pretext for prolonging the armistice, as he is determined never to separate his interests from theirs, being satisfied that the only means of acquiring the general object—a permanent and stable peace—is by an union of council and arms." It then goes on to state that

"The points for Great Britain's consideration may be divided into three heads:—First, those to which her honour and faith are pledged, and on which she could in no case relax, viz., Spain, Portugal, Sicily, and the fulfilment of the engagements with Sweden.

"Second, those to which Great Britain may be pledged, by implied engagements, or that involve questions of paramount policy, and which she would insist on, conjointly with her Allies—viz., the restitution of Austria and Prussia to their former power; the separation of Holland from France; the restitution of Hanover to its lawful sovereign.

"Third, those which Great Britain considers to be certainly of the greatest interest, but on which, as questions of continental policy, she would be disposed —where her own immediate honour or interests were not concerned—to regulate her views generally by what the Allies should consider as most likely to effect the object in view; that of an honourable and lasting peace, viz., the arrangement of the affairs of Germany —Hanover being provided for—and a better state of things in Italy and Switzerland."

Such are the general outlines of the conditions

upon which Great Britain is disposed to treat for peace; the application of them to depend, of course, on existing circumstances. The despatch continues that "in the event of the expulsion of the enemy from the Peninsula, Lord Wellington will carry his arms into France." And assurances are given that "at no period was Great Britain more ready, or able, to continue every assistance to her Allies, as the exertions in every quarter already made, and now making, bear witness."

The mediation of Russia between Great Britain and America is declined, as "we can never consent to trust a question involving our maritime rights to any Power, however unexceptionable—independent of that consideration—that Power might be as a mediator."

Regrets are expressed "that the offer was made before the sentiments of Great Britain were known upon it," and instructions given to "press the Emperor not to urge it further, as it could only have the effect of prolonging the war with America; a consequence which has, in fact, resulted from it by enabling the President to hold out a vague idea of peace, and thereby to reconcile the people to the sacrifices and hardships which the war exposes them to."

Diaries—August 2nd.—On my return from Lord Cathcart's I found letters from Gentz and Sir Charles, to both of whom I had written in the morning. There is no doubt that there will be war between France and Austria, and I know not on what grounds

Sir Charles can doubt it. It may be, that he knew of Bonaparte's journey to Mayence to meet the Regent, which has caused here so much anxiety. Nevertheless, I still hope the best. It is evident, from Gentz's letter, that Caulaincourt had no specific instructions whatever.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles Stewart to George Jackson, Esq.

Berlin, July 30th, 1813.

DEAR JACKSON,

Your despatches and letters have been received and are forwarded by the courier who came to the Prince of Sweden. I cannot draw from the reports and letters you have sent me such warlike conclusions of Austria as you have done. God send, however, that I may be wrong and you right.

I am just starting for Brandenburg with the Prince, to see Woronzow's troops; from thence we go to Strelitz, and then return here or to Potzdam. After this I shall probably travel in your direction.

I don't send you the last instructions from England, as they are only copies of Lord Cathcart's. As you are so well together, he will communicate them to you, I have no doubt, and tell you the arrangements made here by the Crown Prince.

Have you seen Semple? I understand he is at liberty, and that he was at first mistaken for a rather notorious fellow of similar name who is supposed to be now on the Continent.

Pray acquaint Addington, when you have an

opportunity, that his communications are satisfactory, and that I wish him to continue them.

You are enlivening your present dulness at head-quarters, I hear, by a good deal of heavy feasting. We are doing much the same thing here.

I beg my compliments to all friends.

Believe me ever, &c., &c.,

CHARLES STEWART, *Lieut.-Gen.*

Le Chevalier von Gentz to George Jackson, Esq.

Prague, ce 30 juillet, 1813.

Caulaincourt est arrivé avant hier. Dans sa première conversation avec M. de Metternich il a professé, ou affiché, en son propre nom privé, des principes extrêmement pacifiques. Mais lorsqu'il a été question de ceux de son maître il a avoué qu'il n'en savait pas beaucoup plus que nous; que cet homme s'était placé dans une position si fausse et si critique qu'il était difficile de prévoir par quel coin il en sortirait; qu'on avait autant de raison pour croire qu'un beau matin il accorderait tout ce qu'on lui demandait que pour croire qu'il se jetterait, pour ne céder sur rien, dans les derniers extrémités; que la chance le moins possible était celle d'une ligne intermédiaire, &c.

Tous ces propos, et d'autres, nous font croire que le plénipotentiaire si longtems attendu n'a aucune instruction positive quelconque, et qu'il attend ce qu'au moment de la rupture Napoléon lui fera savoir, sans anticiper seulement le sens dans lequel il s'expliquera.

Il nous a, au reste, confirmé dans une conjecture à laquelle nous tenions depuis long tems; c'est que Bonaparte n'a jamais pu se décider à croire, et ne crois pas à l'heure qu'il est, que l'Autriche lui ferait la guerre. Cet aveuglement inconcevable est le pendant de celui qui l'a fait croire jusqu'à la veille de son départ de Moscow que l'Empéreur de Russie lui offrirait la paix. Il faut espérer que les résultats seront les mêmes.

En attendant, M. de Metternich a adressé hier une note aux Ministres de Russie, de Prusse, et de France pour leur exposer que les négociations par écrit et par l'intervention de la puissance médiatrice—telles qu'on les avait conduites au Congrès de Teschen—étaient préférables, sous tous les rapports aux conférences directes entre les plénipotentiaires des puissances belligérantes.

M. de Metternich a fait cette proposition parcequ'il savait que les Ministres de Russie et de Prusse ont l'instruction expresse et catégorique de ne pas négocier directement avec les Français. Par conséquent, ces Ministres ont sur-le-champ accepté la forme indiquée par le Ministre d'Autriche. Mais il n'en est pas de même des Français. Quoiqu'ils n'aient pas encore répondu par écrit, Caulaincourt a annoncé de bouche à M. de Metternich que "Napoléon insistait sur des conférences directes." Il paraît même tenir à cette idée au point que les Ministres Français refusent jusqu'ici la communication de leurs plein pouvoirs autrement qu'en Congrès assemblé. M. de Metternich leur a fait entendre que ce refus était incompatible

avec l'idée d'une médiation. On leur a prouvé par les negotiations de Ryswik, &c., &c., que dans tous les cas les plein pouvoirs des Ministres des puissances belligérantes avaient été purement et simplement remis à ceux de la cour médiatrice; mais jusqu'au moment où j'écris ils ne sont rendus.

Je soupçonne tres-fort que ces plein pouvoirs mystérieux, qui ne doivent être produits qu'en plein Congrès, contiendront quelque désaveu direct ou indirect, explicite ou tenté, de la médiation de l'Autriche. Je le soupçonne et je le désire de tout mon cœur; car une insulte pareille nous fournirait un excellent moyen pour une déclaration de guerre préalable et instantanée.

Voilà, monsieur, l'état des choses tel qu'il est ce soir. Il est inutile d'ajouter que ce n'est que par pur décence que dans une situation pareille on attendra l'arrivée du 10 d'août.

A moins que la veille de ce jour Bonaparte déclare tout-à-coup que ses armées évacueront l'Allemagne, et que sa retraite commencera dés le lendemain, je n'entrevois plus la possibilité d'un accommodement.

Je n'ai que le tems pour vous assurer du dévouement bien sincère, &c., &c.

GENTZ.

Diaries—August 3rd.—I dined to-day with the Chancellor Hardenberg, who had a very large party to celebrate the King of Prussia's birthday. The tone and drift of the conversation was so extraordinary and unsatisfactory, that as soon as I could get away, I

rode over to Peterswalde to see Pozzo di Borgo, and to talk with him about it. He was at a loss to account for it; but he assured me that as far as he knew, and he thought he knew all that was to be known on the subject, things were going on just as we could desire, and that Prussia was as stout as ever. With this assurance I was obliged to be content.

The birthday was celebrated also by a ball at Landeck, to which I went with Rumbold and Campbell. It was not very well attended, for every one is in a state of anxiety as to the issue of the negotiation, and little disposed for pleasure. However, there were two or three pretty women there; and although the company was not very brilliant, or in very high spirits, yet, as the life we lead at head-quarters—independent of its political interest—is the most stupid that can be imagined, we resolved to make the most of our evening's recreation, and the opportunity it afforded us of a little flirtation with the ladies, whose society we now so rarely enjoy. Accordingly, we danced and waltzed, and had yet another dance and waltz, until sunlight poured in upon us.

We then breakfasted, and afterwards rode home over the mountains by way of Silberberg, stopping there to look at the fortress, which is one of considerable strength, and especially to see the place where Semple was confined, and of which he complained so bitterly. I have often had far worse quarters myself, and I fancy that the idea of imprisonment was the greatest hardship he had to bear. The Commandant, who seemed a pleasant sort of a man, told us several

stories of Semple's outbursts of violent temper; but as he did not himself consider him a spy, but a good honest foolish fellow who would soon be set at liberty, he did what he could, he said, to pacify him and to recommend patience.

The country all around is wondrously beautiful and picturesque; and our ride in the cool early hours of a fine summer's morning after our Terpsichorean exertions of the previous night, was very refreshing, and quite set us up for the day.

5th.—A fresh cargo of English travellers have found their way to this place; amongst the rest, Morley junior, of the British Coffee House. He fags hard, he says, nine months in the year, and allows himself three for recreation. Usually, his annual excursion is to the highlands of Scotland, or the mountains of Wales. But this season, he says, he felt inclined to try the mountains of Silesia. If pleasure be his only object in coming hither—which some are disposed to doubt—I fancy he will regret that he did not keep to Wales and Scotland, at least till next year. However, I have warned him of Silberberg and the clutches of the French, and he hopes to contrive to keep out of them both.

To-day, 7th, I gave a dinner to all the English assembled here, and hoped to dispel for an hour or two a little of the general uneasiness that exists. But it turned out a stupid affair. The guests, though Rumbold and I did our best to stir them up, did not amalgamate well, and the question of peace or war, which now occasions considerable anxiety, was, I believe,

uppermost in most persons' thoughts. As the time draws nearer for its decision, so does agitation increase, and there are not wanting those who would be heartily glad to hear that the armistice was prolonged.

In the course of the day, a report was spread that Soult had defeated Wellington in a great battle; and so much did this gain credit, that even Prince Czartoriski and Radzivill, who came to me in the evening, were inclined to believe that the report was not, as I affirmed it to be, a mere device of the enemy to serve his own objects. A courier afterwards came in from Prague, and brought me letters from Gentz and Addington. Mackenzie also arrived from Berlin, and letters from Sir Charles and from home.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles Stewart to George Jackson, Esq.

Berlin, August 5th, 1813.

DEAR JACKSON,

I hope to rejoin you at head-quarters on the 9th. I have had your letters and also Lord Cathcart's and Addington's. You are all very sanguine; God send your expectations may be realized.

I send you a despatch Lord Cathcart has written me on the subject of the Russian German Legion. I am not aware that I interfered in my inspection of that corps, further than reporting on its efficiency; and as no British officer had seen it, I flattered myself that the service I engaged in would have been approved of. I certainly recommended, and should

still recommend, that the Legion be immediately taken into the service of Great Britain for the electoral dominions.

The Crown Prince has been well received throughout his tour, rather as a conqueror after his victories, than as a Prince who is yet to be crowned by his exploits. He was well satisfied with Woronzow's division. Their performances were excellent; the Light Horse Artillery quite perfect, but the whole in a sad plight for want of new clothing.

The Prince intends to fix his head-quarters at Oranienburg or Potzdam; and I fervently hope that when the moment arrives he will fulfil the expectations that are universally cherished. Everywhere the language is warlike; but I can discover, both from the Crown Prince's sentiments and those with whom I have conversed, that a strong opinion is prevalent that the negotiation will still be protracted. I will not dwell on this, as I shall so soon be able to talk with you at large upon it. Pray make my compliments to all friends at head-quarters.

Believe me ever, &c., &c.,

CHARLES STEWART, *Lieut.-Gen.*

Extract of Letter from H. U. Addington, Esq., to George Jackson, Esq.

"Prague, August 6th.

"I wish I could send you more ample details. There has been a considerable degree of movement in the army of Bohemia lately. In short, the several states of Austria are throughout on the *qui vive*.

"Hungary has behaved most handsomely; having, *extra legem*, strengthened, by more than a third, her regiments of Hussars, and raised a considerable body of troops to which the Emperor had no claim. All has been effected by good will alone, no Diet having been convened."

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson, Esq.

Lyndhurst, July 25th, 1813.

I have taken a house, my dear George, for the next three months, in this pleasant spot, at which all our family arrived from Brighton yesterday. It is a very nice villa, and has beautiful gardens, which, with the quietude and retirement we shall find here, are doubly attractive after the noisy round of the so-called pleasures of a London season. We are in hopes of having Madame Moreau for a neighbour, if I can find hereabouts a suitable dwelling for her,—some snug pretty cottage that may be hired for our term.

I, however, purpose leaving this to-morrow for Bath, with the double object of spending a day or two with our mother and sisters, who pass the month of August in some visits near town, and of consulting our family doctor, Creaser, about an oppression and heaviness in the head with which I have been troubled the last two or three months. I have more faith in him than in most men of his profession, and he is, besides, well acquainted with our constitutions.

Your packet to the 25th of June I shall deliver to our mother. We are allowed to know so little

that all you note down is highly acceptable. On this side of the water, every one is anxious to hear whether the armistice will have been denounced on the 20th, and hostilities recommence to-morrow, or if, as seems most probable, the armistice will be renewed for the purpose of negotiation.

I know that the mediation of Austria is accepted, but I know not precisely upon what terms; only that we have communicated the basis of restitution upon which it is accepted. This may, or may not, be acceptable to Austria, as you, who are nearer the spot, will know best. The general expectation seems now to be that Metternich has gained the upper hand, and that Austria will in no case take up arms against the French. But I am quite convinced that our people do not understand the matter, and that we shall one day hear of all the blunders they have committed. This, however, is no reason why each should not labour heartily and zealously in his vocation; and the scene is altogether so interesting, that whichever way it is conducted, all those persons engaged in it should stay at their posts and stick to their pippins to the last. I should, in your case, even try to get employed upon the Continent if the mission should be withdrawn, I mean if Lord Cathcart returns to St. Petersburg and Sir Charles Stewart to London. This may happen, if Bonaparte gets the upper hand where he is. I will not suppose that he will so completely succeed as to re-establish the continental system.

I have little doubt that the war might be success-

fully carried on by the Russians and Prussians, Austria remaining only neutral. Whether it will be so or not, I cannot tell; I only think that there are means sufficient; and the statements of the Prussian force on foot are highly encouraging. But I clearly perceive *que les actions autrichiennes ont baissé* since the time of our coming to London. By the way, our stay there was sufficiently pleasant; but it was difficult to talk to people upon politics. Some knew nothing of the matter; others wrapped up the little they knew in impenetrable mystery. The chief topics of rejoicing, are those of Vittoria and the successful issue of the parliamentary campaign. We really might hope that the former would have some influence on the belligerent powers, and it is natural that the latter should afford Ministers a legitimate subject of joy; both, we may hope, are in a degree connected with the prosperity of the country. Lord Wellington, now that he has Lord William Bentinck and his army completely under his orders, seems to be proceeding rapidly towards the emancipation of Spain.

The festival at Vauxhall, which unworthily kept us in town for a few extra days—for we had intended to wind up our season with the hard-working week that was brought to a close by the Duke of Devonshire's breakfast at Chiswick on the 17th—took place on the 20th as was announced. It is the fashion to say every thing in praise of it; but the truth is, that it was a bad dinner to some hundreds more people than ever sat down together before; a grand illumination

in the evening, with some few thousands more lamps than are usually employed, and transparencies with allegorical devices more or less appropriate, and a most disorderly arrival and retreat for the ladies. On the whole, a very incomplete and ill-conducted thing. We were waiting two or three hours for our carriage, and with difficulty got home by six in the morning. The two speeches, of the Speaker and the Prince Regent, you will see in the papers. Both were well calculated for the occasion; the former somewhat longer than has been usual. The Prince is going to Brighton until his birthday, which, *on dit*, is to be kept at Windsor this year.

Elizabeth has stood out the London campaign pretty well, and we look to the fine air of Lyndhurst to set us both up for the winter.

Both your salary and pension, to the 5th of April, were received by your agent, Broughton; but as I found he had paid nothing, I thought it right to speak to him before I left town. Your pension is stopped from that date, which is right, and not to be regretted, because if you were to ask for another it would of course be a better one.

August 2nd.—I returned to Lyndhurst last night. I left our mother well, and was extremely well satisfied with Creaser's attention, as I was in general with the correctness of his theory. I am rather weak to day, but not more than was to be expected after being *bleached*, as Creaser calls it. I am convinced, from what he told me, of the necessity of the lowering system, which will eventually, no doubt, be successful.

"I met at Bath, the father of a young man who was charged after the battle of Vittoria with searching Joseph's *portefeuille*. He found in it several letters addressed to the said Joseph from Bonaparte's Generals, saying that, the armistice had saved them, for that the times of Jena and Austerlitz had gone by.

7th.—I do not at present expect anything interesting from your part of the world. The different Powers having betaken themselves to negotiation, it will be much if means be not found to separate them in some degree; but I shall be delighted to find that it is not so. You are observing pretty strictly the injunction laid upon you, for you have not even sent me a copy of or extract from Gentz's letters. This new law, which the higher Powers are desirous of establishing, to prevent those who are in the way of knowing what passes from writing on public matters to private friends, may to a certain extent be judicious. But it has on the other hand its disadvantages; as the many reports, more or less inaccurate, now in circulation, and which have been gleaned from the messengers and other "gentlemen of intelligence," fully testify.

I see that Lord Aberdeen has set out; and I should hope, from what I have know of his principles, that he will do things well. There will be a great want of the knowledge of the elements of negotiation, and being naturally a shy man some embarrassment may arise on that score; but in the main, I should hope for something stout and good, and worthy the Pitt school

to which he *did* belong; though I suspect a strong bias now to the Grenville branch of it.

I doubt, even if it had been attainable, that it would have been worth while to apply for the secretaryship, it is so uncertain a thing. But you ought to have either a secretaryship of embassy, or one of the German missions next below Vienna or Berlin; and if peace takes place that may be very practicable. If not, I do not know that you can be better off than where you are. I suppose you have seen or heard of King and Mackenzie. This appointment of Lord Aberdeen will knock their high pretensions somewhat on the head.

Lord Holland speaks of your, and Lady H.'s friend, Vernon, as a young man of much promise. In politics, I fancy he is what H. Wynne was when he first went out to Dresden, but, for the credit of Westminster, I hope better mannered. I know something of Kinnaird, whom his brother brought to Germany. I dare say he would give himself airs enough, but it is worth while keeping well with him.

10*th*.—What do you know of General Moreau? I have just ascertained for a certainty that he is gone to the head-quarters of the Emperor of Russia. His wife is coming to stay with us for a month, as we found we had a spare room to offer her. Madame de Staël has lost her son. I hear he was killed in a duel somewhere on the Continent.

Adieu, my dear George. We continue to be pleased with our house and the country about here. As for myself, I am better than at the end of last

week, having again lost some blood. It leaves me weak and low, but I shall do very well in time. The quiet of this place will bring me round. God bless you.

F. J. J.

Le Chevalier Von Gentz to G. Jackson, Esq.

Prague, ce 4 août, 1813.

J'ai reçu, monsieur, vos deux lettres du 28 et 31 juillet. En attendant, vous avez reçu la mienne du 30. Je ne réponds pas à toutes les choses obligeantes que vous me dites dans vos lettres; je suis trop heureux de pouvoir vous être utile le moins du monde pour ne pas avoir saisi avec empressement l'occasion de faire preuve de ma bonne volonté.

Je dois remonter d'abord à l'histoire de la Note du 22 juillet, dont je vous avais parlé dans une de mes lettres précédentes. Cette Note n'a produit qu'une réponse très-courte et passablement insolente, dans laquelle M. de Bassano a appris au Comte Metternich que l'objet principal de sa Note étant rempli, il avait cru pouvoir se dispenser de la mettre sous les yeux de l'Empereur! Cette réponse paraît avoir été écrite peu avant le départ de Napoléon pour Mayence. *On leur en tiendra compte*, soyez en sûr. Il ne valait pas la peine de relever ce procédé sur-le-champ, comme d'ailleurs on apprenait en même temps que l'Acte de prolongation de l'Armistice était enfin signé à Neumark, et que Caulaincourt était en route pour Prague.

La conduite des Français depuis leur arrivée est

bien tout ce qu'on peut imaginer de plus perfide et de plus insultante. Il est clair que Caulaincourt n'a apporté aucune instruction quelconque, ni pour la forme, ni pour le fond de la negociation; non seulement que son marche timide et son silence suspect le prouvent, mais M. de Metternich s'en est distinctement apperçu dans quelques conversations particulières qu'il a eu avec lui.

Je suppose que vous avez eu connoissance des notes échangées dans les premiers jours sur la manière de traiter et sur les plein pouvoirs. On conçoit encore que la proposition de négocier par écrit, et par l'intervention de la puissance médiatrice n'ait pas été acceptée par ces messieurs, puisque leur maître, comme ils nous assurent, s'attendait à des conférences directes et verbales, et que par conséquent ils n'avaient pas voulu se rendre sur cet article sans connoître son opinion. Mais ce qui est bien plus étrange c'est qu'ils ont fait la même difficulté lorsque M. de Metternich leur a purement et simplement demandé de lui remettre leur plein pouvoirs.

Ils ont prétendu que ceci même ne pourrait avoir lieu qu'en pleine conférence; et lorsque l'invitation leur a été adressée par écrit ils l'ont pris *ad referendum* comme tout le reste. Nous avons, en outre, les plus grands soupçons que dans ces plein pouvoirs mystérieux, il n'est pas question d'un mot de la médiation Autrichienne, qu'ils avoient pourtant solennellement reconnue par la convention du 30 Juin.

Comme le retour de Napoléon à Dresde n'est attendu que pour le 5 ou 6, et que jusque-là on ne

saurait avancer d'un pas dans la négociation, que, d'un autre côté, on est toujours également décidé à mettre un terme à cette comédie, au jour même du 10 août, il n'est plus possible que le Congrès sorte de la region des phantômes.

Mais voici quelles sont nos conjectures. Nous croyons que de retour de Dresde, Napoléon addressera à cette cour une Note solennelle dans laquelle il accusera tout le monde des retards que lui-même a causé à la négociation, et finira par proclamer une espèce *d'Ultimatum*. La réponse de notre côté sera la déclaration de guerre.

Caulaincourt, que je n'ai pas vu mais dont le Comte Metternich me parle comme d'un homme éclairé et très-pacifique, a fait l'observation qui me paraît fort juste, "qu'on n'obtiendra jamais de Napoléon qu'il cède sur tel ou tel objet particulier, quelque petit qu'il soit; qu'il est plutôt possible qu'il rénonce à une grande masse d'avantages par une déclaration bien emphatique, et tout-à-fait libre en apparence; que dans tous les cas ce sera tout ou rien—ou une démarche dans ce genre-là, ou l'obstination la plus inflexible."

Le raisonnement est vrai; non seulement dans son sens mais encore dans le notre; car il est certain que les conditions par lesquelles, il y à quatre semaines, il nous aurait encore tenté de faire la paix seraient aujourd'hui absolument rejetées, et qu'il faudrait *beaucoup* pour nous arrêter dans notre marche. Mais comme il est tout aussi certain que Napoléon ne se prêtera pas à nous offrir beaucoup, la conclusion

finale est, que la guerre aura lieu sans aucune doute.

Depuis quinze jours la physionomie de notre Cabinet est absolument changée. L'Empereur et quelques-uns de ses confidens particuliers, qui ne consentiraient à la guerre que parcequ'ils ne savaient plus comment combattre les raisonnemens de M. de Metternich, ou déjouer les mesures habiles par lesquelles il les entrainoit malgré eux, sont à présent prononcés eux-mêmes et ne voient plus d'autre chance ni d'autre choix.

Ce changement a été amené en partie par les progrès que les armémens ont faits et par le courage qu'une masse énorme d'hommes et de moyens réunis inspirent aux plus craintifs; mais en grande partie aussi par la conduite inouïe et inexplicable de Napoléon. La seule clef de cette conduite se trouve dans la supposition qu'il n'a jamais sérieusement cru que l'Autriche prendrait part à la guerre; et cette supposition nous a été confirmée de nouveau par Caulaincourt, qui le connaît aussi bien que qui que ce soit.

Nous avons eu hier des journaux Anglois du 19 et 20 juillet, mais ce n'était que par hazard et que par contrebande; car ils venaient de Paris et les Français les avaient prêtés à M. de Metternich. Il y avait un rapport de Lord Wellington, daté de Ortiz, au Nord de Pampeluna, du 3 juillet, que j'ai traduit sur-le-champ pour le faire insérer dans le "Beobachten" de Vienne.

Il contenait des détails sur la marche du corps de

Clausel ; sur les affaires que le Général Graham a eu à Villa Franca et à Tolosa contre le Général de Foy ; sur la prise de Pancorbo par O'Donnel ; la reduction du fort de Castro, du fort de Los Passages, et la retraite des Français sur la Bidassoa à la suite d'une attaque de Castaños. Je sais qu'on a voulu faire copier ces pièces pour les envoyer à votre Quartier-Général, parcequ'on croyait que vous ne les auriez pas de sitôt.

Je suis occupé depuis plusieurs jours à rediger un projet de manifeste pour le moment où nous en aurions besoin. C'est un travail difficile et épineux, et Dieu sait comment je m'en tirerai. Je vous prie de n'en parler à personne, pour plus d'une raison. Je vous réitère ; monsieur, l'offre de mes services pour tous les cas où vous pourriez en avoir besoin et tous les renseignemens, sans exception, que vous pourriez me demander, et je vous prie d'agréer, &c.

GENTZ.

P.S.—M. de Metternich a fait remettre aujourd'hui une nouvelle Note aux Français pour s'informer jusqu'où ils comptaient différer leur explication sur les points préalables. Vous sentez bien que cette demande a été uniquement faite pour les mettre davantage dans leur tort.

G.

Diaries—August 10th.—Troops have been passing and repassing yesterday and this morning in all directions, and everything wears the most warlike

appearance. The armistice is to be denounced to-day. The Russians and Prussians, in two divisions under Wittgenstein and Kleist, amounting to upwards of ninety thousand men, have already passed the Bohemian frontier. One column entered by Landschutz the other by Glatz. The allied forces will assemble in the neighbourhood of Prague.

Before breakfast, I had a long conversation with Sir Charles, who returned last night, upon the views and intentions of our Government and the best method of giving effect to them. We had afterwards a long conference with the Chancellor, to whom Sir Charles made a formal complaint of the want of confidence evinced by him towards us, especially with reference to a Treaty between Prussia, Russia, and Austria, which was purposely concealed from Great Britain. The Chancellor, in excusing this, certainly did not quite adhere to the truth.

Sir Charles will go to Prague for the interviews. He gave a supper to a large party this evening. While at table, Lord Walpole arrived with the ratifications of the Russian and Prussian Treaties. A messenger brought me shortly after a letter from Gentz, stating that the Austrian *ultimatum* had been given in on the 7th.

Le Chevalier Von Gentz to G. Jackson, Esq.

Prague, le 7 août

Je n'ai que deux mots à vous dire, monsieur, mais ils auront leur poids. Napoléon a fait une démarche

particulière pour déterminer l'Autriche à lui déclarer à quelles conditions elle regarderait la paix comme possible. Sur cela M. de Metternich déclarera ce soir au Duc de Vicenza, que l'Autriche regarde la restitution de la Pologne dans l'état où elle était avant 1806; le rétablissement complet de la monarchie Prussienne, avec Magdebourg et tout le reste; la restitution Illyriennes; la cessation du Protectorat de la Confédération du Rhin; l'abandon de la 32ème division militaire, et la liberté des Villes Anséatiques, comme conditions *sine quâ non*, et bases préalables de la paix générale. Qu'on attend une réponse catégorique, par oui ou non, si Napoléon veut consentir à ces conditions; que si, jusqu'au 10 du mois il n'a pas répondu affirmativement, l'Empereur d'Autriche joint ses forces à celles des Alliés pour *conquérir une paix solide;* que, la guerre une fois éclatée on ne se croira plus tenu aux susdités conditions, s'en remettant dès lors au sort des armes. Avant de faire cette déclaration M. de Metternich la communiquera aux ministres de Russie et de Prusse.

Cette démarche vous prouvera que vous n'avez pas eu tort en accordant pleine confiance à ce que j'ai eu l'honneur de vous mander jusqu'ici. Je vous prie seulement de ne pas parler, là où vous êtes, de la nouvelle que je viens de vous donner, avant qu'elle ne transpire par d'autres voies, et qu'elle ne soit plus traitée comme un sécret. Je suis trop pressé pour ajouter la moindre chose.

GENTZ.

Diaries.—There can be no doubt that we have to thank Lord Wellington for this. But for his victory, affairs would have taken quite another turn here, I am convinced. One point yielded by Bonaparte to Austria would have turned the scale against us; for throughout the duration of the armistice, considerable political manœuvring has been carried on for the purpose of furthering the efforts of Austria to prevent a renewal of the war. Hardenberg is not in the best of health, and is quite overwhelmed with the amount of business he has now to transact. He gives way occasionally to ill humour, and at times, I know, considers us rather as a thorn in his side, and an obstacle to a peaceful settlement of affairs amongst the three Powers, than as an ally making the greatest efforts and sacrifices to aid in restoring permanent tranquillity to Europe.

The King is as reserved as he has ever been, and not much less apathetic; he is as fond of retirement, varied with a little quiet recreation, as formerly; he retains all his old amiability and evident pleasure in making gracious speeches, as well as his moody fits when things are not going on smoothly. At times, he is indignant at Bonaparte's high-handed ways, and warms up into sharing a little the spirit of the nation, and the feeling of his people towards their oppressor. But these are short-lived emotions, for the King has no confidence in himself, and the right spirit has rarely strength to assert itself long enough for action to follow its promptings. His Majesty, therefore, cools down rapidly, and sinks back into the

same amiable nonentity he has ever been—ruled by those around him, more especially if their influence is exerted in a manner to leave him in the unruffled enjoyment of serenity of mind, and the calm, peaceful mode of life he delights in. Hardenberg, whether from being long accustomed to the yoke, or from having fallen more into the sere and yellow leaf, is not what he was; though his principles are, I believe, still right and true. He adapts himself more to his royal master's view of things, and I believe that our successes in Spain have alone prevented the Allies from signing a peace with France, and leaving England to follow her own course. Alexander is the stouter of the two, but Bonaparte would have found means of cajoling him when it suited him to condescend to bend a little towards Austria. But he has held out rather too long; not, I think, from any misplaced confidence in the assurances of Narbonne that "Austria might threaten, in order to attain her own objects, but would never be actively hostile," but from under-rating our efforts in Spain, and the effect that the defeat of his armies *there* would have on the allied sovereigns and the whole German nation.

12*th*.—I was up part of the night writing to the Chancellor, and preparing the ratifications. Before I was awake, Kraus brought me a letter from Gentz, and an account that the Austrians had declared war against France. When the Chancellor arrived, it was found that the King's signature had been forgotten. Nothing, therefore could be done, and an appointment was made for Saturday at Landeck, where the

King now is, and for which place Sir Charles sets off to-night.

Lord Walpole, Sir R. Wilson, and Campbell breakfasted with me. Everybody in high spirits, and about to set out for Prague. I, not the least pleased of the party, having been the first to announce the joyful news.

It being the Prince Regent's birthday, Sir Charles gave a dinner in celebration of it and also of the good tidings from Austria. The latter auspicious circumstance having fortunately become known to us on the anniversary of our illustrious prince, it afforded Sir Charles a favourable opportunity for treating us to a burst of patriotic eloquence on proposing the health of that royal personage, as well as for a brilliant peroration, in his happiest style, to the despatch we concocted after dinner, announcing to Lord Castlereagh the declaration of war.

Sir Charles wished that Lord Cathcart should see his despatch, and I in consequence went to his lordship before despatching the messenger Sylvester. He was, however, very naturally, much more interested in the perusal of a letter I had received from Gentz.

Le Chevalier von Gentz to G. Jackson, Esq.

Prague, le 9 août, 1813.

Ma lettre de Samedi dernier, monsieur, était écrite dans un tel moment de presse et de confusion—ma chambre étant remplie de monde, et M. de Lebzeltern, qui croyait partir la nuit quoique ensuite il ne soit

parti que le lendemain assez tard, écrivant à la même table que moi—que je ne sais pas si elle vous a donné une idée bien juste de ce qui se passait.

Je crois même avoir oublié de vous dire que la démarche dont je vous rendais compte devait rester secrète ; mais je puis assez me fier à votre discrétion pour ne pas regretter beaucoup cet oubli.

Il faut cependant que je vous rende compte des circonstances qui dans une occasion aussi solennelle ont amené cette singulière clause du secret.

M. de Caulaincourt à fait vendredi, 6 de ce mois, une ouverture particulière au Comte Metternich, portant que l'Empereur son maître désirait savoir à quelles conditions *l'Autriche* regardait la paix comme possible ; et il a ajouté à cette ouverture, que comme elle n'avait rien de commun avec le Congrès il en demandait à M. de Metternich le sécret absolu sur cela. Le Comte Metternich, trop heureux d'avoir trouvé une forme convenable pour mettre un terme à toutes les incertitudes, et preparer une déclaration formelle, se rendit samedi le 7 chez l'Empereur, et en obtint un plein pouvoir signé de Sa Majesté qui l'autorisait à notifier à M. de Caulaincourt, comme bases indispensables de la paix, les articles que j'ai eu l'honneur de vous indiquer.

Dimanche 8, cette ouverture a été faite verbalement, comme la sienne, à M. de Caulaincourt. M. de Metternich lui a communiqué le plein pouvoir de l'Empereur, conçu dans les termes les plus précis, et lui a permis d'en prendre copie.

Dans une longue conférence qui a eu lieu à ce sujet

entre MM. de Metternich et Caulaincourt—car Narbonne n'a été pour rien dans toute cette affaire—celui-ci lui a dit que, "s'il était l'Empereur Napoléon les propositions de l'Autriche seraient acceptées sans hesitation, mais qu'il ne croyait pas possible qu'elles le fussent par l'homme auquel on avait à faire." Il a ensuite expédié son courier à Dresde, et M. de Metternich s'étant engagé au secret sur tout cet incident on a décidé qu'il serait gardé. Cependant M. de Metternich en a excepté les plénipotentiaires de Russie et de Prusse, auxquels il en avait fait part le moment même de son retour de son entrevue avec l'Empereur.

Maintenant le projet est d'attendre jusqu'à demain à minuit, d'annoncer alors aux Ministres de France que le Congrès est fini, et de leur remettre en même tems une Note contenant les motifs qui ont déterminé l'Empereur à embrasser la cause des Alliés.

Ce mardi, le 10 août, à 9 heures du soir.

Le courier qui devait se charger de cette lettre n'étant pas parti hier j'y joins encore quelques mots en honneur d'un des jours les plus remarquables dans l'histoire de ces tems extraordinaires.

Jusqu'au moment où je vous écris aucune réponse n'est arrivée de Dresde. Les ministres de Russie et de Prusse annonceront à minuit que leur plein pouvoirs sont expirés. Immédiatement après M de Metternich adressera aux ministres de France les déclarations dont j'ai parlé plus haut; de sorte que

dès demain nous nous trouvons en état de guerre avec la France.

Il est certainement pas probable que Napoléon se déciderait à céder tout-à-coup, et pour ainsi dire en masse, le quart de ses conquêtes et quelques-unes des avantages auxquels sous le rapport de la gloire, comme sous celui de l'intérêt il doit tenir le plus; mais s'il arrivait même dans la journée de demain une réponse affirmative de sa part, je ne crois pas qu'elle changerait notre marche. Car, dès à présent rien ne se ferait du côté de l'Autriche sans l'aveu et le concours des Alliés.

Agréez, &c., &c.

GENTZ.

Diaries—Landeck, August 14th.—As every body was early on the move, and horses in consequence in great request, none were to be had for our carriage in time for Rumbold and myself to leave Reichenbach yesterday at the hour we had named. The fellow who had agreed to have them ready at the appointed time had let them elsewhere, as Pat discovered, at a higher rate, and sent us neither warning nor excuse; but had gone off for the day, leaving us in the lurch. My own mare had been sent over to Landeck the previous day with Sir Charles's horses, and we, with our various belongings, papers, &c., were to follow in the carriage the next morning. After a long search, my man at last procured a sorry looking animal which he thought would carry me to Landeck, over the mountains; and as he had the promise

of horses to bring on the carriage this morning, Rumbold agreed to stay with him in charge of our property and I set off on my journey alone. My *monture* performed better than his outward appearance had led me to expect, and I reached Landeck without any mishap, after a pleasant ride, and just in time to sit down with Colonel Cooke and Bidwell to a late dinner. The Chancellor arrived only to supper, and having omitted to order quarters for us beforehand, I could get no room, in consequence, till eleven o'clock. Sir Charles had gone to the ball, and supposed I should join him there; but my whole wardrobe was at Reichenbach, and the dress I wore unfit to present myself in before the King and royal family, who attend the saloon, it appears, regularly every evening.

To-day I was engaged for several hours in Sir Charles's room, with him and the Chancellor. After the presentation of a gold snuff-box from the Prince Regent, with a portrait of the King set in diamonds, and the exchange of the ratifications of the Treaty of subsidy and alliance, their Excellencies exchanged some very high words. Sir Charles, forgetful of the doctrine he is constantly preaching, of "the necessity of suppressing every appearance of *aigreur*, and allowing only the *suaviter* to appear, in order to encourage our Allies and keep them firm and staunch in their warlike resolves,"—reproached the Chancellor rather sharply for his general want of confidence in his communications, and peremptorily demanded a copy of the treaty that had been signed by Prussia

on the 27th ult., conjointly with Russia and Austria, and which had been purposely concealed from the British plenipotentiaries.

I doubt whether Hardenberg in all his diplomatic experience was ever before so taken to task by a colleague. The circumstances of the moment no doubt acted as a check upon him, but his temper, naturally so calm, could not quite unmoved withstand the shock of Sir Charles's impetuosity, and he responded with a good deal of asperity. Though such plain speaking is altogether out of rule in diplomatic intercourse, yet Hardenberg I must confess deserved it. There has been a great deal of underhand work going on in the negotiations of Prussia and Russia with Austria, while both powers were availing themselves of the supplies of money, ammunition, and clothing, furnished by Great Britain to get a decent army on foot, which they are now indebted to our victories for the chance of employing with success.

After dinner Rumbold arrived with all our belongings and just in time to dress for the ball at the saloon. The King was already there, and was as usual very gracious; saying many civil things in a very pleasant manner, and enquiring much after my brother and his wife. His Majesty looks wonderfully well, and young for his age. One would suppose that his head had lain as uneasily as any that ever wore a crown. But I fancy that his placid temperament and composure of mind, set him beyond the reach of those gnawing cares that early imprint

the seal of time upon the brow, and fret all happiness out of the lives of men less apathetically constituted.

16*th*.—As I was going out yesterday to pay a visit to Count Goltz I was told that our whole party, military and civil, had been invited by a letter to Sir Charles to a *dîner champêtre* at a country-house about a German mile distant; that no refusals could be accepted, and that it was necessary to leave early, dinner being at two. Accordingly I gave up business and prepared for pleasure; and carriages and horses being assembled we mustered to the number of eighteen and set off on our expedition.

An hour's drive through some beautiful scenery brought us to the entrance gates of the grounds of a large old country-house, belonging to a M. de Deitmar. A numerous party was assembled to meet us, and one would have thought, from the enthusiastic greeting and warm welcome we received, that each individual was a bosom friend of these good people, instead of the whole of us being utter strangers to them. But we owed this reception, and the entertainment that followed, to the desire of our host—a patriotic Prussian—to show his appreciation of the services rendered by Great Britain to his country in her effort to shake off the yoke of Bonaparte.

We were introduced, collectively, to his friends and, individually, to his own family, consisting of his father, a very aged man, his wife, and three daughters—pretty German maidens fresh and fair, of from sixteen to twenty. This ceremony was extremely

amusing, though rather long; for our worthy host thought it necessary to make a brief complimentary speech as he mentioned what he believed to be the name of each of his new friends. This was especially the case when presenting *les militaires* to his blushing young damsels. The men of the sword, I perceived, were more esteemed by him than those of the pen. By way of *finale*, two youths of about twelve and thirteen were brought forward; they were his sons, and he regretted, he said, that they were not of an age to join in the work of subduing the despoiler of Germany. They were two nice boys, but shrank back rather abashed. Being now, as M. de Deitmar declared, well acquainted with each other and a mere family party, he invited us to take our places at his hospitable board, which with little ceremony we did; and it was my good fortune to have for my neighbours two very pleasant ladies—one of them particularly lively and chatty, rather young, and the wife of a Prussian officer.

Good fare in superabundance was provided; in fact, there was a grand German dinner, excellent wines, toasts, and speeches patriotic, both German and English, and the whole brought to a close in about two hours and a half. We afterwards strolled about the grounds in small parties, pretty well as chance had brought us acquainted by near neighbourhood at dinner, and as the sun went down we reassembled, for a dance and a waltz on the green sward. At half-past eight, we took leave of our hospitable entertainer and his friends, with mutual

expressions of friendship and good-will, and with assurances—which, on my own part, and I believe generally, were perfectly sincere—that we were indebted to them for the pleasantest day we had spent since we came on the Continent, and that we should be rejoiced if it should be our good fortune, when the wars were over, to meet again and celebrate our victories with them.

On our return, Rumbold and some two or three others of the party proposed that we should end the day's amusements by looking in at the saloon before the dancing was over. Being pretty well tired, I was about to declare my preference for taking advantage of an unusual opportunity of getting a long night, when my servant brought in a note informing me that the Duke of Cumberland had arrived, and that I was to sup with him and Sir Charles. This unexpected and, under the circumstances, unwelcome honour kept me up rather late.

This morning I was up early to see the public baths where men and women bathe together. A novel sight, truly, and also a most disgusting one. After breakfast Sir Charles set off for Prague, and I had an interview with the Chancellor for the purpose of paying him another 100,000*l.*—a part of the subsidy. Meeting Count Goltz on my way thither he begged me to dine with him on my return. We had then, being *tête à tête*, a long and interesting conversation on the present position of affairs. He told me that when Metternich's last Note containing the Austrian Declaration was received by Caulain-

court and the Comte de Narbonne, they stated that they were wholly unprepared for such an event; they had no instructions from Bonaparte to meet such an issue, and requested permission not to make use of their passports till they should hear further from their Court. This request was acceded to. It is supposed that, without answering Metternich's Note, other propositions will be made; and the Empress Maria Louisa has so urged upon her father her wish for peace that, if Bonaparte would yield at all, Goltz firmly believes means would still be found to bring it about. At Mayence, the Empress, with many tears, entreated Bonaparte "for her sake, for their child's sake, and" she added, "for the welfare of France, to make peace on *any* terms." He answered that he was "ready and willing to make peace, but not on *dishonourable* terms—to resign his conquests at the demand of Metternich. They could be had only as they had been gained—by force of arms. *Pourquoi m'as tu appris qu'il y a quelque chose que je puis te réfuser?*" he said, turning to the Empress and embracing her tenderly.

Goltz had just heard that Narbonne left Prague on the 14th, and that Caulaincourt, in consequence of the expected arrival of the Emperor Alexander and the King, had withdrawn to a country house in the outskirts of the town.

General Moreau was at Glatz last night on his way to Prague. It is reported that the whole army of Barclay de Tolli will be placed under the command of Prince Schwartzenberg, and that Moreau

will be requested by both Emperors to assist the Austrian field-marshal.

On leaving Count Goltz, I paid a visit to the Princess Biron, to take leave of her, and called afterwards on the Duke of Cumberland. His Royal Highness had been dining with the King, who had expected, he said, to see me also. On returning home I found a note from the chamberlain to that effect. Tis now near 10 p.m. and we are setting out for Prague.

The next morning we arrived at Reinertz, where I stopped to pay a visit to the Countess Lückner, sister of the Countess Hardenberg. We breakfasted, and afterwards rode with her to the Wells, which she described as being more beautifully situated and in greater repute than those of Landeck. Reinertz is a very pretty spot and seems to be full of visitors, but not so much so as Landeck, nor is it, to my fancy, to be compared to it for the romantic beauty of its surrounding scenery. On taking leave of the little countess, she honoured me with several commissions for Prague, their execution depending on the fortune of war allowing me time and opportunity to attend to them. We continued our journey, and were overtaken near Nachod by the King and his suite, also *en route* for Prague. By being a little in advance we had missed by a few minutes his meeting with the Duchess of Sagan, who, accompanied by her ladies and numerous equerries and attendants, had come to this town, the first after passing the frontier, to compliment his Prussian majesty on entering Bohemia.

We arrived at Königgratz about six and received the cheering news that not a horse was to be had. As it was necessary, notwithstanding, that we should have them, and with as little delay as possible, Pat went on a quest while we took a hasty meal. In the course of an hour he returned with two horses only, and we could not proceed with less than four, "foor pads"—*vier pferde*—he said, as far as he had yet sought, were not to be found. I therefore went in search of them myself, remembering that honest Pat who got on well with Spanish, "a fine rolling tongue," as he termed it, was not so well skilled in German, which nothing could persuade him was anything but broken English that stuck, as he said, in the throat in pronouncing. After at least another hour's delay I succeeded, and the four brutes being attached to the carriage we went onward at no rapid pace to Chlumerz, which we reached late at night. There, the same difficulty occurred in getting fresh horses, which after some exertion was again overcome. The animals procured at Chlumerz dragged us on to Kolin by the next morning, whence, without further obstacle, we reached our destination, and fortunately just in time for dinner.

After writing some despatches, I had to spend the evening in looking after quarters; the Chancellor having again neglected to provide them in time. At last I was obliged to leave Rumbold at an inn, and sleep, myself, in Sir Charles's room; all of us tired and uncomfortable, for from the scarcity of horses no baggage had yet arrived. I had however the

satisfaction of hearing that the Frenchmen, after dying very hard, have at last left Prague, and that General Moreau is appointed aide-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander. This morning, 19th, we were up betimes to accompany Sir Charles, Wilson, and others to a review of the Austrian army at Schlaw, three German miles from hence. It was a very grand military spectacle. Ninety-one battalions of infantry and ninety squadrons of cavalry defiled before the two Emperors and the King. The Austrian army is considered by military men generally the finest of the Continent; and certainly, in discipline, in their military air, in the perfect precision of there movements it would be difficult to surpass them. The Hungarian hussars are a very fine body of men. Their dress is peculiar but handsome; their bearing most soldierlike, and their officers are men of the most distinguished appearance and of a higher class than those of the Russian army. The cuirassiers of the Emperor, were presented with new standards, and the three allied sovereigns nailed their respective colours together to the pole, in token of the firmness of their alliance and the intimacy of their union. The *vivas* that accompanied this act may be said, not as a figure of speech but literally, to have rent the air, in a loud, prolonged, and enthusiastic shout that thrilled one to hear. The whole was a very fine sight, which I am glad to have witnessed. Sir Charles was much pleased with the appearance of the troops, the celerity of their movements, and the expertness and precision with which the manœuvres were executed. The

Austrian army he considers stands preeminent in all its leading points. Since he served with it in 1796 it has changed nothing, he says, in appearance or dress. We all drank tea with him on our return, and I afterward took possession of my quarters, with much thankfulness for the prospect of a night's rest.

We have here a deserter from the French camp, in the person of the Swiss General Jomini, known as a writer on military subjects. He is already, I believe, appointed by Alexander Lieut-general in the Russian service. More importance is attached to this event than even to that of having secured the services of Moreau, from the knowledge Jomini probably possesses of Bonaparte's plans and operations; for the Allies are scarcely at all acquainted with his objects, and are supposed to have as yet no determined plan of their own; but great secrecy is observed respecting their movements.

Sir Charles had a conversation with Jomini, who told him that Bonaparte's forces far outnumbered those of the Allies; and that ever since the Russian campaign he had been indefatigable in his exertions to re-equip and produce artillery. Though allowing him to possess, what few indeed would attempt to deny him, very great ability and military talent, by which alone he considers that Bonaparte continues to maintain any influence with the army, Jomini yet asserts that his conduct has disgusted and alienated all his personal friends and that, in fact, he has not a friend in the world left. However, the statements of this renegade General are not to be received with implicit

faith. He and Bonaparte, it is evident—and I have heard it from trustworthy sources—have been for some time dissatisfied with and distrustful of each other; Jomini looking for promotion, which Bonaparte not only was unwilling to bestow, but even thought of removing him from his command. He considered, whether justly or not, that some of the disasters of the Russian retreat were made still more disastrous by Jomini's negligence in furnishing supplies when governor of Wilna. He was, however, when he deserted, on the staff of the Prince of Moskowa. There are various opinions here, for the subject amongst ourselves is very freely discussed, respecting the conduct and supposed motives of both Jomini and Moreau.

Prague, 20th. After passing the greater part of the day in looking over official papers, I went to spend an hour with Count Löwenhjelm. He had just received an account of the French having fired on Bernadotte during the armistice, while he was reconnoitring Stettin. In the evening I called on Gentz and Count Metternich. The former received me with a great deal of *empressement* and almost with the warmth and delight of an old friend. He talked much of his regard for my brother, of the cordiality of their views and his regret that our Government had not availed themselves on the present occasion of his abilities and experience as a diplomatist. He professed himself not only willing but anxious to be of use to me, and promised to communicate with me on any subjects of interest that came to his knowledge.

I had therefore good reason to be pleased with him in this respect, and no less so with his friendly pleasant manner and the genial tone of his general conversation.

Count Hardenberg had already told me that communications had been carried on with Bonaparte, even so late as yesterday. Gentz said that he had been endeavouring, by yielding on some minor points, to reopen negotiation; but that the Allies had been firm and would hear of no proposals but those of the 16th of May from Wurzen, and of England being a principal in the negotiation. The last letter from Bassano to Metternich was received, he said, yesterday evening. It was offensive in tone, and began by saying that "*Autriche avait prostituée le caractère d'une médiatrice*, as she had to their knowledge long since joined the Allies, but that the Emperor's earnest desire for peace prompted him to make yet another offer, and to propose that some neutral spot should be fixed on for negotiators to assemble, even during the continuance of hostilities. The answer, which had just been despatched, was to the above effect, and will I suppose be final. Poor Boney, he must be sadly put to it to condescend to this renewed offer. What a loss Duroc has been to him in the present crisis of his fortunes!

Metternich is much altered, from what I remember him in the old Berlin days of 1805 and 6. And the alteration is not for the better. He was then particularly pleasant, and of fascinating manners; now he has himself taken the *assiette* and "*attitude*"

he talks so much about in his Manifesto, and is sufficiently stiff. But in those days his reputation as a diplomatist was not great, and was supposed to be less so at his own Court than elsewhere. He, however, enquired particularly after my brother, and desired to be remembered to "*son ancien collègue*; the many pleasant hours he had spent at his house being amongst the most agreeable of his reminiscences of Berlin." He endeavoured to impress on Sir Charles that the Austrian monarchy had been really saved from utter ruin by his taking the reins of government into his own hands. He alluded to the marriage, which he had arranged, he said, "as the first step upwards" from beggary to a new existence, and the recovery of power, but which he never intended should *guide or influence* the policy of the Austrian Cabinet. He knew that the British Government suspected him; but his one sole aim had been to raise his country and give peace to the world. He trusted that he should now stand justified in the eyes of the world. Much more he said to the same effect, concluding with a statement of the Austrian army being in extreme want of arms, a want which he trusted Great Britain would be able to supply. His Excellency also informed us that he had just heard from Flout, who is still at Paris, and he read to us from his letter that Lord Wellington, on the 28th ult. had completely defeated Soult near the famous Roncevalles. He had retired first on St. Jean de Luz and afterwards on St. Jean de Port, near Bayonne—Lord Wellington following him to the 31st, when the accounts came away. He

had taken all his baggage and artillery and a great number of prisoners. St. Sebastian had also fallen, and it was believed also Pampeluna.

On the other side, Suchet retiring from Barcelona towards Perpignan, is much annoyed by our fleet; and this, added to his general position, causes the greatest apprehension to be felt in Paris for the safety of his army. It is further stated, and as Flout asserts on very good authority, that Soult has written to Bonaparte that, unless he can send him fifty thousand new troops who have never been in Spain, it is utterly impossible for him to retain a footing in the country. Similar reports have also been received from Toulon and other quarters. A perfect panic prevails in the south, and the inhabitants, alarmed for their safety, are flying in all directions.

This gratifying news could not have arrived more opportunely. It will serve as an extra fillip to our allies; and those on the spot are fully aware, though they are not permitted, of course, to say so, that at this moment it is not entirely useless. We are now all waiting with what patience we may for the Extraordinary Gazette of Lord Wellington's new victories. Count Metternich is to be at the head-quarters of the Emperor Francis during military operations.

21*st*.—Up all night, writing on the above and other matters and despatched the messenger Kraus at five this morning. I would have added to his packet some few lines for Francis and others, but I was so thoroughly fagged—so dead asleep, that

the pen dropped from my hand in the attempt. Kraus was waiting for my letter, and as the spirit was willing though the flesh was weak, I resumed my pen but again succumbed; and as the horses were at the door, Kraus departed empty-handed, as far as my private letters were concerned.

Sir Charles, intending to set out for the army to-morrow, gave a large dinner party to-day. The Chancellor Hardenberg was present, and privately put into my hand, enjoining the strictest confidence, a copy of the Secret Treaty, for Sir Charles's and my perusal only. After dinner Wilson left for head-quarters, and Sir Charles and I retired to read over the Treaty. As things have turned out it is now of little or no consequence; but if affairs in Spain had gone ill with us, we plainly perceive what would have been the course taken by our Allies. After all that has been done for them, the entering into such a Treaty—a special article being appended, stating that it shall be concealed from Great Britain—is, to say the least of it, a very strange proceeding. Tardy as Hardenberg has been in communicating this document, he has nevertheless been somewhat more candid on the subject than the Russian minister, from whom Lord Cathcart has never been able to extract any positive information respecting it.

At the close of a long and interesting conversation, Sir Charles showed me some private correspondence that had passed between him and Lord Castlereagh. The unreserved, freely expressed opinions of the two brothers on public affairs, home and foreign,

communicated in a style contrasting so strongly with the tone of the official correspondence between the Secretary of State and the minister, made their letters, independently of the great interest they possessed for me, almost amusing. While we were still talking over our *tête-à-tête* tea, the courier Morand arrived and announced that the Duke of Cumberland would shortly follow.

22*nd*.—His Royal Highness did not arrive till to-day, and after the King had set out to join the army. This has detained Sir Charles, who had proposed to accompany the Duke to the Prussian head-quarters; but he told us at supper that he preferred to remain a day or two at Prague, and would join Sir Charles shortly at Jauer.

Metternich, who is with the Emperor Francis at Portelberg, writes that the allied armies have entered Saxony at all the passes, and that the military aspect of affairs is "*la plus brillante possible*."

24*th*.—On the 19th General Blücher advanced successfully as far as Löwenberg on the Bober. The next day Bonaparte, who seems to have concentrated the greater part of his forces in that quarter under the idea that the main body of the allied army was there also, attacked him with a hundred and twenty thousand men. Before so superior a force Blücher was obliged to retire; but he made good his retreat. Bonaparte was about to follow up this advantage when he received the report of the advance of the Allies on the left bank of the Elbe—a movement suggested by Jomini.

He immediately returned in the greatest haste to Dresden, which he reached on the 22nd at night; his troops taking the same direction.

On the 22nd Wittgenstein attacked Gouvion St. Cyr in his intrenched camp at Pirna, and carried it. The enemy experienced considerable loss and retired on Dresden, pursued by the allied army, whose advance is very near it. Thus, we are going on very well so far.

Le Chevalir von Gentz to George Jackson, Esq.

Prague, ce Lundi, 23 aûot.

M. de Metternich m'a chargé de la distribution d'un certain nombre d'exemplaires de la traduction Française du manifeste Autrichienne. Je prends la liberté de vous en envoyer une demi-douzaine pour en faire tel usage que vous jugerez le plus convenable, monsieur. Je voudrais surtout que vous eussiez la bonté d'en faire parvenir à son Altesse Royale, Monseigneur le Duc de Cumberland, n'ôsant pas le présenter directement à son Altesse.

Je vous demande mille pardons de ce que je n'ai pas pu profiter du plaisir de vous voir ce matin, mais j'étais chargé d'un travail tellement pressant que je n'avais pas une minute à ma disposition. Si vous avez l'occasion de faire mes excuses à M. de Kinnaird, que je n'ai pas pu voir non plus, vous m'obligerez infiniment. Je serai enchanté qu'il voulût me dédommager demain de ce que j'ai perdu aujourd'hui. Et

quant à vous monsieur je compte trop sur votre bienveillance pour douter même que vous ne m'accordiez la même faveur.

GENTZ.

The manifesto sent me by Gentz is translated from the German by our old friend Baron Binder. It is in some respects a singular production; and after all the complaints and invectives against us for declining the Austrian mediation, a passage here and there in it must create a proud feeling in the breast of every Englishman.

25*th*.—Dined to-day with the Duke of Cumberland. The Chancellor, Prince Solms, and Lobkowitz were also of the party. After dinner His Royal Highness left Prague for the King of Prussia's head-quarters. I, and some others, remain here for a time, unless we should chance to be *driven* away. In the evening I went with Lord Walpole, and Vernon, who is just returned from Vienna, to the theatre. We were very much pleased with the house, which is large enough to contain fifteen hundred or more persons. The decorations are not wanting in elegance. The company was good; the players not good for much, and the house rather dimly lighted. But this latter defect served partially to conceal another—the general absence of cleanliness. After the play we had a very pleasant supper at the Princess Wolkonski's. There was much lively conversation, to which Gentz, who was one of the guests, imparted additional zest by

many witty and mirthful sallies. Vernon kept his politics in the background, and devoted himself to *faisant sa cour* to a very pretty woman who sat next to him. He confessed himself desperately enamoured, and was annoyed beyond measure to find that his fair one was Madame la Baronne de S——, as he meant certainly to throw himself at her feet and propose in the morning. Her husband is gone to the wars, but as she seems not to object to a little flirtation, Vernon says he will endeavour to *dédommager* himself for his disappointment by doing his best to keep up the lady's spirits while the Baron is absent.

27*th.*—Prague is really a fine town, and full of interesting objects, which I regret to have so little time to visit. Scarcely, indeed, can I hope to get only a glimpse of the most noteworthy. For rarely do I lay down the pen but fresh matter for its re-employment immediately presents itself; either in the intrigues of the diplomats assembled in Prague, or in the conflicting reports from the armies, as well as those spread by the enemy to cast a damper on our spirits, and which too often gain more ready credence than those of a more cheering nature. The Allies have been so little accustomed to success, that some people have difficulty in realizing the fact that, if hostilities be persistently carried on and the leaders do their duty, there is a probability of their overcoming the great Boney at no very far off date. The spirit of the Austrian people is, however, so good that their occasional depression is but transient, and is

indeed felt less by the nation at large than by those persons more directly connected with the cabinet and people in office. I know no person more affected by varying reports than the Chancellor Hardenberg. His greatest fault has always been that he was too timid. Though thoroughly well principled and desirous of doing right, he has too often been afraid of the consequences of not doing wrong, and has thus failed to exercise that influence for good in the councils of the King he has, at various critical periods in the fortunes of Prussia, had opportunity of doing.

One need hardly ask his Excellency the nature of the reports from the army; for a small piece of good luck elates him so much, that it animates his countenance, brings out his *bonhomie*, and makes him willing to hope and believe all things. Contrary intelligence, with as little reason, unduly depresses him; and instead of the pleasant prospect of a peace highly favourable for Prussia, he sees only a gloomy vision of Boney triumphant and more inexorable than ever; the King more disturbed than before in his easy jog-trot way of life, and with little left beyond the name of king, of his former power and dignity.

Baron Ompteda and Gentz called on me this morning. The latter had just received the intelligence that Bonaparte had returned to Lusatia and had driven Blücher back as far as Jauer and Striegau. On the other hand, the Allies were before Dresden on the 25th, and important and decisive results are expected. Colonel Hammerstein has come over to

us with two Westphalian regiments of hussars; reported to be "burning with zeal for the good cause and only anxious to be placed where the fight is thickest."

When Gentz and Ompteda had left, I turned my attention to Vernon, who had dropped in to dine with me and Rumbold; for I found that my old schoolfellow and friend was somewhat too much in the dolefuls; too seriously smitten with the little flirting Baronne, and looking too anxiously forward to meeting her in the evening at the Countess Steinberg's. I invited him to take a stroll with me to the Hradschin, and on our way informed him that the lady of his newly kindled love was *une intrigante de la première classe.* That her husband, being poor and unable to indulge his wife in the lavish expenditure she was inclined to, was so kind and considerate as to allow *un ami de la maison,* a Russian prince with a very long purse, to make up this deficiency for him, and of course to grant him the privilege of taking care of the Baronne in his absence. That, had my friend Vernon used his eyes for aught but to meet the speaking glances and admire the coquettish airs of the fascinating Baronne, he might have observed a middle aged and amply bewhiskered gentleman eyeing him now and then, attentively, but askance.

Knowing that *la belle Baronne's* chief delight is to amuse herself by casting her spells around all the unwary young fellows who come in her way—laughing maliciously as they struggle, like so many flies in a web, to get free—the princely *cicisbeo* not only

makes no objection to this interesting and innocent amusement, but feels rather flattered by it than otherwise. Should, however, any rash youth, presuming on the encouragement he has received, venture to press his suit beyond the limit it suits the lady to allow, *Monsieur le Prince* would think it right, in the absence of the baron, to call the offender to account, and chastise him.

"You are jealous, my good fellow," was Vernon's grateful acknowledgment of the information I volunteered for his especial benefit—never being willing, unnecessarily, to unveil to other eyes the slight blemishes or weaknesses that are occasionally apparent to my own in the characters or proceedings of *le beau sexe.*

Vernon repeated his accusation. "You are jealous, George," he said, "and you know it."

I could only answer that I was an old and steady married man, and refer to Rumbold for the truth of what I had asserted respecting Madame de S.

Of course he laughed heartily at this. But when he had had his laugh out, he assured me that although he was duly obliged for my friendly care of him, he was by no means so fast in the toils of the fair Baronne that he could not, at once and readily, shake them off.

As we walked home, Vernon assumed the tone of a moralist. He said, that both from his own observation and what he had been told, he knew that society at Vienna and Berlin, and some other German Courts was as depraved as it well could be; yet he had

heard of nothing that more thoroughly convinced him of its utter rottenness to the very core than the family arrangements of the Baron de S. And as all parties, apparently, were well received in the best circle at Prague, he inferred that such arrangements were not uncommon.

I could not help reminding this virtuous censor, as he waxed more indignant the more he thought over this specimen of the lax morality of German society, that *he* at all events would not have done much to improve it; as, but for the post being already occupied, he had been quite prepared to play the lover to another man's wife. He said it was the fault of the Baronne, who was a heartless flirt, and that he would not go to Madame de Steinberg's this evening. So we sent Rumbold, being a hardened sinner, to supply his place, and Vernon spent the evening with me, *chez* Madame d'Alopeus, who had a very pleasant *petite soirée*.

28*th*.—Intelligence has just been received of the Allies having attacked the old town of Dresden, on the afternoon of the 26th, and carried several advanced works. Many shells were thrown into the town. The batteries were placed in a circular form around it; and the result was that it was set on fire in several places, and many of the fine buildings in Dresden were soon enveloped in flames.

The garrison made a vigorous sally, but met with as vigorous a repulse. The troops behaved with great bravery. The French artillery was said to be ill served.

After calling on Madame d'Alopeus, Vernon, Rumbold, and myself, spent the evening with Madame de Marwitz. Our congratulations on the news of the morning were interrupted by a rumour that was afloat of the Allies having sustained a check, when moving forward to the assault of the town.

29*th.*—No confirmation of the unsatisfactory rumour of last evening is yet arrived. But we have all been in procession to the Cathedral to pray for the success of the allied arms. It was an interesting ceremony, and attracted a large assemblage of people, whose earnestness and enthusiasm in the good cause were pleasant to witness. After the ceremony, we had a large dinner party at the Russian minister's, whence the greater part of the company adjourned to drink tea with the Princess Wolkonski.

The unsatisfactory accounts gain ground, without, however, any certain intelligence having yet reached us, and much anxiety prevails here. Gentz has sent me an extract from a letter just received from Töplitz, but it adds but little to what we already know.

Extrait d'une Lettre de Töplitz.

"On a fait, hier le 26 août, une première attaque sur Dresde. Elle eut lieu à quatre heures de l'après-midi; plusieurs ouvrages avancés furent bientôt pris. A six heures la garnison fit une sortie très vive contre la vallée de Plauen; elle fut repoussée par plusieurs charges de cavallerie superbes. L'opération

continue aujourd'hui. On a jetté une quantité de bombes dans la ville. Le feu a pris à sept endroits. Jérome Colpredo et plusieurs autres se sont fort distingués. Le Général Comte Giulay a été blessé au pied par une balle. Le Comte Nesselrode a eu une contusion à la tête. Rien n'est arrivé d'ailleurs, autant que je sais, à des individus connus. Tout le monde s'est conduit à merveille.

"Blücher a repris l'offensive; l'armée Française retournait en grande hâte vers l'Elbe. L'Empereur Napoléon était hier lui-même à Dresde. Tout va bien et de tous les côtés."

Diaries.—30*th.*—This morning my worst fears are realized. A messenger brings me news of the disastrous retreat of the Allies from Dresden, and of General Moreau being wounded. No details are given, and I anxiously await further particulars. But, *en attendant*, I must put the best face I can upon this meagre yet unfortunate intelligence—having to entertain a party to dinner. For the first time, too, since I came on the Continent my table is to be graced by the presence of ladies. The Princesses Repnin and Wolkonski and a young *protégée* of the latter, Mademoiselle Lomirski; the Countess Steinberg, Mesdames d'Alopeus and de Marwitz honour me with their company. Gentz, d'Alopeus, Ompteda, Lord Walpole, Vernon, Disbrowe and Mackenzie also dine with me and Rumbold.

8 P.M.—Despite the unfavourable news, nothing could have passed off more agreeably than our dinner.

At the suggestion of Gentz, we resolved to sit down, hoping the best. "We really knew," he said, "very little, and although that little was not calculated to elate us, yet we were justified, he conceived, in believing that more ample details would have been forwarded, or have reached us through *some* channel, had the catastrophe been of a very overwhelming kind; and for his part, his faith in the spirit and bravery of the Allies forbade him, on uncertain data, to believe that it had been. He therefore would suggest that we should not spoil our digestion by encouraging gloomy forebodings, but rather that we should cast them aside, anticipate good tidings, and until their arrival, enjoy the good things placed before us, and, what was far better, the charming society of the amiable and distinguished ladies it was their privilege to meet." The speech was approved of, and the Chevalier's advice—being fortified by the smiles and the bright eyes of the ladies—was pretty well acted upon. When the party was about to separate, the Princess Wolkonski engaged us all to drink tea and spend the evening with her. This, *I* was prevented from doing by the arrival of Mr. Addington with despatches from Sir Charles Stewart. Rumbold was charged to make my excuses to the Princess, and I sat down to talk over the events of the war with Mr. A., and afterwards to spend the night in writing for England, that the messenger might get off early this morning.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles Stewart to G. Jackson, Esq.

MY DEAR JACKSON :—

Addington will tell you how totally impossible it has been for me to write to you before. I must even now refer you to him for all details that my despatches, which I send under flying seal, do not give.

Our military affairs have been most lamentably mismanaged; where the fault lies, it would be too much for me to say. I can only deplore it and hope that the future may retrieve the past. I depend on you for sending off a messenger to Gothenburg, even if you take your own servant. I have no one I can despatch to you from hence, and God knows when Lord Cathcart will be ready. It is necessary that we should act for ourselves, and not delay an instant. Send Addington back to me; don't let him be seduced into staying for any of your *réunions*. Tell me all the news you have, *domestic* and public.

I leave to your discretion, the sending through Thornton at the Prince of Sweden's head-quarters. My own impression is that it would be as well to send him some extracts, so that the messenger might not go out of the direct course. Show Hardenberg my despatches, if they interest him. You may be sure I would have written to you sooner had there been means or possibility.

Believe me ever, &c.

CHARLES STEWART.

If the Duke of Cumberland has got back to Prague

you may show H.R.H. my despatches. Tell him I left orders at all the postmasters for him. I grieve that he left this to day; for he missed a beautiful action.

Töplitz, at night, August 29, 1813.

Diaries—It appears that Bonaparte determined upon attacking the Allies, who occupied a very extended position on the heights around Dresden on the bank of the Elbe. In the disposition of his forces he seems to have had a great advantage over the allied army. Dresden, lined with guns, was in their rear; if they made an impression, they could follow it up, if they failed, they could withdraw in security and the Allies could not pursue them under the guns of the town. The weather added to their difficulties. There was a thick fog and incessant rain, and the action at all points was sustained under the heaviest disadvantages, by troops who had arrived at their position by rapid marches over bad roads and through difficult defiles, and whose supplies of every kind it was next to impossible to get up.

Heavy cannonading on both sides seems to have formed the chief feature of the battle; charges were made by the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian cavalry, but the main body of the infantry did not come into action.

On the evening of the 28th, the enemy having continued his attack on the position of the Allies up to that time, with severe loss on both sides; and there being reason to fear that Bonaparte would pass a considerable body of troops across the Elbe, at

Königstein and Pirna, in order to possess himself of the passes in the rear of the allied army, a retreat was ordered, and the troops in different columns began their march, followed by the enemy. The roads over the passes are in a most wretched state, and it is feared that some of the artillery and baggage must be abandoned. But the most memorable event of this battle, is the loss the Allies have sustained of the services of General Moreau, almost as soon as they had acquired them. While the General was in conversation with the Emperor Alexander on the subject of the operations of the troops, a cannon shot shattered both his legs, the ball passing through his horse. This sad catastrophe occurred on the 28th, about the middle of the day. Moreau's unhappy fate is deeply and generally lamented. He was alive when the last accounts came away; but after so great a misfortune, it is not to be expected that he should long survive, nor, indeed, is it to be wished. I send home a few lines by this messenger, with the hope that they may perchance reach England before the French accounts, and that my brother may thus be able to break the sad news to poor Madame Moreau.

Some slight successes have been gained by Blücher during the last few days; and especially in a sharp affair on the 26th with a skirmishing party.

31*st*.—As a sort of a set off against our failure at Dresden, we have intelligence of Count Osterman's defeat of Vandamme, yesterday, on the road from Töplitz towards Peterswalde. It was a very brilliant

action. The Russian column, which was retreating, found that the enemy had passed the Elbe at Pirna and held possession of the mountain pass of Peterswalde, and that they would be obliged to force their way through with the bayonet. This they most gallantly attempted, and succeeded in. Afterwards, being reinforced by the reserves of Russian cavalry and infantry—the former under the command of the Grand Duke Constantine—they remained in action with the French; and held in check until late in the evening three corps and one division, amounting to more than double their number, thus preventing the retreat of the columns of the army and artillery that were retiring by Altenberg, and which had been delayed by the badness of the roads from being endangered. Vandamme and Bertrand commanded; the former was taken prisoner with several other officers. Count Osterman, towards the close of day, lost an arm by a cannon shot. Prince Galitzin, who particularly distinguished himself, was wounded during the attack. The loss on both sides was heavy.

The enemy during the day persisted in following our rear guard, and it appears that the Duke of Cumberland, who was at Zelsista on the 20th, intending to join the King of Prussia at head-quarters, ran considerable danger of being made prisoner.

Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Lambe, who had arrived in the course of the day, dined with me. His Lordship is very much out of sorts at finding things so much less comfortable in most respects than he had looked for.

Sept. 4th.—The next morning I walked with him to the Chancellor Hardenberg's and afterwards called on Baron Stein, who informed us that Sir Charles Stewart had been wounded in the action of the 30th. I resolved to go to him as soon as I could get horses; Vernon decided to accompany me, Rumbold to stay behind, to keep possession of the excellent quarters we have at last got into, in case I should be detained at Töplitz—though my intention was to return the same evening—and there should be on that account any attempts on the part of some of our envious friends to dispossess us.

The same morning Marshal Vandamme was brought through Prague on his way to Russia. As soon as he appeared, the excited populace set up such a chorus of yells and hootings, that one would have supposed a whole army of savages or demons had been suddenly let loose. He was assailed by every indecent and opprobrious epithet that could be thought of or invented, every insulting gesture, every indignity that circumstances permitted them to heap upon him; and but for the strong guard that surrounded him he would probably have been sacrificed to their fury. I never felt more thoroughly disgusted in my life, I wished from my soul that a French column, by some happy chance, might appear and chastise this horde of barbarous *canaille* as they deserved.

It is true that Vandamme has the reputation of being a man of unusual harshness of disposition, and instances have been stated of his having displayed much ferociousness of character. But he is also well

known for his great military talents, for his boldness and bravery, his daring valour in action; and this should at least have protected him from the insults heaped upon him when he passed through the streets a prisoner. He was pale as death, with an expression of disdain on his stern features. I own, that I never before felt so much for any man. His guards were I think heartily ashamed of the disgraceful scene, and quickened their pace to get free from it; the wretched mob screeching out their execrations as long as they could keep up with the cavalcade.

Immediately after dinner we set out for Töplitz, which we reached at noon the next day, and found Sir Charles but poorly, from the effects of a severe contusion, but likely to be well again in a few days. Having visited several old friends and acquaintances assembled there, we were about to return, when I learnt that the Duke of Cumberland wished to see me, and received a note requesting that I would drink tea with him.

As His Royal Highness had no beds to offer us, Vernon went in quest of a lodging; but so crowded was every place with wounded officers and men, brought in after the late engagement, that the only result of a long search was the promise of some clean straw in an attic, which he had the good fortune to find unoccupied. To this sleeping apartment we repaired on leaving the Duke, and managed to sleep very soundly till morning.

Sir Charles was decidedly better when I called on him, more disposed to talk and to enter into particulars respecting the late action. His wound is doing very

well, and as soon as he is able, in two days he expects, he will set out for Bernadotte's army. The King, he says, behaved remarkably well when the enemy made their rapid advance by Peterswalde; and by his coolness, and personal exertions, preserved that order and regularity which it was so necessary but so difficult to maintain with the idea in the mind of the troops that an enemy was in their rear.

Some decorations are to be given and received on the auspicious occasion; for Osterman's achievement, though not in itself a great defeat of the French, is yet one of the highest importance, from its having prevented them from accomplishing their purpose of cutting off the retreat of the columns retiring by the mountains, and continuing their own march on Töplitz and perhaps on Prague.

An account having been brought in last night of General Moreau's death, we stopped on our way back to Prague to see the corpse, which was lying in state at the Archbishop's. Moreau's features were not at all changed. Their expression of perfect calm was remarkably striking. His dress and the different things around him were left precisely as they were at the moment of his death. Amputation of both legs had been skilfully performed, and with as little of suffering as possible. He, however, gradually sank after the operation; but died perfectly composed. An Austrian messenger was sent to England with a letter from Moreau to his wife, written after the sad catastrophe occurred. It contained a few lines in his own hand, and was finished by Rapatel, his aide-de-camp and

confidential friend. To-morrow, the body will be removed. It is to be taken to St. Petersburg, to be interred in the Champ de Mars. A cast of his face has been taken, and I am promised one for my brother. We got home to breakfast this morning, and I afterwards went to pay my respects to the Duchess of Sagan, who has arrived here, and who requested that I would drink tea with her.

I found on my return a letter from Colonel Cooke, whom I had not time to seek out at Töplitz. I now much regret it.

Colonel Henry Cooke to George Jackson, Esq.

MY DEAR JACKSON. Töplitz, Sept. 2nd, 1813.

You will have heard ere this of Sir Charles having unfortunately received a wound at the commencement of a very brilliant action on the 30th. Although there is no fear of his ultimate recovery, I am of opinion that he will find himself disabled for a much longer time than he is inclined to believe. It was his intention to have joined the Prince of Sweden immediately after the action.

Nothing can exceed the disaster of our retreat. The badness of the weather was beyond all example at this period of the year, and no words can describe to you the state of the roads through the passes which separate the country between Saxony and Bohemia. They were so nearly impracticable, that how any part of either our baggage or artillery has been saved is to me a source of the greatest astonishment.

I know not what we may have lost in guns, but of

baggage a great deal, although we were pressed in the early part of our retreat very little. My carriage, horses, and some baggage have fallen into the enemy's hands. This is a loss to me of no small importance. I know not how to replace it. Should there be anything in the neighbourhood of Prague in the shape of a carriage or britschka that would suit me, I should feel truly thankful if you would purchase it for me, as well as a supply of wine, of the best description that Prague affords. If, too, you could find me a good servant in livery, a *jäger*, or footman, who speaks something more than German, a little Russian is now useful, and would send him to me instantly in charge of the wine, you would really be doing a destitute fellow creature a particular service—a deed after your own heart, my good fellow.

Moreau, I hear, is not yet dead; there are however no hopes of him.

It is quite incomprehensible to me under what circumstances we advanced towards Dresden, if we were to *retreat immediately*, and *that* even without a well combined effort against the place. The troops have acted bravely, particularly *Rushi* and *Kaiser*.

The battle of the 30th was brilliant and complete; we have now eighty guns, some standards, and I should think near nine thousand prisoners *in hand*.

There is a report that two thousand horse, under the Saxon general, are also in our hands.

Pray have pity on my distress, and believe me ever sincerely yours,

HENRY COOKE.

P.S. Will you add to the commissions some horse shoes, a hammer, and about five thousand horse shoe nails. Among the many English now living at Prague there may be some one inclined to dispose of his carriage, which I would willingly purchase.

I am a most unlucky dog! *Vous me comprenez, n'est ce pas mon ami?*

Adieu,

H. C.

Diaries 6th.—Lord Aberdeen has been received as ambassador, which has a little reconciled him to an undertaking which he said to-day, openly at dinner, and also tells *à qui veut l'entendre*, is one that "he cannot bear, and would not go on with to keep the crowns on the allied heads." This, it must be confessed, is *un peu fort*, especially when we look back a little and consider from whom it proceeds. The result, I fancy, may be easily foreseen. He cannot speak two words of French, and has the folly to tell every body that he hates it. I could have laughed out-right, as indeed some who heard him did, if on such a subject under such circumstances it were allowable to be merry, to hear him recount the difficulties and hardships he had undergone since landing on the Continent. One would have supposed he had never been out of Argyle House. In all probability, in a month or two his lordship will return to his comforts and luxuries, and Lambe will present letters as Minister. This would suit me famously, but, otherwise, I do not know that I could at present do better than as I am.

Stewart and I are on excellent terms, and seldom on the same spot. This gives me for the greater part of the time the position and emoluments of *Chargé*. All these arrangements have quite upset the high pretensions of poor King, from whom I received a letter yesterday. He is sufficiently furious that his merits should be overlooked, and the allied powers lose the benefit of his talents and great experience as a negotiator. He remains at Berlin, and will not come to Prague although his duchess, to whom he used so assiduously to pay court, is now here. She is, however, much altered; *mais de beaux restes*, notwithstanding.

M. de Rapatel, Moreau's aide-de-camp, drank tea with us. He told me that Moreau's letter, and his own announcing the General's death, were sent to England enclosed in one to my brother, that he might break the sad intelligence to Madame Moreau. The Emperor Alexander has made very handsome offers of providing for her and her child, if she should choose to settle at St. Petersburg. Moreau's letter was as follows:—"*Ma chère amie—A la bataille de Dresde, il y a trois jours, j'ai eu les deux jambes emportées d'un boulet de canon. Ce coquin de Bonaparte est toujours heureux. On m'a fait l'amputation aussi bien qu'il est possible. Quoique l'armée s'est fait un mouvement rétrograde ce n'est nullement pas revers mais pour s'approcher à Général Blücher. Excuse mon griffonnage—je t'aime et je t'embrasse de tout mon cœur. Je charge Rapatel de finir.*" Rapatel assures me that, so far from General Moreau having advised the attack on

Dresden, he had, on the contrary, given an opinion decidedly against it, and recommended that the Allies should place themselves between the Elbe and Bonaparte's resources. For this purpose he would have done what he could against Dresden in the way of bombarding it, but the main body of the army he would have marched by Chemnitz on Leipzig. Another fault, he says, was allowing the Austrians to make the *détour* they did by Komotau—for some unexplained reason of their own—instead of passing by Peterswalde; by which means they did not reach Dresden till the 25th instead of 24th, and then Bonaparte was prepared for them.

Arrived at Sayda, the General saw, at a road branching off to the right, a finger-post with the words, "Zu Orppoldiswalde." Turning to the Emperor Alexander, he said, "There, Sire, is the severest *critique* on our movement." On the 27th, the General thought the town might have been taken; but Rapatel, confirming Cooke's statement, almost in his own words, says that no well-combined effort was made for that purpose. To whom the fault was due, he does not pretend even to hint, but in other quarters it is more than hinted that Jomini's counsels prevailed over the better judgment of the allied commanders, who supposed him to be better acquainted with the plans of Bonaparte than, it would seem, he really is. Some secret influence is believed—and not without reason—to be still working in Boney's favour in the Austrian Cabinet. Up to the 23rd ult., not a word had appeared in the "Moniteur" on the

subject of the Austrian declaration. This shows how apprehensive he has been of the effect its announcement *might* have produced. Why it has *not* been produced, and why he has been enabled to neutralize its effect by the manner of communicating it to his good people of Paris, are subjects which are much, though, *pour cause*, privately discussed here. I can only say, in Sir Charles's words, "I wish the future may retrieve the past."

Barclay de Tolli has received the 1st Class of the Order of St. George! The Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, who have both behaved very nobly, have the small cross of Maria Theresa. The Emperor Francis on giving it to the former said, "he did so on condition that his Imperial Majesty would not attempt to merit the cross of Commander."

7th.—After breakfast, Vernon and I accompanied Baron Reden to the Hradschin to see a famous library, belonging to a convent of *Prémontées*. Also a fine collection of pictures, many of great antiquity, but most of them so grimy and dirty that, although there were said to be amongst them pictures of rare merit by celebrated masters, it was difficult to see what they were. I could only gaze with reverence on their coating of venerable dirt, and with unquestioning faith believe, as I was informed, that a beautiful painting was before me, though concealed from my view by the accumulated dust of centuries. We afterwards drove to the Jesuits' College. The library there is far more extensive — containing 23,000 volumes—than that of the Hradschin, which

has but 18,000. They have also some very curious and rare manuscripts, beautifully illuminated, and dating from the eleventh century—the gold and colouring being as bright and fresh as if but of yesterday's date.

In the course of the morning there were many reports of the advance of the armies, but no certain accounts. Reden and Stein and a large party of English dined with us. Before we left the table, Mr. Solly returned from head-quarters, bringing accounts of Bonaparte having left Dresden with his whole force—except fifteen thousand men at garrison—on the evening of the 3rd, for the purpose of marching against Blücher, who had then reached Gorlitz. Prince Schwartzenberg had gone to his support with fifty thousand Austrians. His head-quarters were to be moved to-day to Leitmeritz. General Bennigsen's army of reserve—eighty thousand strong, they tell us—has its advance at Leignitz.

Murat they say now commands the cavalry under Bonaparte; and a good deal of anxiety is felt at head-quarters respecting Marshal Davoust's operations.

We spent the evening with the Duchess of Sagan, the Princess Wolkonski, and some other ladies. Jomini was present. There has been some speculation as to who would succeed Moreau, and Jomini has been mentioned as likely to take his post of aide-de-camp general to Alexander. He is the author of the "Parallel between the Campaigns of Frederick the Great and of Bonaparte," and is credited with a good deal of military talent; but I doubt that he is

either capable or willing to supply Moreau's place in the councils of the allied sovereigns.

Jomini is a man of the most inordinate ambition; and to that alone, and neither from hatred of Bonaparte nor attachment to the good cause, do we owe his *desertion* from the French. If, therefore, enough, as he considers, is not done for him, he would not hesitate to desert a second time. Upon such a man as Jomini is now known to be, no dependence can be placed. I was particularly annoyed this evening, when the ladies were speaking of General Moreau, and one of them happened to say of him, as she turned to Jomini, "*votre compatriote*;" to hear him, in the very worst tone and manner, launch out—interrupting the general conversation—with, "*Non, mesdames!*" "*Je ne suis pas le compatriote de Moreau!—si je l'étais, vous ne m'auriez jamais vu ici.*" Such a reply was so entirely uncalled for to the remarks of a mere *côtérie* of women, and was in the highest degree ungenerous towards one who but a day or two before had lain dead before his eyes—for he attended with others the requiem of poor Moreau. Many angry looks were darted at Jomini, by both ladies and men, when he concluded his speech, and the general conversation was resumed only by the efforts of the duchess. I felt tempted to ask him, whether as a Swiss he was not betraying, and fighting against his country by serving under Bonaparte. *C'est vrai, qu'on aime la trahison mais non le traitre.* I would turn Jomini's *trahison* to what account I could, but never trust him out of my sight.

During the last ten days there has been quite an influx of deserters, not a few of whom are supposed to be spies; for being but little looked after, many of them have after a day or two disappeared, or, not liking their new quarters, deserted back again with such information as they could collect. In Blücher's various successful skirmishes and actions from the 26th ult. to the 2nd inst. it is computed that he has taken not less than fifteen thousand prisoners and a hundred pieces of cannon. The peasants of Silesia are active in collecting and bringing in prisoners after the actions.

9th.—Hardenberg tells me, in confidence, that there are good expectations of Bavaria very shortly joining the Allies. Several communications have passed between that Court and the allied sovereigns, who themselves have carried on the correspondence. The Chancellor took the opportunity of returning to the charge on the subject of the disparity, as he terms it, between the amount of aid given by Great Britain to Russia and that she affords to Prussia, who has in the field a much larger force than the former Power. Some jealousy has also arisen respecting the proposed investiture of the Emperor with the order of the Garter. It is thought that there are many reasons for expecting that the same distinction should be conferred on the King of Prussia. Upon these matters I have more than once written to Sir Charles, who has privately mentioned them to Lord Castlereagh; but so strong is the feeling of Hardenberg on the subject, and I understand of the King also, that

some more direct communication will probably soon be made for an increase of subsidy, and a stronger hint given of the desire of the King for the Garter.

11*th.*—A messenger arrived from Töplitz at eight o'clock this morning, with accounts that the Allies had been repulsed at Peterswalde, and that the allied sovereigns were leaving Töplitz in consequence. Mr. Gordon also returns from head-quarters and confirms this, declaring that when he left the town at four in the afternoon of yesterday he saw the French advancing, and already close to it. This news occasioned some consternation in Prague. I went out with Vernon to seek Gentz, who, however, knew no more than ourselves, and we afterwards called on Stein. His intelligence was of the same nature, but he was not inclined to give entire credence to it. He thought it exaggerated, and believed that things were not going on so ill as was supposed. Rapatel, Gentz, Gordon, and others dined with us; the probable advance of the French was the chief topic of conversation. Captain James and Dr. Franks arrived from Berlin and reported an expected attack on that city by the division under Marshal Ney. While at dinner Sir Charles came in from Töplitz and allayed the general anxiety with the welcome intelligence that the French had been repulsed, and finally compelled to retire.

12*th.*—Before I was up, a note was brought to me from Gentz with the news he had received from Töplitz.

Ce dimanche, 12 septembre.

"J'ai eu à minuit des lettres de Töplitz, par lesquelles je vois qu'il y a eu avant hier une affaire très chaude avec une colonne Française, d'environ quinze mille hommes, qui était arrivée par le Gegensberg et que l'on a vigoureusement repoussée. On s'attendait à quelqu'autre événement plus sérieux pour hier, puisque Napoléon était avec deux corps d'armée sur la route de Nöllendorff, où cependant le 10 on n'avait absolument que tiraillé. Mais jusqu'à dix heures du matin hier, tout était profondément tranquille. Le silence sur lequel nous avons fait hier nos réflexions est maintenant expliqué; comme l'Empereur et M. de Metternich n'ont jamais quittés Töplitz, et que le courier journalier au lieu d'être expédié à sept heures du matin l'a été à dix, je n'ai pu avoir des nouvelles que très tard."

GENTZ.

"Midi—On m'écrit que Blücher était en pleine marche sur Dresde et doit être entré à Bautzen le 10. Le Prince Royale de Suède marchait sur Wittenberg."

GENTZ.

13*th*.—We have intelligence of the Crown Prince of Sweden having defeated Ney, with Oudinot and Bertrand commanding under him, on the 6th at Dannewitz. The enemy lost fifteen or sixteen thousand men, sixty pieces of cannon, and four hundred tumbrils. The Prince was pursuing them under the

guns of Torgau, and it was thought that the retreating corps would have difficulty in crossing the Elbe at that place without coming to another engagement with their pursuers. The brunt of this action—which appears to have been one of desperate fighting on both sides—was borne by the Prussians, under Tauentzien and Bülow. The Prince writes with enthusiasm of their bravery, and says he "sees in them the spirit of the soldiers of the Great Frederick."

14*th*.—The French continue their retreat, breaking up the roads as they retire. Of the whole corps engaged under Ney only fifteen thousand escaped. Ten thousand, under Oudinot have reach Dresden; the rest are at Wittenberg and Torgau. A reinforcement of seventeen thousand men had arrived at Erfurt—but chiefly composed of raw recruits.

These particulars we learn from the Austrian Colonel Mensdorff, who took a French courier, between Leipzig and Dresden, charged with all the despatches and letters of the French army for Paris; at least three thousand in number. These letters give the most woful accounts; the most dismal details of the condition of the French army; of the despondency of the troops at their frequent defeat, and especially since the battles of Culm and Dannewitz. It is intended, I believe, to print and distribute them. The grand crosses of Maria Theresa, and of Saint George have been sent to the Crown Prince of Sweden.

Spent the morning in preparing for my departure

from Prague; afterwards dined at Sir Charles's with Lord Aberdeen, Alopeus, Stein and Ompteda. Sir Charles not very well, and the dinner, on the whole, a stupid affair. Went with Rumbold to drink tea with Madame d'Alopeus and to pass an hour at the play.

15*th*.—A courier from Colonel Cooke arrives from head-quarters. The allied advanced posts had passed the frontier at Peterswalde. The advanced guard of General Bubna at Neustadt and Neukirchen; that of Blücher at Hernhutt. In spite of the cross purposes at which the Allies at times seem to be playing, we really have had some very brilliant successes over Boney. So much so, indeed, that nothing but the grossest mismanagement on the part of his opponents could render our triumph problematical. Better, however, not to raise our hopes too high, but to be content if *his* be so.

This morning I rode out with the Princess Wolkonski, Madame d'Alopeus, and Rapatel to see a country house and gardens, about three German miles distant. They had been described as worth a journey to see; the house as a fine old German mansion, the gardens as of great extent and of unusual beauty. Both turned out a disappointment; there was nothing more striking in them than in many others in the neighbourhood of Prague. However, a charming ride in pleasant company was an ample *dédommagement*, as far as I was concerned.

On my return I wrote an official note to the Chancellor, dined with Sir Charles, drank tea with

the Duchess of Sagan and took leave of her and the other ladies of my acquaintance. To-morrow we leave for Töplitz. Sir Charles remains for the present at Prague, I go in advance with the King.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Lyndhurst, August 29th, 1813.

The "Courier" of the 27th contained the welcome news of the Austrian declaration, and people seem, generally, to rejoice at it as they ought. We are now thinking only of what course Bonaparte will pursue in the new war, and—horrible as it seems—almost hoping that he may show pluck enough to get himself out of the scrape. A pretty deep one it appears to be. My speculation is, that he will fall with all his force upon Vienna and Italy, and by punishing the Austrians trust to events to disunite or disable the rest of the Allies. If, however, the accession of Austria should ultimately lead to a general peace it will be fortunate; but I expect there will be many broken heads first. Yet, whatever the result, I must congratulate you upon having been lucky enough to announce the event to Government before any body else.

Sept. 10th.—I am not able to write much to-day, my dear George, having yesterday been bled, and perhaps should not take up my pen at all—though I am informed that a courier leaves for your head-quarters to-morrow—but that I am unwilling to lose the opportunity of saying that I am sure you will be

glad to see Lord Burghersh again, to co-operate with him, and to render him and Lady Burghersh any service that may be in your power.

I know not when, where, or under what circumstances this may reach you, but I request you to bear in mind that I have few things more at heart than to render the stay of Lord and Lady Burghersh on the Continent in every way agreeable to them.

13*th*. — Lord Burghersh, in answer to the few lines I sent him for you, told me he was to set out on the 11th, but I believe he is not yet gone. My object in writing is to bring you together on his arrival, and I hope on as good terms as you were a year or so ago in London. I would advise you even to go a little out of your way for that purpose, and, further, to be *satisfied* with any little airs of seniority which his lordship may perchance give himself. More, I need not say, and even that may be needless, for you know as well as I do that Burghersh is, in the main, a most good-natured, excellent-hearted creature, with a most charming young wife. He is also a great friend of Sir Charles Stewart, and a correspondent of his.

God knows where this will find you. You must be in the habit of seeing, or at least be within reach of many men with whom I have been on friendly and confidential terms, and should like now to have a few hours' conversation with. I have received the manifesto, both German and French. It does not do much credit to its author; for though well written, it is too long, and touches upon topics

with which Austria had nothing to do. This, *entre nous.*

You certainly obey your orders most strictly. Having discontinued the forwarding of your journal for our perusal, it is impossible to make out from the few hastily-written lines received from you, whom you see, whom you talk with, who lives with you, what has become of Rumbold, or indeed anything else that we desire to know. It is even not quite clear that you are at the place whence your meagre epistles are dated. As you know, I approve a certain reserve and can therefore make some allowance for it; but I think you might let *me*, particularly, who am so well acquainted with the *carte du pays*, more into your own history, without betraying the secrets of the state.

Dorville has also been silent, and Elizabeth is naturally anxious to hear of her brother, whom, as he was with Blücher, we suppose to have been in the affair of the 26th of August. If you should come across him, do him what service you can. He is paid to be shot at; it is his trade, and I hope he will have the satisfaction of shooting a Frenchman or two in return. His motto is *pro aris et focis*, and I doubt not we shall hear honourable mention of him and his General. Indeed I am not without hopes that we may yet hear of the taking of Dresden. Remember, however, that to be shot at forms no part of *your* trade. A messenger recently from Reichenbach reported that he had left you all at a large dinner, after which, as he understood, Sir

Charles was going to the Crown Prince and you *in advance* with the King If it is so, I advise you to keep out of the way of the balls; for if they should hit you, you will get no honour and be laughed at only for your pains.

As to my health, I do not know that I am worse, but I am not well. I have written to Bath to-day to know Creaser's opinion; for I feel that it is not right to be without some other advice than is to be had here; and as I do not imagine that I am very bad, I should like Creaser, who so well knows our constitutions, to have the credit of curing me.

16*th.*—Bonaparte took care that the news of Moreau's wound and subsequent death should reach us first through the medium of one of his newspapers; and what has since come to hand has unfortunately confirmed the truth of his statement.

20*th.*—I have now received your letter, and one from Colonel Rapatel, dated Jauer, Sept. 1st. It was intercepted on its way to me at the Office, and so was the General's letter to his wife, also enclosed to me, without any better reason being assigned for it than a great anxiety to communicate to Madame Moreau the latest particulars respecting her husband. She was in the most terrible state of mind, from the time of the arrival of the account of his wounds to that of the announcement of his death. Poor Moreau! one could hardly wish that he should have survived.

Elizabeth being absent, the Duchess of Devonshire undertook to break the sad tidings and deliver the General's letter to his wife; and I dare say she did so

in the best manner. But, probably, what was done at the Office was the cause of the poor General's letter appearing in the newspapers. It happened without any knowledge or participation of mine.

The state of my health prevents me from going to Wimbledon, which otherwise I should immediately have done. The Duchess, and Madame de Staël, who have both paid visits of some hours to Madame Moreau, represent her as being now as composed and resigned as in her delicate state of health we can expect her to be under so heavy a blow, and after so severe a shock to her feelings. Poor Moreau! It is indeed a cruel fate, to have come from America only to meet with so sad an end. But he seems to have died like a hero, and is universally regretted.

Elizabeth and I have both written to urge his wife to take refuge for a time in this beautiful forest, and to pass a few weeks quietly with us, as she intended before this calamity happened. But I suppose the acceptance or otherwise of Alexander's proposals will determine her movements. She is now very near Lady Liverpool, and, I believe, in very good hands.

I wish you to communicate this immediately to Colonel Rapatel, as I may not be able to write to him by this messenger. Tell him also that I will take care to forward his letters to America, and that Elizabeth, as soon as his second letter reaches her, will hasten to give effect to it. Pray send me, if possible, a bust or cast of Moreau.

Remembering what Metternich *was*, when we were

in Berlin, what you tell us of him *now* amuses us. He must, however, be changed indeed if he prefers the situation he is in at present to those times of *petites soirées, chez nous, et chez lui.*

I am neither surprised, nor very sorry, at what you tell me of Lord Aberdeen. He is however a man to stay at his post, in decency, for a certain time. It is yet early days to talk of a mission, and as I have no doubt that you will have the allowance of Chargé d'affaires for the whole time you are absent, this, together with your salary as Secretary of legation, your extra 500*l.*, your expenses of moving about, postage, &c., &c., should make your income nearly, if not quite as good as that of a minister plenipotentiary. That, and Secretary of embassy used to be the best-paid situations in the line.

Though you still withhold the journal, which our mother says ought by this time to have found its way into the Archives to a much later date than it has, it has nevertheless come to our knowledge, through the reports of messengers and "gentlemen of eminence" returning from their travels, that you lead a tolerably jovial life at head-quarters. And though Boney drives you from pillar to post, you contrive to entertain the John Bulls and others to an extent I thought you had determined, before setting out, not to go to. It is unnecessary; and you will get no thanks for it. These reports may, however, be like many others, exaggerations. Lady Rumbold has asked me for news of her son, and complains of the scarcity of letters. I suppose Rumbold lives at head-quarters

on the same conditions as an *attaché* of the mission, for whatever he may be in the way of hearing or seeing, it appears he reports little or nothing.

We have no recent news from the allied armies, except it be a French intimation of what has happened to a corps under Davoust near Luneberg; we are therefore anxiously looking out for continental arrivals. From the Peninsula we are constantly receiving good news. St. Sebastian has at length fallen, though not without so considerable a loss in killed and wounded on our side, that I think the town was not worth such a sacrifice. But as the place has never before been taken, its present surrender may serve to add fresh laurels to those which Lord Wellington and his army have already acquired.

F. J. J.

P.S. My complaint has doubtless subsided, but I wish to give it a few finishing blows, now that I have the vantage ground. I therefore think of going to Bath for Creaser's advice. I had a right to expect a long bout, but if I can get the *équilibre* restored by the time I return to Brighton, I shall be well satisfied.

All our love to you. This is a beautiful country, and has excellent venison.

F. J. J.

Mrs. Jackson to George Jackson, Esq.

Bath, September 17, 1813.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

On my return home yesterday, after visiting about for six weeks, I was cheered by the sight of a packet

directed in your well-known hand, and containing some letters and part of your journal, which I may truly say was even more acceptable to me than usual. I have heard from you so seldom of late that I had begun to feel some of the pangs of jealousy. As the jealous are often tormented by fears that are purely of their own coining, so I could not help teazing myself with the idea that that part of your writing which is not exactly correspondence, and which hitherto, when *en activité*, you have forwarded to me to be deposited with the rest of the Bath Archives, had either been intercepted or had strayed into other hands. I should never again, my dear, have been in charity with you if, by *your* will, any change had been made in this matter. For I have so long been your first *confidente* in all matters, whether relating to love, war, or politics, that I should feel robbed of my rights if I were deprived of any part of my privilege.

However, as you tell me it is the will of the higher powers that you should be less communicative now than you were on former occasions, your brother and I must of course bow to their high behests, and be content with such scraps of truth as you are allowed to tell. This concealment makes me doubt that affairs are going on well, and when Mr. Bonaparte announces a victory, I for one shall be inclined to believe *him* rather than the half contradictions of our own papers.

While I think of it, I must give you a commission. If in the course of your rambles through Saxony or Silesia you can meet with a piece of fine cambric for

handkerchiefs, pray secure it for me, as cambric is now of an exorbitant price in this country.

I wish I could say that when I left Lyndhurst I left your brother better. You seem, when your letters came away, to have known nothing of his illness, and as he is not likely to tell you all he suffers, while Elizabeth is too anxious to deceive herself to write what she wishes not to believe, it is only from me, probably, you will learn that there is anything in it to cause us alarm. It is melancholy to see how he is altered; not that his appearance would immediately strike an indifferent beholder, though from frequent bleeding and cupping he is become thinner and very weak; but there is a dulness in his eyes; an excessive drowsiness comes over him; and his countenance, once so bright and full of intelligence, is very different indeed from what it was. I have begged of him, if he does not soon mend, to go to London for further advice; but he rather inclines to place confidence in Creaser, and to come to Bath, further to consult him. All the bleeding, the abstinence, and the discipline he had endured already at Creaser's recommendation, do not, however, seem to have removed any symptom of his complaint. But we must hope the best, my dear George; your brother is yet young, and we must trust in the goodness of God. We left Lyndhurst in a postchaise at eight o'clock, on the 13th, after breakfasting with Francis, and found ourselves at our tea-table soon after seven. The weather, which had been very bad, mended that morning, and enabled us to see two or three of the

most beautiful spots on our journey. Droll enough, in crossing the water from Netley Abbey, a boat full of ladies and gentlemen passed very near us; when one of the ladies called out, "How do you do, Mrs. Jackson? When did you last hear from Germany?" Who should this be but Lady Rumbold! I answered, "Not lately;" and of course, we passed on too fast for more conversation. If we had not, I could have told her then nothing of her son, and very little, even now.

I do not suppose that what you have sent me is all you have written. You would not trust to my discretion, but fancied I might whisper at some of our Bath tea-tables what had been discussed at the tea-tables at head-quarters; for really, my dear, from what I read under your own hand, you military and diplomatic gentlemen, both English and foreign, seem to drink tea with each other as frequently as any *coterie* of Bath gossips. This has highly amused your sisters, who say they regret you did not tell us what was said over your cups of Bohea, as they think so mild a beverage must have inspired some theme less savouring of the ferocious than "news from the armies."

It may surprise you to hear that another pen has enlightened us a little respecting your doings, and to a somewhat later date—*your* letter being from Landeck, our informant's from Prague. We know, that although surrounded by the horrors of war, you are living with your friends MM. Rumbold and Vernon in very good quarters, and, as the writer expresses it,

"thank God, wanting for nothing that money can purchase." Lady Rumbold might have been edified by the news of the possibility of her son bringing home a German bride, as it is supposed that "Mr. R. has two or three ladies in his eye." How you will lift up your eyebrows and open your eyes at this. I almost fear to name the delinquent. But as I have a personal regard for him, I request of you, as a personal favour, not to mention this matter to him at all. If you disapprove of his writing, though he can of course have nothing to tell beyond such harmless gossip as the above, take some other method of stopping the eloquent tongue, or, rather, the pen of poor Patrick O'Raffer! Luckily, no frank is required for my packet, and there will be no double or treble postage to pay for the story; I shall therefore not scruple to employ another sheet to tell you how we came to be favoured with the perusal of Mr. Paddy's letter. When you were staying with us in the early part of last year, at the time Lady Rumbold and her daughters were also on a visit to Bath, the man, dutifully following the example of the master, lost his heart to the Abigail whose young mistress was supposed to hold yours in captivity. The girl, a very good girl I hear, afterwards engaged herself to a Bath family, in whose service she still lives. She is not likely, she tells me, to marry Mr. O'Raffer, as she has "given her company to another young man," but, "once in a way he writes her a very pretty letter." This, the first she has had since you left England in April last, she could not forbear showing to my maid,

who in her turn could not help telling your sister that "Mr. Raffer had sent a letter to Susan at the Lodge, who was once his sweetheart," and that it was "a strange letter all about Mr. George and Mr. Rumbold and the French." This put me in a great fidget. Your sisters being curious to see the letter, persuaded me to send for Susan. I did so and the young woman behaved very nicely. She said I was quite welcome to read it.

The letter was by no means a bad one. Raffer told her, which I learn for the first time, that he had been so ill of fever that he was left in the hospital at Dresden, and that when well enough "the enemy had the goodness, at your request, to send him on to you at Reichenbach." He then tells of your scampers from place to place and "the good fun it often was." And so on, until your arrival at Prague, a change that pleases him not a little. The dinners, the riding parties, the theatres, the evening entertainments, not forgetting the tea-drinkings, all mentioned, though nothing is particularly described. Pat does not like the German ladies, he says, "*high or low*;" but this I presume to be said by way of compliment to the lady of his love, for in another part he rejoices to be again amongst the fair sex, "because it is more pleasant for both masters and men." He assures Miss Susan that "we shall soon do for the French," though he is certain that "the English, the Irish, and Scotch would have trimmed their jackets smarter and quicker than any *foreign* soldiers." He ends his epistle, which contains, scattered throughout, as at various times it

was written, many loving effusions becoming a gallant Irishman, by saying that you were about to send him on a journey, as a courier, and that he takes the opportunity of sending on his own letter by a friend, who will post it in England.

And now, my dear George, for my little stroke of diplomacy. I did not wish this letter to be handed about amongst the girl's acquaintances. And as poor Pat is already supplanted, and I perceived that some slight touches of Irish humour were totally lost upon this good stupid wench, who mentioned regretfully that the postage was two shillings and ninepence, I said, "Susan, this long story about things that you know nothing of and can take no interest in, my good girl, has cost you it seems far more than it is worth."

"Yes, indeed, ma'am," she answered, "it have. I like very well to hear from Mr. Raffer, but I do wish he would pay the postage."

"Has this thoughtless man often put you to this expense?" I inquired.

"Oh no, ma'am, it is the first since he went; but he say he shall write again."

"Shall you answer it, Susan?" I asked.

"Lor' ma'am," she said; "I should never know where to find a place to begin upon. Doesn't you think, ma'am, it's more like a piece of reading in the newspaper than a letter? Then, I shouldn't like to pay another two and ninepence."

"Then, Susan," I said, "as my son's name is mentioned in this letter, suppose I give you five-

shillings for it; that will pay the postage and buy you a nice frilled neckerchief." Susan blushed, and smiled with delight. The bargain was struck at once, for this, and any other despatch Mr. Raffer may send; silence on the subject being promised. Poor Paddy! He is a good, honest, faithful creature, and very clever, in his way; but so like a sparebodied Frenchman that I have often wondered that he escaped being taken for one, and treated accordingly, in Spain. My only qualm of conscience in getting possession of his letter was that I suggested to Susan to buy a *frilled* neckerchief, never allowing my own maids to wear any but plain ones. My hand is in a tremble with writing so much. I must lay down my pen for to-day.

20*th*.—I am expecting to see your brother in the course of a few days. He comes again to consult Creaser, and I fear his health is not mending. He has worried himself a good deal about the sad fate of Moreau, and the mistake of Hamilton at the Office, by which he was prevented from undertaking with Elizabeth the melancholy commission of announcing the General's death to his wife. The Emperor Alexander's kindness to the afflicted widow evinces much goodness of heart, and demands our love and admiration. It is said, he will make her a Russian princess.

I am glad, in consequence of the Emperor's invitation, that your brother is not likely to see the poor woman at Brighton. He thinks it more desirable she should pass the winter there, and leave for Russia in the spring, in the interval making his house

her home, as he says it will be a very quiet season with them on account of his health.

I heard yesterday from the Wells. There was a great deal of company there last month, but in general it was such as might be expected, I am told, to turn out of a Margate Hoy. Of course, they found the place dull, and soon took themselves off to more promising stations. Of the old stagers, only the Charlemonts and your friends, the Spanish Gordons, remained, and they had between them the centre Grove House, at twenty-five guineas a week. The latter are going to Cadiz, and expect to pass at least the whole of next year there. Mrs. Gordon, who has never been there and has never crossed the water, likes the *thoughts* of it exceedingly; how she will like the realization of her pleasant prospects remains to be seen.

We are all waiting with some anxiety for news from the north, as well as to see what Lord Wellington will do next about the Pyrenees. You remember Colonel Martin; he will partake of the glory of his lordship's next rencounter with the enemy. He is very desirous of doing so, or perhaps *was,* before the last long list of killed and wounded arrived. His lady is fortifying her nerves, in the interim, at Rottingdean. It is dreadful to think of the torrents of blood that are shedding in all parts, of the good and noble men whose lives are sacrificed in this terrible contest. St. Sebastian has cost us dear indeed; but what are thousands of valuable lives, if by their loss another laurel leaf is added to the victor's crown!

Some people here are saying they wonder what, after all, is to be done with the Duke of Cumberland. I see he has at last joined the head-quarters of the Allies; but I fear *his* head will never be of any use to them, and that that poor pickle, Dawkins, will be all the worse for attending upon his steps. Mrs. D. has only just left town for Richmond; I hardly think Mr. D. can say upon this occasion, "Better late than never."

You will perhaps have seen in the papers the death of poor Baron de Rolle. He died of an inflammation caused by the excessive fatigue he experienced in his expedition to the Continent with the French princes. He had three weeks of sea-sickness, on board a gun-brig with twelve other passengers, and he never rallied from that. He was buried in Bidborough churchyard, with as little ceremony as possible, early in the morning. Two days before his death, two priests read many psalms, and performed certain hocus-pocus ceremonies over the body, by way of ensuring its repose hereafter and to prevent any mischief ensuing from its being buried by heretics. Mass was said the Sunday following in Monsieur's chapel, though no attention was shown before his death to the poor man who had suffered so much in his service. The Baroness, too, was left to her sorrows and her own melancholy reflections by these stoical princes. I own I have never thought much of them. As I understand poor de Rolle has left but few effects behind him, his name would immediately sink into oblivion but for his regiment and his Baroness.

I seem to have only melancholy subjects to write

upon, and as Bath is just now particularly dull, there are no cheering topics of general interest to relieve the sadness of those that concern our own immediate circle. A friend has sent us the "Spirit of the Public Journals," a laughable annual publication, of value only on this account, like the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," which we are engaged in. We have also "Dr. Syntax's Tour to the Lakes," recommended as very comical. And all these are sent with the view of affording amusement and chasing away gloomy thoughts. The motive is a kind one, but I must confess that this kind of literature in my present frame of mind has a depressing rather than a cheering effect, and distracts me only in a sense contrary to that which was intended.

And now, my dear George, I have only to say that I hope you will soon send us good news from your neighbourhood; and that the result of it may very shortly be, peace to the world and promotion to you.

Your affectionate mother,

C. J.

Diaries.—Töplitz, September 17th.—We left Prague early yesterday morning, and arrived here late last night. Before I was up Count Löwenhjelm called on me, and as soon as I could get dressed I went to the Chancellor, who recommended that the baggage should not be unpacked, as the French were expected to advance. He put into my hands the Treaty with Austria, of which I took a copy and wrote to Sir

Charles on the subject. It strikes me as being, with reference to the interests of Great Britain, a most unsatisfactory document. No mention is made of either Spain or Italy, Holland or Sweden. I returned to the Chancellor and had a long conversation with him, but did not succeed, as indeed I did not expect, in bringing him over to my views.

After dining with the Swedish minister we rode out to the advanced posts. A courier from Colonel Cooke announced that the enemy occupied yesterday in considerable force the mountains and heights in front of Nöllendorf. In the evening an attempt was made to turn the right of the Allies before Culm, while their centre and left were at the same time assailed. Bonaparte assisted in person at this affair. The attack was made with about sixty thousand men, of whom eight thousand were cavalry in reserve. They succeeded in forcing the Allies to fall back. This morning—17th—the corps, thirty thousand strong, moving on their right, being concealed by a thick fog and advancing through woods, gained their flank before the movement was perceived, and forced the Russians and Prussians from the village of Nöllendorf. On the left they were kept in check. The advanced column of the French had gained our right, when General Jerome Coloredo, with a corps of Austrians, suddenly fell upon them and repulsed them *à la baïonnette* with the greatest intrepidity, and completely defeated them.

19*th*.—Repulsed at all points, the enemy retired at night to their former position on the mountains,

occupying, however, the village of Nöllendorf. The Allies have taken up their old ground, and extend, in a semicircular form, across the plain. The loss has been great on both sides. General Blücher's son, a very promising young officer, was killed in the enemy's attack on the centre. It is most positively asserted, as a fact, that Bonaparte's horse was shot under him while reconnoitring on the hills.

I dined at Lord Cathcart's, where we were kept waiting six hours for the Duke of Cumberland. When His Royal Highness at last arrived, it appeared he had been amusing himself at the outposts, and that he had dined elsewhere though expected here. He graciously bade us wait no longer; but we had already waited so long that, for the most part, our appetites were as little improved as the dinner by the delay. There had been a little firing on our right, but nothing of consequence. I returned to my quarters to despatch my servant, *en courier*, late in the evening to Prague.

20*th*.—A courier has been intercepted on his way from Dresden to Paris, taking the French answer to the Austrian declaration, and a Treaty between France and Denmark signed at Copenhagen on the 10th of July. By it, the two Powers mutually guarantee each other's possessions, and Denmark engages, in the event of the armistice being broken, to declare war against England, Russia and Prussia, as well as to aid France with fifteen thousand troops. At the same time an account was received that the commander of these troops, the Prince of Hesse, had

had a dispute with Marshal Davoust which had paralyzed the Danish engagement, and also accounts for the Marshal having retreated before Walmoden with a force doubling his in number, and with a hundred pieces of cannon, against forty which Walmoden had to oppose to him.

From intercepted letters and other sources, we learn that the French army in the mountains is suffering extreme distress. There is the greatest want of provisions and clothing, and numbers of horses die daily. To increase this misery some magazines of oats and straw have been burnt, and it is reported that one loaf is now divided amongst eight men. The miserable weather that prevails adds greatly to the general wretchedness; of which a fair proportion falls to the lot of the allied armies also.

21*st*.—Bonaparte slept at Pirna on the 18th. It is supposed that he will remain on the Elbe as long as possible, as the idea of retreat cannot be very pleasant to him. But last night, the troops in position at Peterswalde retired further towards Dresden and withdrew also from Nöllendorf, to fortify themselves about Zeliesth and Gistrübel. General Ziethen immediately followed them.

I dined to-day with Lord Aberdeen and Baron Humboldt. After dinner the latter—Prussian minister to the Court of Vienna—walked with me to my quarters, where we read over and discussed the Austrian Treaty. He seemed to incline to my opinion respecting it, but said that the three Powers were strongly opposed to any allusion being made to the

points I mentioned; and that he thought there was nothing in the Treaty that militated against existing engagements with *us*.

Prince Wolkonski and Lord Aberdeen drank tea with me. An account was brought in of the bridge at Königstein having been burnt by the Allies, by means of a machine sent down the river. Towards night, Raffer returns from Prague with a long letter from Sir Charles.

Lieut.-Genl. Sir Charles Stewart to George Jackson, Esq.

Prague, October 20th, 1813.

MY DEAR JACKSON.

I am very much obliged to you for your long despatch and private letter. I will send home the former as soon as opportunity offers, for it contains a great deal of useful and sensible observation. I cannot, however, go with you to the full extent of your condemnation of the Austrian Treaty.

I fully discussed it with Lord Aberdeen, and from our joint view of the instrument, it contains as much *general principle* with as little embarrassment to the great contracting parties as possible. With this view as a *great foundation* it was formed. It has its wisdom on the one hand, yet on the other, looking to the interests of particular Powers, I agree with you that it has its drawbacks. On the whole, however, I am inclined, as is Lord Aberdeen, to take the spirit of it, and *appear* satisfied.

We must always remember how slow Austria came to the collar. Connected as she is, there are many

great difficulties for her to meet. Prussia is secondary in the whole of this, nor can you or I raise her into a principal engine, with the two autocrats on her flanks.

The *grand but de la guerre* is laid down, and the grand words in the Treaty, and those which must be our *appui*, are, "*La dissolution de la Confédération du Rhin. L'indépendance entière et absolue des états intermédiaires entre les frontières des monarchies Autrichienne et Prussienne, reconstruits d'après l'échelle mentionnée ci-dessus d'un côté, et le Rhin et les Alpes de l'autre.*"

By this, I conceive, that the independence of everything on this side of the Rhine and Italy is included. With regard to Sweden, if neither Russia nor Prussia think it necessary to force Austria to become a guarantee for Norway, I do not think England need do so. It is indeed a question we had best not stir just now. If the Danes should take a turn one cannot say what necessity might bring about at a general arrangement. In the main, I think it best not to object to or distrust or find fault with this alliance. How far better is it than we could have dreamt of, even a month since. What we may do in our treaty with Austria is another point. I hope Aberdeen will well consider this, and no one can do so with better judgment.

Will you thank the Chancellor most cordially for his last very kind note. I do not answer it, as I am unwilling to plague him unnecessarily. Tell him also that I am afraid we shall make no progress here in raising and enrolling the German prisoners,

on the plan, as far as possible, of a British force, for service in Hanover; as the whole—except, perhaps, a hundred and fifty who are in hospital—have been marched to the rear, God knows where. I am ignorant where I could send an officer after them, and unless some steps are taken to befriend our attempt and give us a fair trial with Austria, she will take the whole of them, of every description; and all *my proposal*, and *effort* to raise this Legion falls to the gound.

My wound is doing very well. Has Lord Cathcart any despatches about my going below? If he has not told you, pray ask him. I have not a line from England.

Believe me ever, &c. &c.,

CHARLES STEWART.

Diaries.—Sept. 23rd.—Baron Binder assures me that hopes are entertained of Bavaria joining the Allies. With a view to that much desired event Count Metternich has gone over to Prague. I confess that I do not myself indulge the hope of so speedy a conversion, though no doubt she will be compelled ultimately to come over to us.

With the aid of Count Löwenhjelm, I have succeeded in obtaining the intercepted Treaty between France and Denmark, with a note upon it from Bassano to Bonaparte. I send them over to Prague to Sir Charles by Baron Harthausen, who has just arrived from England with despatches from Lord Castlereagh, and who returns forthwith. I take also this opportunity of sending home letters.

Letters.—Töplitz, Sept. 23rd.—I have received nothing from you, my dear mother, or indeed from any one, later than the middle of August; but more frequent opportunities for communication will I doubt not soon offer, supposing only the inclination to exist. For what I have said to my brother is no flighty expression, but my firm persuasion, namely, that if Bonaparte does not get deeper and deeper into a scrape it will rather be the fault of the Allies than any credit due to him.

I shall probably be stationary here for some time. Sir Charles is going north again as soon as his wound will let him, which most likely will be next week, and the Courts, at least, will hardly leave these for any other quarters than *Dresden!*

Nothing can be much worse in point of comfort than Töplitz. It is full; stuffed, beyond anything you can imagine, and at this moment, owing to the long-continued torrents of rain we have had, a complete bed of mud. To say that the mud is ankle-deep is to give you only half an idea of its depth; fancy, then, what pleasant walking it must be; while, as for riding, both horse and rider soon become so thickly bespattered and plastered from head to foot as scarcely to be recognizable. But you know I care for nothing of that sort, if only our affairs here go on well.

Yesterday by accident we had a fine afternoon, of which Rumbold, Count Löwenhjelm, with another friend and myself, availed ourselves to ride up to the top of a high hill near this town, whence we had a fine view of the whole of the plain that lies between

the mountains towards Prague on the one side, and the boundary of Saxony on the other, stretching out like a panorama before us, and which has been the scene of all the late actions. Had we been there on the 30th, we might have seen the whole of the brilliant affair of that day. The French were very close upon us, and even to within this week their sharpshooters have remained in the clefts of the rocks, not half a German mile from this town. Many unwary stragglers have been popped off in this way.

By a letter from Francis I see that he was expecting a visit from Madame Moreau. She will have received then, probably at Lyndhurst, the intelligence of her husband's melancholy fate. This will have been a most painful circumstance for my brother, though no less fortunate for her. For the General could not have selected an agent more capable than Elizabeth of executing with the utmost feeling and delicacy the mournful commission of communicating the afflicting news to his wife. By the next messenger I hope to forward a cast of Moreau's face to my brother. Rapatel is fearful of its being seen by Madame Moreau. He says he is sure it would greatly distress her. The General was not at all altered. Lord Byron's lines might most appropriately have been applied to him. His loss is considered by most persons here to have been one of the greatest that could have befallen the Allies, whilst Bonaparte is said to have declared himself consoled by it for the loss he had experienced of some able Generals of his own. Though I had seen much, and heard more of General

Moreau when I was with my brother in Paris in 1802, yet I was then too young to form that intimacy and friendship with him that he did; but I shall ever regret not having renewed my acquaintance with him at Prague. He was but twenty-four hours in that city, and it being then intended that I should very shortly follow to head-quarters I deferred making myself known to him till I should have a better opportunity; that opportunity was destined never to arrive. As to Jomini, he is by no means regarded in the same light, and is considered more able as a writer than as a commander.

You will be a little surprised, my dear mother, at the inclosures I forward with this letter. They are copies of letters from Gentz, and are intended for my brother, to whom I will beg you to send them in the first frank you have. By an oversight I omitted them when closing the letter I sent off this morning. *Au reste*, I would say to him that if he had seen as much of the writer as I have, and I was on the most intimate terms with him at Prague, he would as soon have found out *ce qu'il en vaut l'aune*. I will only add, that when properly used he may be made very useful; and I speak from experience. On this and other topics I hope to have many a good coze by and by.

You will remember Vernon, who was at Westminster when I was. He lived at my quarters with me and Rumbold, during the whole time I was at Prague. We found him an extremely pleasant companion; most gentlemanlike, well-informed and sensible. I liked him very much, and none the less

for his good taste with regard to politics, on which he holds some very extreme views; but he never brought them forward while he stayed with me, or said a single word on such subjects that might have annoyed me, or have been unpleasant to others who were sometimes our guests.

We have just got rid of a most troublesome and not very respectable *attaché*, in the person of the *Chevalier* Horn. He has been transferred from this mission to that of Lord Aberdeen. His lordship himself *s'est laissé amadoué* a little by Metternich's fine speeches. In these, they vie with each other; one says, *aimer* is too weak a word, *adorer* can alone express his sentiments; the other, that Metternich's conduct as Austrian minister has been nothing less than perfect.

The next arrivals from England will, I hope, bring me good accounts of our dear Francis. I had no idea that anything ailed him, though he says he has been suffering ever since April. I trust that Creaser's discipline, which I know is somewhat severe, may set him up for the winter. Before, however, being materially weakened by it, I would have my brother consult the very first in renown of the medical tribe, for, without disparagement to Creaser, I should say London must certainly contain practitioners of greater skill and celebrity than those of Bath.

Adieu, my dear mother. I shall probably not see you before the spring, though I expect ere that pleasant season arrives that opportunity will offer for testing the sincerity of promises more than once made to me lately by Sir Charles. Whether from the

effects of his wound, which though not severe worries him, because of the necessity of keeping quieter than is pleasant to him, or from the annoyance of not being able to arrange matters to his satisfaction respecting the enrolment of German prisoners, he talks of asking to be recalled. I do all in my power to dissuade him from it. For although he is the least influential of the two or three ministers we have here, and often mars the effect of the influence he might exert, by his too great display of the vanity of which he possesses so large a share, and that shows itself through all his proceedings, he is yet the most straightforward and able of them, as well as being a very active and popular officer.

G. J.

Lieut.-Genl. Sir Charles Stewart to George Jackson, Esq.

Prague, September 23rd, 1813.

MY DEAR JACKSON,

I am much surprised at not having any despatches by the messenger nor a line from my brother. I cannot account for this unless there is somebody else on the road.

Many thanks for your letter, with the Treaty and its inclosure. I send them in a private letter to Lord Castlereagh, that he may know what we may for some time yet look for from our friends the Danes.

I think I must repair below to put the machine we have there in a new shape. According to the various instructions received, I do not think I have an alternative. However, we will talk it all over when

we meet; and I expect to be at head-quarters the beginning of the coming week. Are you all stationary since the last affair?

Is the enemy clearly gone off?

Is the Austrian movement to the left abandoned?

Did Basset bring the ratification of the German Legion convention?

I hope you have got some news, though I have none. I suppose Lord Cathcart's messenger is not off yet. I have written to Lord Castlereagh about military concerns. And as I have done so much in that way to-day I know you will forgive me for so short a communication, and will believe me very sincerely, &c.

CHARLES STEWART.

Diaries.—Töplitz, Sept. 25th.—Good news flows in apace from the various detached corps of the allied armies. No immediate general action is expected; for the movements of the enemy are so wavering and uncertain that it is difficult to say what he may intend. A retreat to the left bank of the Rhine seems to be gradually accomplishing. The troops that have recrossed the Elbe are reported to be in a most miserable condition.

On the 23rd, Bonaparte arrived at Hartha and marched in great force against Blücher at Bischoffswerde and Bautzen. Finding him not only well prepared to give him a warm welcome, but actually getting ready to act on the offensive, Mr. Boney—after some skirmishing with the outposts, in which there was some slight loss on both sides—withdrew

and returned towards Dresden. The last accounts state that the Old Guards were still stationed there with the *dépôts* from various regiments. They are erecting redoubts and other works with all haste and diligence. Provisions are said to be very scarce in the town, and the troops almost starving. A large force is reported to be in Leipzig. Great exertions are making at the fortresses on the Rhine, and Ehrenbreitstein is to be made as strong as possible.

General Bennigsen is expected daily, and on his arrival the whole of the allied army will be put in motion. Should Bavaria join, her forces acting in the direction of Bareuth and Würzburg will complete Bonaparte's embarrassments in every quarter.

While drinking tea with Lord Aberdeen and Prince Wolkonski, other news was brought in of partial successes.

26*th*.—Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt arrived last night with the Garter, for the Emperor Alexander. While at dinner with Lord Walpole, Count Löwenhjelm, and Baron Binder, Sir Charles came in from Prague and joined us at table. He thinks himself well enough to set out in a few days to look after Bernadotte at his head-quarters. I remain at Töplitz as long as the King stays—probably not very long. In the evening, Sir Charles and I drank tea with the Chancellor, to talk over the carrying out of the proposed plan to permit the German prisoners taken by the Allies to be enrolled for our Hanoverian levies, rather than have them sent to Siberia. It seems that upon this plan being suggested by Sir

Charles, Prussia and Austria immediately determined to raise German legions of their own, graciously permitting us to take the Hanoverians. Sir Charles was very anxious to engage the Westphalian hussars who came over to us with Colonel Hammerstein; but the Austrians would not consent to this, having indeed already incorporated them with their own army. In the formation of a legion by this means, we are rather obstructed than assisted. A good deal of correspondence has passed on the subject which hitherto has not facilitated our measures.

30*th*.—For the last two or three days we have turned our attention from war, and have been busy with *fêtes*. On Monday, the 27th, we began by celebrating the anniversary of Alexander's coronation. At eight in the morning, we all set off to High Mass, which was performed, according to the rites of the Greek Church, in a tent pitched on an open space a short distance from the town—the three sovereigns with their respective suites, civil and military, and the whole of the *corps diplomatique*, attending. This over, the Russian and Prussian Guards passed in review before us; and a finer body of men it would be impossible to see anywhere.

At two o'clock we rode out to the *bivouac*, where, at the first line, and almost on the very spot that witnessed the defeat of Vandamme, a temporary building, or rather a large shed, was erected, decorated with various ensigns, laurels, and green boughs in profusion. Here, to the number of about two hundred, we sat down to a magnificent repast, consisting,

as the "Morning Post" would express it, of every delicacy and luxury in and out of season.

All this profusion and *recherche* gave one rather the idea of assisting at a banquet in the heart of some voluptuous capital, in times of the profoundest peace, than of being in a tent on a battle-field and within a few English miles—almost within sight—of Bonaparte and his whole force. This, and similar reflections, proved a sad damper to the pleasure one might otherwise have received from so splendid an entertainment. On the one hand it afforded no promising indication of a vigorous campaign, on the other, one could not but think of the famishing thousands around us who would have been thankful for a morsel of coarse bread—such, we are assured, being the condition of a great part of the French army.

Between five and six, all the English assembled by appointment at Lord Cathcart's, to be present at the ceremony of investing the Emperor Alexander with the Order of the Garter. His Imperial Majesty kept the three English missions waiting till nine o'clock. We were then introduced, and witnessed a scene that disgusted every Englishman present. There is a degree of impressiveness in the customary ceremony of an Investiture; but on this occasion everything of that sort was discarded, even to the omission of Garter's admonitions to the knight. The whole thing was treated, in fact, as a sort of farcical entertainment. The Emperor was in a little nutshell of a room, with his brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, both of whom were in a broad grin [redacted]

whole time. With difficulty the Emperor had been persuaded to wear shoes and stockings, and the whole ceremony consisted in Count Golowkin reading the commission in Latin, very badly, and in the Commissioners then buckling on the Garter. The company present consisted only of Russians, with the exception of Count Metternich and the English colony, all crowding together about the door—for it was impossible to enter the room—with as much noise and want of decorum as the rush to get to supper in England is usually attended with. We then dispersed; the English part of the company having been invited to dine with His Imperial Majesty the next day, at one. Sir Charles finished off the day with a grand supper in honour of it. All the principal people assembled here attended, and a presentation of Orders took place; Lord Cathcart and Sir Tommy received from the Emperor, by Prince Wolkonski, the Order of St. Anne. His lordship got also, as well as Sir Charles, the *fourth* class of St. George. Baron Hardenberg brought the latter the Black Eagle, and to Wilson the Order of Merit. We *civilians* are the only undistinguished persons.

After the company had again well feasted, drunk many loyal toasts, and at last taken their departure, I had a long conversation with Sir Charles on the strangeness of offering him lower orders—the fourth class of St. George and the Black Eagle—than his aide-de-camp; Wilson having already received the [illegible]rd class and the Red Eagle. There was, at least,

a certain disregard of propriety in it, but I was of his opinion that it was more dignified not to show any *aigreur*, as he termed it, on the occasion.

The next day a party of twenty English dined with the Emperor. He made his appearance with the blue riband and star, and the garter *round his thigh*, above his great boot!!—some of the party could scarcely refrain from a burst of laughter, others from looking their indignation at this undignified treatment and novel mode of wearing our most distinguished Order. However, His Majesty was very gracious and affable, and talked much of his determination to persevere in the good cause, and of his hatred and abhorrence of Bonapartean principles. All this I should have been much better pleased with if I could have forgotten that I had heard the same professions made by His Majesty at his own table during the last war, and just before Friedland and Tilsit.

Bennigsen, who arrived in the morning, also dined with us. His imperial master's discourse must have revived some strange recollections in *his* breast. Poor Boney! Is it his fate to be overcome by Bennigsen?—to whose military incapacity Russians and Prussians alike have been wont principally to attribute the disaster of Friedland and its lamentable consequences. It was Lord Cathcart's turn to feast everybody at supper, and a very bad and stupid one it was, in spite of Sir Tommy's jokes and good-humour.

Yesterday was a day of writing and despatching

messengers. After such a surfeit of grand company and good living, it was quite a pleasant relief to be able only to snatch a moment to eat a hasty morsel late in the evening with Rumbold. But to-day, Sir Charles again assembled all the *notabilités*, and again copious libations were poured forth in honour of the "good cause," and endless bumpers quaffed to the success of the allied arms—the general enthusiasm being increased by the announcement that the Emperor of Austria had returned an unfavourable answer to-day to Bonaparte's overture for a renewal of negotiation. How the proposed congress was to proceed, if all parties assented to it, in the present situation of affairs, it was by no means easy to point out. It is, however, certain that the continental powers would be better satisfied to obtain a peace upon a solid basis than to continue the present contest, and it is believed that Metternich—who plays the commander-in-chief as well as prime minister—will look less with a view of obtaining it to active war than to the particular objects of Austria, and to the family alliance between the Emperor Francis and Bonaparte. As to the language it suits him to hold, few persons, I think, would be entirely guided by that. Copies of the communications that have taken place between the Emperor and Bonaparte were forwarded to England to-day.

October 1*st*.—Very unsatisfactory accounts have been received from the head-quarters of the Crown Prince of Sweden, where, it appears, the general plans and operations of the allied sovereigns are

very freely and publicly commented upon and criticized with little favour. The Prince is said to have asserted, that their progress in every direction might have been much more considerable if other arrangements had been carried into effect. He has proposed a plan of operations which, if acted upon, it is Sir Charles's opinion would result in the loss of the campaign. The Crown Prince is evidently led by his views on Denmark, and imagines his security threatened by the Danes in Holstein. He would therefore direct a large force of the Allies to operations in that quarter, a plan which, at the present crisis, nothing would bring Russia or Prussia to consent to. Sir Charles will set out to-morrow for the head-quarters, and will endeavour to turn the Prince's thoughts from the operations he is now in favour of. The exact answer that will be sent to him from the head-quarters of the Allies is not yet made known; but it is believed that the Prince will be encouraged in his original ideas of the course of the campaign; moderated on his extended flank *projet*, and *amadoué* as much as possible as to those movements that can only come into his mind from isolated views.

Accounts being received of Bonaparte having left Dresden for Leipzig with the King of Saxony, Barclay de Tolli's troops have moved round to the left in conjunction with the Austrians; and Bennigsen's reserve—nominally eighty thousand, but in fact only forty-five—have marched into position before that town.

4th.—Sir Charles got off on the 2nd, at night, and

that with some difficulty. The whole day we were employed in preparing despatches; constantly interrupted in our work by reports from head-quarters or from the outposts. An aide-de-camp of Count Walmoden also brought intelligence of several skirmishes with detached corps, generally with unfavourable results to the enemy. But nothing further is known of the movements of Bonaparte himself.

The next morning I called on the Chancellor to deliver a private letter from the Prince Regent to the King. I found that the Emperor Alexander's horses were ordered to Brüx, but as yet there seemed to be no question of our moving. A smart action took place on the 31st at the *tête du pont* at Wittenberg, between the Swedes and the French. The latter retired, but many men were lost on both sides, and few prisoners taken. General Blücher was to cross the Elbe near the Elster, and Bonaparte was reported to be again at Dresden.

The Treaty between England and Austria was signed to-day by Count Metternich and Lord Aberdeen. I drank tea with his lordship—after calling on Lord Cathcart, who was about to move to Brüx and Komottau—and had a long discussion with him on the subject of the late Treaty between Austria and Prussia. He seemed to take a somewhat less favourable view of it than Sir Charles, but like him thought it good policy *to appear* satisfied with it. Played two games of chess with his lordship, and beat him in both.

5th.—A messenger arrives with the news of the

capture of St. Sebastian. From the various reports, it would seem that much blood has been spilt for a very small advantage. But this fresh success of Lord Wellington and his army may be of use here, where a new fillip was wanting in some quarters. The general desire, whatever may be said to the contrary, is for peace, and to give Bonaparte a chance of coming to terms that may not be too mortifying to him. I have it on undoubted authority, that secret agents from the Empress Maria Louisa are unceasingly urging the Emperor Francis to favour any overtures that may proceed from Bonaparte, with a view to a negotiation for peace. But Bonaparte's obstinate pride, in not choosing to submit to the terms of those potentates on whom he has been accustomed to impose them, is a chief obstacle in the way of an accommodation. The successes of the British arms in Spain form another, by imparting some degree of steadiness and firmness to the really weak and tottering resolves of the Allies, which I doubt not would by Bonaparte's determination to resist have been ere this overcome. However, the capture of St. Sebastian has cheered up the Chancellor, whose spirits rise and fall, like the weather-glass under atmospheric changes, as the news is more or less favourable, and whose countenance is always a sure indication of the nature of the day's report. I despatched a messenger immediately to Lord Cathcart with the good tidings.

To day, 6th, the Chancellor gave us a dinner in honour of this fresh success in Spain, which he hoped

we might look upon as only the forerunner of a greater one in Germany. While at table an officer arrived with the account of General Blücher having defeated the French under General Bertrand on the 3rd, with a loss of fifteen hundred men and sixteen pieces of cannon. Their object was to prevent Blücher's passage of the Elbe and Elster; but in this they completely failed, as well as in retreating on Leipzig, and they were ultimately compelled to take refuge in Wittenberg. After dinner Lord Aberdeen set out for Komottau. I called on Bennigsen, whose corps consists of about twenty-five thousand fairly-equipped troops, and perhaps twenty thousand more of all sorts; as strange and wild-looking a set as was ever scraped together. They are, I understand, from the most remote and outlandish parts of Russia. Bennigsen says they are, notwithstanding appearances, a well disciplined body of men, and will prove more effective in the field than twice the number of ordinary troops. On this he will stake his reputation; a favourite expression of his, that used to be considered ominous of defeat, when, before an engagement he proclaimed what he would do, and staked his usual stake upon it. As he is not commanding-in-chief, he may be more successful now; for Bennigsen is personally very brave, and under orders, they say, does very well, though unequal to the direction of an army.

On my return Ancillon was waiting to walk with me. My old professor always prefers to communicate anything he has to tell in the course of an evening

str ll, rather than within four walls. He said that a fr sh overture from Bonaparte was received yesterday, and forwarded to the Emperor Francis.

Just as I had lain down, pretty weary, and thankful that the *route* had not come as expected that night, I was disturbed by a violent scuffling in the adjoining room, and the voice of Pat, in indignant tones: "Eh! Eh! ye villains! Sure ye're a disgrace to yer emperor and yer country!" I jumped out of bed; knocked on the wall; then rushed into the room. Coats, waistcoats, breeches and pantaloons lay scattered over the floor. "What's this?" I asked. "It's the work of two as evil-looking villains as ever I looked on in any country," he answered, "and they're gone off by the way they got in."

It appeared that two marauding fellows had entered the room by a low window, rummaged my trunks, and were in the act of decamping with the best part of my wardrobe, when Pat unexpectedly walked in. Hence the attack and scuffle that ensued. The rascals carried nothing away with them, though they got clear off. I should have been in a pretty plight if they had had time to complete their job, unless some friend of corresponding size had taken pity on my nakedness, for nothing could have been replaced here; and I should have been worse off than when my effects fell into the hands of the French at Dantzig. I was thankful that matters were no worse, and warning Mr. Pat to keep a better look out for the future, I left him repacking the trunks and bestowing hearty blessings on the "thievish

French divils"—not that I believed they were French.

7th. Colonel Cooke arrived from the advanced posts, and dined with us on the game that Rumbold had brought home from his two days' shooting; and a very poor bag it was. We expected to have left Töplitz to-night, but the Chancellor sent me word, before setting out for Laun, that he should recommend me to remain until the departure of the King. The Emperor of Russia, he said, had advanced as far as Sebastiansberg, but nothing new had occurred.

On the 8th, the King and Bennigsen returned from a *reconnoissance* towards Dresden. They had routed at Gieshübel a corps of French, of about a thousand strong, who on their approach had fled *à toutes jambes*. And they brought back the intelligence of the Crown Prince of Sweden having passed the Elbe, to effect a junction with Blücher at Düben. This gives reason to hope that the Prince's views are brought more into conformity with those of the Allies. The latter had occupied Altenberg.

10th.—The King went off early this morning to join the main body of Bennigsen's division; Bonaparte having left Dresden early on the 7th, carrying off the King and Royal Family of Saxony. An attempt on Dresden is intended. The armies advance on all sides. General Knesebeck accompanied the King, and Count Bubna joined Bennigsen. The head-quarters of Alexander are at Frohburg, those of Schwartzenberg at Chemnitz.

As soon as the King was gone I rode over to Laun,

and found that everybody had left, the Chancellor only a few minutes before, for Komottau. I therefore returned to Töplitz and despatched my servant with the baggage and a letter to the Chancellor requesting he would secure me a quarter. This morning, 11th, I set off for Komottau, on horseback, as being the speediest mode of getting over my journey, leaving Rumbold to follow in the carriage with the odds and ends of our baggage. It was blowing a hurricane, and the rain soon began to fall in torrents, as with short intervals it has done for pretty nearly two months. The roads are nearly impracticable. The enemy have done their best to make them quite so, in all directions, and the weather has greatly favoured their efforts. Never, since this earth was all chaos, could there have existed such roads. But at last I got to Komottau, dripping wet to the skin and pretty nearly covered with a solid coat of mud. I found the Emperor Francis and every body but the Russians still here, and the town as full, or fuller, than it can hold. The greatest difficulty in getting a decent quarter. At last I succeeded, and having divested myself of my garments of mud, called on Lord Aberdeen. I learn that Bonaparte is concentrating between Leipzig and Torgau; that the head-quarters of the Bohemian army are at Penig, and that Bennigsen had received orders to march to his left in that direction. Drank tea with his lordship and M. de Flout, who arrived from Munich with the Treaty, which was signed on the 8th inst. by Prince Reuss and General Wrede, and by

which the Bavarians make common cause with the Allies.

12*th*.—Prince Schwartzenberg's head-quarters were last night at Altenberg. Bonaparte was at Eilenburg, and Augereau is said to have arrived at Leipzig with reinforcements. General Bennigsen's advanced guard is at Freyburg under Coloredo. A great battle is expected from one day to another. A general restlessness prevails. Even for the most sanguine it is an agitating moment of painful suspense; for it is felt that the fate of Europe depends upon the events of the next few days. While dining with the Chancellor an account was received that the King of Würtemberg, upon learning that Bavaria had sided with the Allies, immediately declared war against her, and reinforced his contingent with six thousand men.

An intercepted letter from Murat to his wife says, "The Allies appear to have adopted precisely the course that the Emperor has long wished, viz., coming down to the plain." With this news we sent off Mr. Gordon to night *en courier* to England.

15*th*.—Unable for the last two days to move from my bed from the effects of the soaking journey from Töplitz. Rumbold on the *qui vive* for news. The Emperor of Austria went to Marienberg on the 13th, whither Lord Aberdeen, who looked in upon me before he set out, followed the Kaiser yesterday. All this time no intelligence from the armies. At last I turn out to call on Count Bombelles, who sends me a jesting note on the inconvenience of my lying-in

taking place at a moment when we may all have to run for our lives.

In the course of the day we learn that the Crown Prince and Blücher had effected a junction with the grand Bohemian army, and that the line of the Allies extended from Dessau by Köthen, Halle, and Merseburg to Altenberg. Bonaparte had marched in the direction of Wittenberg. The King has written to the Chancellor, from Freyburg, that Gouvion St. Cyr is at Dresden with twenty-five thousand men. The Emperor Alexander is in advance of Altenberg; Schwartzenberg's advanced posts at Bornand Rötha; the Emperor Francis at Chemnitz.

17*th*.—My friend Rumbold having determined on leaving us to-day for Prague and Vienna, we yesterday gave a dinner to the Chancellor, the minister Altenstein, and about a dozen others. All our attempts at being merry were marred by the low spirits of the Chancellor at the idea that Bonaparte was gone to Berlin; a report having come in that, with that intention, he had crossed the Elbe with his whole army at Wittenberg and Torgau, and that the head-quarters were advanced in consequence. This manœuvre was much discussed. It is one I cannot believe in, say what they will, as he would thus abandon his communications and allow the Allies to place their armies between him and France. At break of day, my friend and I parted. The Chancellor left about the same time for Chemnitz and perhaps for Altenberg.

Marienberg, at night.—Soon after the Chancellor's

departure I set out on horseback for this place, and had very fine weather for the first part of the way; but during the last two hours the rain came down as at the Deluge, and I got here as thoroughly drenched as I ever was in my life. On the road I met Mr. Lambe, from Chemnitz *en route* for Prague, and learnt from him that throughout yesterday a very heavy cannonade had been heard, and that Lord Aberdeen was gone to, Zwickau whither the Russian and Austrian chancelleries were ordered. The minister Altenstein came in to sup with me, but knew nothing more than that the King was to be this day at Pegau, and that the Chancellor, who has stopped here, would go on at daylight to Chemnitz.

18*th*.—The baggage had been sent on about an hour, and some sharp twinges of rheumatic pains still detained me in bed, when I received a message from the Chancellor, to say, that in consequence of accounts he had received of a gene[redacted]on having taken place two days ago, which had been renewed and was still going on, he should remain here until the result of this conflict was known; and inviting me to do the same.

I turned out immediately, dressed and called on him, when he showed me the various letters he had received. From them, it appears that the intelligence of Bonaparte's whole army having crossed the Elbe was erroneous; the constant marching and countermarching of the enemy, to conceal their real movements, and the enclosed and difficult nature of the country near the conflux of the Elbe and the Mülde

having been the cause of the error. But that six divisions of the army and the guards *did* cross at Wittenberg and direct their march toward Berlin, evidently for the purpose of alluring the Northern army to repass the Elbe. The communications of the Allies across the Elbe at Roslau and Acken were attacked, and the former given up by General Tauentzien, who, to avoid being taken by the enemy in the rear, had joined General Thümen and had fallen back on Zerbst and Potsdam. The enemy's troops had, however, been recalled from the neighbourhood of Wittenberg and the Lower Mülde. This intelligence was derived from a lieut.-colonel of the *Etat-Major*, who had been taken prisoner, and on whom was found a letter to Marshal Marmont, enjoining him to put himself in march for Leipzig, and to place himself under the orders of Murat. Meanwhile the Allies under Wittgenstein and Klenau had attacked the French most vigorously, thinking they had only to deal with a part of the French army; but finding that the whole of it was before them, they had been obliged to retire. General Blücher, however, on the 14th, moved his head-quarters to Grosshügel, pushing his advance on the great road to Leipzig, and occupying the villages on either side of it; the enemy being in force in front, holding Delitzsch and Bitterfeld, and having troops along the Mülde. Soon after the first onset on the 15th, the advanced villages were given up and the enemy retired to some distance, but tenaciously held the woody ground on their right and the villages on their left. A most bloody combat

ensued. It was hoped things were going on well, and that the Crown Prince, who was moving up, would secure the day.

Such is the clearest account I can collect from the confused reports that have reached us. But they are so deficient in stating time and place, that at present it is impossible to make out more than that the engagement began on the 15th; that there was furious fighting on both sides; that up to yesterday the contest still raged, and that the scene of action was the neighbourhood of Leipzig. Just seven years ago I sent home the painful account of the result of the battle of Jena. God grant that I may now have to record a no less memorable battle, but one whose glory shall for ever obliterate the sad memories that attach to the former.

For a little relief from the distracting anxiety that was general with all classes in Marienberg, I took a long solitary walk about the *environs*. They are very pretty; the streets are clean, and the houses comfortable. The frontier is marked by a small rivulet, though much more distinctly by the complexion of everything around one. Throughout Saxony there is an appearance of ease and general contentment which one might look for in vain in either the Prussian or Austrian states.

I was much amused during my walk by a conversation I had with a man of the peasant class, whom I met in the fields. He told me that the King of Saxony had been made prisoner at Dresden by the Russians. That as his people loved him very much

they were glad that it was so, because the Russians would restore him to them; but that if once he went to France they should never see him again. That the King was in no way to blame for the war, and the misery it brought on the country. He could not help it, he said, and that he, as well as his people, would have liked much better that he had remained elector than have been made a king. The country was not rich enough to exist without Bohemia, he told me, and that it would be better for it to be taken under Austrian protection. The ground about Dresden, he said, was so fertile that it never required any dressing, but that in these parts it was necessary to manure it every three or four years. After some further chat with this man I bade him good day. But presently he followed me saying, "I presume, sir, I have been talking with a Prussian?" I assured him that I was an Englishman; which he seemed to think was meant as a joke, for he laughed, and said it was impossible, for that there were no Englishmen here. "Surely there is an Englishman here now," I answered. "Good day, my good man." "Good day, sir," he said, "but surely you are a Prussian; I know it by your looks and your speech." I know not whether to take this as a compliment or not.

When I returned, no further accounts had been received to allay our anxiety. I dined with the Chancellor, and afterwards rode out on the road towards Chemnitz, where I met a courier, who, however, could only tell me that all was quiet at that town. The result of the battle was not known there.

The Chancellor, Altenstein, and M. de Hüppel came in to drink tea. The Chancellor so much more cheerful than usual that he told us several anecdotes of Bonaparte; amongst others that, about two years ago, speaking one day of ancient families, Bonaparte said, "I am considered, I know, to be of no family; but I also know that whatever my *family* may be my *dynasty* will soon be the oldest in Europe." The Chancellor said he could vouch for the authenticity of it, as he knew the person to whom Bonaparte said it.

19*th*.—I was up early, in order to be ready for a start before breakfast. A message was brought me from the Chancellor, to say that no further intelligence having been received, he considered it a good sign, and was, accordingly, getting off for Chemnitz. Not half an hour later, a second message was brought —"His Excellency begged I would go to him immediately."—I lost no time in doing so. When I entered his room I found him, the minister Altenstein, and M. de Hüppel all busily engaged in writing. The Chancellor put a letter into my hands, containing an account of the success of the allied army in a great and general battle which had been fought yesterday near Leipzig, and which was still going on most favourably when the courier left the field at 4 P.M.

General Mehrfeldt's horse having been wounded, the General was made prisoner on the 16th, but was instantly released on his *parole* not to serve again during the war, and sent back by Bonaparte, with propositions of peace to the Emperor Francis.

There were two distinct engagements on the 16th; the one crowned by Blücher's victory on the north of the Partha, the other, undecided, with the grand army remaining in advance of Rötha. Bonaparte saw General Mehrfeldt in the village of Leitzschen. He spoke very earnestly to him on the subject of peace, but first declared that he had two hundred thousand men with him, and a much more considerable body of cavalry than the Allies supposed. He promised, on condition of an armistice during negotiations, to evacuate Dantzig, Modelen, Stettin, Custrin, Glogau, Dresden, Torgau, and even Wittenberg; although he made some difficulty as to this latter point. He further promised to go behind the Saale.

He said, as to terms of peace, that England could receive Hanover, the neutrality of the flag, Lübeck and Hamburg; that the independence of Holland might be arranged, and that Italy might be made an independent monarchy. He hesitated as to the restitution of Mantua to Austria, and repeated that "Italy must be kept entire." General Murat, who was present, answered that the Allies might object to him as sovereign. Bonaparte rejoined, "It is not necessary to anticipate the arrangement."

He again declared that he did not believe England would make peace, certainly never without a condition to which he could never submit—limitation of the number of ships of war.

General Mehrfeldt asked if he would give up Erfurt as well as the other fortresses. Bonaparte

hesitated. The General then said, "The resignation of the protectorship of the Rhine is necessary." Bonaparte replied, "That is impossible." Upon being told that Bavaria had withdrawn from his protection —the courier from Munich having been taken—and that other treaties were negotiating, he said, "Then the protectorship ceases of itself." He added, "as to Spain, *je n'y suis plus.*" Thus, that question is decided.

These were the principal topics of conversation. The General believes he would go to the Rhine. He says Bonaparte looked very much fagged, and was very much cast down. He wished to be allowed to post himself between the Hartz and the Thuringerwald. This was refused without hesitation. A French flag of truce accompanied General Mehrfeldt. How low are the mighty fallen! I almost find it in my heart to pity poor Boney.

All this happened, however, before the last battle, and there was a strong wish to accept Bonaparte's terms and open a negotiation. Even now, if he escapes, it is thought that some arrangement will take place. But when the last accounts left, the French were retreating in two columns on Merseburg and Weissenfels. They were vigorously pursued; had lost many prisoners and cannon, and were deserted by the Würtembergers, Westphalians and Saxons — nine regiments of Saxons and eight battalions of Westphalians having come over to us. Five regiments of Würtembergers were taken, and two deserted.

The Chancellor invited us all to a *déjeûner à la fourchette*, and having partaken of it and drunk "The health of our brave warriors," for first toast, and "A speedy and glorious peace" for the second, I mounted my horse and set out for Chemnitz. I reached it in about three hours; passing through a very charming country and the pretty town of Zochopau, situated in a beautiful valley, with a swiftly flowing stream serpentining at the foot of the mountains.

Chemnitz is a large and populous town. Quarters have been assigned me at the house of one of the principal merchants. It is fitted up throughout with the greatest attention to comfort; the *salons* and some other rooms are decorated with much taste and even with Parisian elegance, showing the owner to be not merely a wealthy man. I wish my friend Rumbold, who shared with me the discomfort of some wretched dens, were here to enjoy a little this pleasant change—"The only quarters we have had," Pat says, "that he hasn't been ashamed sure to ask a gintleman to walk into." Everybody appears most happy to see us, and all listen with the liveliest interest and delight to the accounts of our successes.

The Chancellor Hardenberg arrived shortly after me, and I had hardly sat down in my new quarters and thanked my obliging host for the welcome he gave me, than I received a message from his Excellency saying he expected me in a couple of hours to dinner. He had received at Chemnitz another courier, confirming all we had previously heard. The letter was written in pencil from the

field of battle at 6 P.M. yesterday. Great results were hoped for this day. Again we poured forth libations, in some excellent French wine, procured here, and which was as great a novelty as the glorious news we were celebrating. I left the Chancellor and his whole party as full of good humour as of good wine, and all as happy—I was going to write—as kings; but the very cause of our present joy is a proof how little they, generally speaking, can be called happy.

We are in momentary expectation of another messenger from the armies with the results of to-day, and whose arrival we only wait to proceed to the head-quarters of the allied army. Last night they were at Borna. Lord Aberdeen has been already invited to repair thither.

Borna, 20th.—Intelligence being received in the night that the Allies had entered Leipzig, I took leave very early of my pleasant host, regretting sincerely that the perpetual motion sort of life, which the fortune of war now compels me to lead, prevented me from enjoying for a time the comforts of his hospitable roof and making the acquaintance of his wife and daughters—a very charming family, I was told. He gave me a hearty shake of the hand, and said he hoped we should meet again. Just as I was mounting my horse, Count Bombellas rode up to tell me the French had made a desperate sally from Dresden, and had driven back the Allies, with considerable loss, as far as Peterswalde. This was not cheering. However, on my road to Borna I overtook

the minister Altenstein, who told me that the Chancellor, who was a little in advance of us, had just received an account of the complete defeat of Bonaparte's army by the whole of the allied forces, on the 18th, with a loss to the enemy, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, of near sixty thousand men, and the desertion of the whole of the Saxon army, and the Bavarian and Würtemberg troops. About a hundred pieces of cannon were taken, and amongst the prisoners are Generals Regnier, Brunn, Lauriston and Vallery. Prince Poniatowski, who received two wounds in attempting to pass the Pleisse, in despair of getting off, was drowned in that river.

During the action, twenty-two guns of Saxon artillery joined us from the enemy, and, as the artillery of the Allies was not all forward, were on the instant most opportunely made use of against him; whilst Bernadotte addressed the deserting regiment of Westphalian hussars and battalions of Saxons, offering to head them immediately against the French, which offer, to a man, they accepted.

Yesterday morning the town of Leipzig was taken by assault, after a short resistance, and with it the King of Saxony and his Court; the garrison and the rear guard of the French army, with all the magazines, artillery and stores. The Allies entered Leipzig at eleven, Bonaparte fled from it at nine. Marshals Marmont and Macdonald commanded within the town, and with Marshals Augereau and Victor narrowly escaped being taken when following Bonaparte with a small escort. The number of wounded

left behind exceeds twenty-five thousand. The *déroute* of the French army is complete. It is still surrounded, but endeavouring to escape in all directions.

The Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the Crown Prince of Sweden, entered Leipzig, heading their respective divisions, at different points, and met in the great square. The report says they were received by the people with the greatest rejoicings and demonstrations of delight.

I reached Borna at five, and went immediately to offer my congratulations to the Chancellor, whom I and several others joined in getting up a sort of a picnic dinner. We afterwards passed the evening together very jovially, drinking many a loyal toast and success to the allied arms.

A Prussian courier arrives with letters and despatches. Sir Charles Stewart sends me copies of a despatch and private letter he has sent home, on the subject of the Crown Prince's conduct during some of the late engagements. His letter is dated the 17th, and he says, "Whatever subsequent events may be, I can prove that if the Prince had done his duty, the corps of Ney, Marmont, and Bertrand would have been entirely overthrown, and the very serious losses of d'Yorck's corps by his timely arrival have been spared; indeed, I have no hesitation in saying that the whole of the French army engaged against General Blücher would have been destroyed.

"On the evening of the 14th, as soon as the information was certain that the enemy's corps which

had passed the Elbe were returning towards Leipzig, I waited on the Crown Prince, as I was in the habit of doing, and urged him to make a forced march and collect at Zorbig. I humbly expressed my opinion that, according to the dispositions for the grand army and General Blücher's operations, if the Prince did not cover the General's left, he might bear no part in the probable contest. His Royal Highness answered, 'Provided the French are beaten, it is indifferent to me whether I or my army take a part, and of the two I had much rather we did not.'

"This he repeated the next day at Tylbetzch, near Halle, in the presence of Baron Wilderstedt and General Aldercrantz, who have always expressed themselves as most loyal and devoted to the cause. The Prince next observed that 'I wanted him to make a march with his flank to the enemy, as had been done at the battle of Eylau.'

"I stated that I humbly conceived, as all the bridges on the Mulde were destroyed, and as its passage was so difficult that His Royal Highness had told me he could not pass it to attack the enemy, I considered the enemy, even if there, would not attempt its passage to attack *him*; that he had sixty thousand men, a river to protect his flank on his right, on which he might throw all additional corps to his advanced guard, if necessary; but, above all, as we knew that the enemy were filing towards Leipzig, there could be no risk.

"After some more conversation, which I hope I managed with the utmost respect to the Prince, he de

termined to march to Halle. In vain I represented that that was in rear of General Blücher, whom, if engaged, the Prince could never reach for support during the battle. He answered, 'I shall be in the second Line, and support if necessary.' His orders to his army the next morning were, to follow the enemy if beaten, and to do them all possible mischief in their retreat —showing that he did not intend to be in the action. I, however, left him with a promise that he would change the direction of their march when the troops were *en route* in the morning.

"I rode with the Prince on leaving Köthen on the 15th, and my surprise may be conceived when, instead of directing the troops to the left towards Zorbig, as he had promised, he marched the Swedes by Gröpsig towards Wittin, the Prussians to the Petersberg and Oppin, and the Russian corps with their left to Zorbig. For every efficient military purpose their march from Köthen was to the left, and forward; the Prince directed them to the right and backward, making at the same time an angle to the rear, which nearly doubled their distance.

"At Tylbetzch, where the Prince stopped to issue his orders, I humbly, but urgently requested it might be weighed whether the other armies would not complain of our movement, and especially General Blücher's. But the Russian General Seuhteleñ, I am sorry to say, encouraged the Crown Prince in his opinions, or rather, the law he laid down, which I listened to till its conclusion, when I was told that any one who recommended a march to the left to

Zorbig was *un sot!* I kept my temper, bowed, and said I still was not convinced."

Much discussion appears to have ensued. The Crown Prince held aloof, and was not to be found when Sir Charles sought him. The statement concludes thus: "After seeing General Blücher's action, being uncertain where to find the Prince, I rode late at night to Halle, where I met with General Wilderstedt, and made him send an express with a letter in which I made it my most earnest prayer to him to break up and march immediately forward with the most advanced corps—not waiting for the rear. The answer I received to it through Baron Wilderstedt affords me the satisfaction of knowing, that by my repeated goadings, the head of the northern army would have been in their place this day, 17th, at noon, if an attack had been made."

Leipzig, 21st, at night.—I was up early to ride into Leipzig with the Chancellor, the Austrian Chargé d'affaires and many others. Part of our way lay over the field of battle, and a more revolting and sickening spectacle I never beheld. Scarcely could we move forward a step without passing over the dead body of some poor fellow, gashed with wounds and clotted in the blood that had weltered from them; another, perhaps, without leg or arm; here and there a headless trunk, or it might be a head only, which caused our horses to stumble or start aside, or it might be one of their own species lying across our path, his entrails hanging out, or some part of his body blown away. It made one's blood run cold to

glance only, as we passed along, upon the upturned faces of the dead; agony on some, a placid smile on others. It was a horrid sight; yet there was a strange fascination in it, that attracted rather than repelled.

We got over this *field of glory* as quickly as we could, and perhaps some of us affected as we passed along to be less impressed by the terrible scene of carnage around us than we really were. But I know there was many an involuntary shudder, and that many of the glibbest tongues were for the time quite silenced. The windows and doors of most of the houses in the neighbourhood were completely shattered, many were empty, their inhabitants had fled, or been driven from their homes. All along the road we came upon parties of troops from the different armies, who but a few hours before had been cutting each other's throats, and were now hastening *pêle-mêle* in pursuit of, and burning to avenge themselves of, their common tyrant. Altogether, it formed such an *ensemble* as I shall never forget to my latest hour.

We got into Leipzig pretty early. There was a great bustle and confusion in the streets, the whole town seemed to have come out to look at the victors. The passing and repassing of troops, who were generally received with acclamations, though some regiments appeared to be much less favoured than others, formed on the whole an animated scene.

The potentates are on the eve of following up the enemy. A heavy cannonade has been heard all day.

It is reported that twelve hundred *French* soldiers laid down their arms yesterday. Never was a defeat inflicted by Bonaparte more severe or complete than that which he has in his turn been subjected to. It is certain that he himself reached Lutzen on the 19th, and it is supposed that he will either cross the Saale and the Helme and make for Nordhausen, or attempt to move towards Erfurt, after passing the Saale at Weissenfels. He can, however, only escape with the wreck of an army.

I find Sir Charles here—who says he has had another quarrel with the Crown Prince—Lord Cathcart, and Mr. Thornton. Lord Aberdeen, whom I called on at Rötha, arrived soon, as also his brother, Sir Charles Gordon, with letters, &c., from England to the 20th September.

The King of Prussia has promoted General Blücher to the rank of Field Marshal for his very eminent services, and the Emperors of Russia and Austria have conferred the 1st Class of the Orders of St. George and Maria Theresa on Prince Schwartzenberg. The King of Prussia has sent him the Black Eagle.

22*nd*.—In the midst of all this, instructions have been received from England to prepare and sign a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive, with all the belligerent powers. All parties being assembled here, it was thought to be a favourable opportunity for it. But Lord Cathcart has found it impossible, he says, to get the Emperor Alexander to go into the question, and until his pleasure is taken in detail, his lordship will not permit the subject to be broached to

either Austria or Prussia. Thus, a most precious moment is lost; for Alexander goes off to-night to the army, Sir Charles to-morrow, to stick to the Crown Prince; I follow in a day or two with the Chancellor, by Gera—the head-quarters of the grand army—which the King, who is going to Berlin for a few days only, will join on his return.

I called this morning on Count Hardenberg, the Chancellor's brother; he has been named Prussian commandant of this town. I had the pleasure of meeting there my old friend Count Woronzow, now a lieut.-general, with whom I passed the greater part of the campaigns of 1806 and 1807, flying before the French then, and scarcely daring to hope that the great Boney would ever be flying before *us*.

Sir Charles proposing to set off at daylight, I drank tea and spent the evening at his quarter. Heard there some very curious language held by Pozzo de Borgo, whom the Crown Prince has persuaded the Emperor Alexander to remove from about him. He hinted pretty broadly at some very strange designs on the part of the Prince, whose conduct it must be confessed has been rather extraordinary. It is thought to be as well to keep a vigilant eye on his movements. Later in the evening, I saw this renowned personage, and a more complete Frenchman both in appearance and manners I never beheld. One wonders what business he has amongst us. And there is a something in his general bearing which seems to denote that his present position is not one exactly of his choice, or that he is thoroughly at home

in. His sympathy with our cause evidently goes no further than as its success favours his own private views. A little relaxation of Bonaparte's obstinacy in that direction would, I feel convinced, have secured his alliance. I could not, on seeing him, but recall to mind my expedition to Cassel in 1805, when the army of the famous General Bernadotte was encamped around its picturesque environs; and a very fine sight it was, though a terrifying one to the poor Elector, who knew not what was next to ensue. The Crown Prince leaves Leipzig to night. The army of Bennigsen is under his orders. They follow the enemy's centre in the direction of Lutzen and Naumberg. The pursuit continues in all directions, and prisoners' baggage and all the *attirail* of a flying army are being continually sent in by the Cossacks and light troops. Several battalions of Poles have joined the army.

On my return to my quarter, to my surprise, I found my friend Rumbold installed there. He had come back from Prague with Mr. Disbrowe on hearing of our successes—having a fancy to see something of the scene of the late actions.

23*rd*.—Received a message from Sir Charles that the Prince of Sweden had changed his line of march, and that, in consequence, he and Mr. Thornton were about to follow him to Merseburg.

Rumbold and Disbrowe spent the day on the field of battle, the evening at the play; I spent both in writing. The Chancellor sent me the accounts from Blücher's army, which seems to have the hardest

work, as well as the largest share of glory. Scarcely have they rested since the battle of the 18th. Their march has been over roads destroyed by the enemy, and made worse by the continual bad weather of this most unfavourable season. The soldiers are very scantily provisioned, and are wanting, it is reported, in almost everything; yet Blücher has led them though the tremendous defiles of the Thuringen mountains, and the courage and spirit of their leader seem to animate his whole army. Again they have come up with the enemy and defeated him; taking near a thousand prisoners, eighteen cannon, and several tumbrils. Between four and five thousand Russian prisoners taken by the enemy were released. I regret that much of my joy at this gratifying news is damped by that I receive from my dear brother, who tells me that his health does not improve. I fear he is submitting to too severe a regimen.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Bath, September 24th, 1813.

MY DEAR GEORGE.

That I may make my appearance at Brighton with the greatest possible credit, I have thought it advisable to take this journey, in order to have the benefit of Creaser's advice and to lose some blood from the head, by an operation—that of opening the jugular vein—which I did not think the country surgeons equal to. Twice he has operated in that way, and he is bleeding me what is called moderately in the arm, but with sufficient frequency to weaken me

greatly and to make it probable that my bones will appear through my skin. For this reason I now employ Elizabeth as my secretary. Creaser tells me to have patience, for that I shall be well in time, and as you know that I have great confidence in him, I take patience accordingly. I may yet be quite well, he says, and without any symptoms of disease. *Veremos!* It will suit me in every sense of the word, for I am at present rather dim-sighted. This is the account of the matter I think it right to give to you; to the world at large I put a better face upon it, or I might be at once laid on the shelf as an invalid.

28*th.*—To day I feel able to take up the pen for a short time myself. We rejoice to hear that things are going on so well in your neighbourhood, and I have not, I assure you, lost sight of the feats of my old friends; but I cannot say that the victory of Dannewitz, of which I have just had the news, is likely to make, generally, the impression which it ought. We have got to that pitch now that nothing will make a great or a lasting impression that does not directly belong to ourselves, or lead directly to Bonaparte's overthrow. That event, I agree with you, ought very shortly to happen, if only common pains are taken to turn to account the very numerous advantages the Allies have obtained from us.

I augur the more favourably of Bonaparte's desperate situation—as well with respect to the considerable diminution that has taken place of his Force in every arm, as to that of his means of supporting the Force he has left—from the progress the Allies

are making; notwithstanding some division in their councils and some egregious blunders that have taken place in their operations.

A very intelligent person, who arrived in town only the day before yesterday, direct from Bernadotte's head-quarters, and from whom I received a letter this morning, says that, "in spite of the mismanagement of the Allies, Bonaparte is so hard pressed in every way that he has no alternative but to fall back on the Rhine, as soon as he can effect his retreat with the least loss." I was disappointed that he did not confirm a report we had here of Bavaria having joined the Allies.

I must scold you, however—and the secretary, who now takes the pen from my hand, joins heartily with me—for leaving me so much in the dark as to the persons who have taken a part in the military and political details of these affairs. Some of them must be interesting in another sense. I do not know enough of what is passing on your side of the water, I mean just now particularly, to allude to the distribution and occupation of those friends who, I am sure, must take a great interest in the present moment, and recollect similar times and circumstances that we have outlived together. I hope I shall one of these days hear from our old *coterie*, though I must not be surprised to find that their recollection of past times is less lively and interesting than mine.

October 13*th*.—You will see by the newspapers that John Bull is delighted with the prospect of having a

part of his army upon French territory. But Lord Wellington very judiciously keeps his head-quarters in Spain, and, as far as I can understand, will confine himself to the advantage, which of itself is no mean one, of giving his troops warmer lodgings and better living than they would have in the Pyrenees. It may be, however, that he intends to go further, and at all events the movements of his army will alarm that part of France. I really do expect to hear from you some corresponding account of the operations of the combined armies; also some news of the family of Löwenstern, and of your companion. But I do not expect you to quit your post on account of what I have told you of the state of my health, as, in the meagre letter received from you on the 11th, you give me reason to fear. If I am not better, I am not worse, and when I have done with Creaser I hope to find the use of my right hand again.

Elizabeth has had a letter from Madame Moreau, written by herself, in the most affecting and affectionate terms. She leads us to expect her at Brighton on a visit to us soon after we get there. We know nothing more than is in the papers of the story of the General's son; but according to their showing he must be as old as his supposed mother-in-law.

There are some few of our old acquaintances in Bath, but of the amusements and diversions, that are going on pretty much as usual, I can speak only from the reports of my mother and sisters. I do not allow them to give up their tea-tables, soirées, card-parties, &c., because they are a weariness rather than an

enjoyment to me, though they are anxious to do so. I tell them and you, as Creaser tells me, that with patience I shall be well in time.

I may now conclude, like Bonaparte when he writes to his Bishops—"This having no other object, I pray God to have you in his good keeping," &c.

F. J. J.

P.S. Your mother, Elizabeth, and your sisters wish you many happy returns of the 18th. They promise to drink your health in bumpers; and they beg you will not forget the cambric.—THE SECRETARY.

Diaries.—Leipzig, Oct. 25th.—The head-quarters of the grand army were last night at Weimar. The Chancellor sends me word that he intends to set out to-morrow morning for Naumburg. Bonaparte was at Erfurt, and the grand army pursuing by the lower road, by Jena.

In the afternoon I took a walk round the town with Rumbold, to look at the different points of the attack on the 19th. We met on our way a convoy of from two to three thousand prisoners, taken since the retreat. The greater part were in a very sad plight, poor fellows, and had a very down-hearted look. Only here, and there, did some few of them preserve the jaunty step and air peculiar to the French.

In the evening we dined with the Russian Commandant, Prince Repnin, and met there the French General Vallery, a very gentleman-like officer of the

old school. He says he is convinced that the French nation will compel Bonaparte to make peace, if the Allies do not pass the Rhine. He complains strongly of Victor, who did not support him as he might have done in an attack on a village. If he had, he believes he should have carried it and in a great measure have saved the fortune of the day. In the morning of the 19th, he was told to defend one of the *faubourgs*, and that specific orders would be sent to him there; none, however, came, and he saw, successively, Victor and Bonaparte pass him at full gallop, taking no notice of him, and seeming not to recollect that he was there.

Bonaparte, he says, had not left the town more than an hour and a half when the allied sovereigns entered it, the troops still fighting in the *faubourgs*. The German troops drew up in a row on either side of them, crying "Huzza! Huzza! Vivat! &c." The windows and tops of houses were filled with women, waving handkerchiefs and streamers of ribands, clapping their hands, and crying "*Willkommen, König und Kaiser.*"

The orders and stars of Prince Poniatowski, whose body was found yesterday evening in the Pleisse, were displayed on a table at Prince Repnin's.

To-day, 26th.—We attended the funeral of Prince Poniatowski, who was buried with all military honours.

Before setting out I called on Prince Repnin and Count Hardenberg; the latter told me that General Gouvion St. Cyr was reported to have left Dresden, *cotoyéing* the right bank of the Elbe; and that

Bonaparte had taken up a position at Erfurt. At half past two we left Leipzig and arrived at Naumburg to supper with the Chancellor, to whom I delivered a note informing him that a sum of 200,000*l.* in specie, in further payment of the subsidy, together with some stores and ammunition, had arrived at Colberg. No further trustworthy accounts had come in from the armies, except that Tauentzien with his division was at Acken.

Naumburg, 27th.—After walking about the town, which was the head-quarters of the King in 1806, and where the army assembled before commencing its march towards Jena, we continued our journey to Weimar. The day was fine, the country beautiful, particularly at the passage of the Saale at Koesen, where there are some very extensive salt works. This is indeed the first ride I have at all enjoyed for many days, on account of the numberless dead bodies lying about in all directions. Not only is this most ghastly sickening sight that meets the eye at every turn, painful to look upon, but the state of decomposition which so many of these unburied bodies are in, begins to infect the air, and fevers and other maladies are shewing themselves. Yesterday the whole of our road from Leipzig as far as Weissenfels was covered with the dead. To-day, in the five German miles we rode, we saw fewer *human* corpses, but dead horses were as plentiful as ever.

We reached Weimar a little after dusk and found the town so full, though the head-quarters had moved forward, that there was no possibility of getting a

quarter. The Chancellor made room for us for to night, and we afterwards dined with him. During dinner the Grand Duke came in, and sat talking with us very affably and pleasantly, for upwards of an hour. I had not seen him since I was at Weimar with Otto Löwenstern, just after the battle of Jena, when he urged us to change our intended *route* to Stralsund, lest we should fall into the hands of the French. He addressed me by name immediately after he came in, but at first took me for my brother, seeming to think that time had stood still with him, and advanced rapidly with me since we were in the habit of meeting the Grand Duke frequently at Berlin. But he soon discovered his error, and I informed him, in answer to his inquiries, of the unfavourable state of my brother's health, which he expressed much regret to hear of, and desired to be particularly remembered to Francis. He told us that Bonaparte had not passed through Weimar, and that nobody knew anything about him. On coming in, I found a short letter from Sir Charles.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles Stewart to G. Jackson, Esq.

Sondershausen, October 26th, 1813.

MY DEAR JACKSON.

I have only a moment for one line. We believe here the enemy is filing from Erfurt and Eisenach, and will not stand.

The Crown Prince marches to-day to Mühlhausen, and is inclined to head to Cassel. Czernichoff sends reports of successes. He is near Fulda, following

the enemy's columns. Bonaparte marches with the rear guard, composed of his Guards.

The Crown Prince has sent me the Grand Cross of the Order of the Sword in one of the handsomest letters you ever read! ! ! !——The sky will fall!—— Adieu.

Ever yours.

C. S.

Diaries.— Weimar, 29th. Yesterday we received an invitation to dine at Court. I called on the Grand Chamberlain, and at last—an event to make a figure in my journal—I got a quarter at the house of the famous Göthe. He received me and my friend with the greatest civility, and lodged us most comfortably.

At about three o'clock we went to dinner, and were presented to the Grand Duchess and the Hereditary Prince. Her Serene Highness is a very amiable and agreeable woman; the Prince is a sad stick. I met there Prince Henry of Prussia, whom I have not seen since I was at Berlin; besides him, Prince Hohenzollern and General Jomini.

After dinner, when the Grand Duke and Duchess retired, we remained a few minutes to allow the Hereditary Prince time to get up-stairs and screw himself up; and we then in a body, the Chancellor at our head, went formally to pay our respects to him. He received us exactly as if he were an actor on a stage, doing his utmost to get through his part well, but playing it rather awkwardly; we, the audience,

forming a circle round him. This droll scene lasted about a quarter of an hour, when—having managed to find a word of some sort to say to each of us—like a clock that had run out its chain, he stopped short; and we made our bows and withdrew.

General Jomini having no carriage, I carried him home, and had a very interesting conversation with him on the subject of Bonaparte and his various plans and undertakings. He says, Bonaparte failed in Spain owing to his minister there being only half let into his confidence, and that his real intention was to have sacrificed the Prince of Peace. He mentioned a curious anecdote of Bonaparte and Ney. In the retreat from Russia, Ney was praising a charge of cavalry just made, observing to Bonaparte, "*Cela va pourtant assez bien;*" to which he replied, "*Oui, en effet, je ne crois pas que le moment pour me bruler la cervelle soit encore arrivée.*" I can the more readily credit this from the expression he made use of when taking leave of the Queen of Saxony, just before his flight from Leipzig—"*C'est votre frère qui m'a porté le coup mortel.*"

On the whole, I was much interested in, though not pleased with Jomini. Perhaps I should have been more so if I had heard his own story from his own mouth before. As it was, he was so very studious to set his own conduct in a fair point of view—and his natural vanity being superadded, made self the burden of his song, to which he always returned—that never was the old adage, "*qui s'excuse s'accuse,*" more completely exemplified.

I went afterwards to the play, the Grand Duchess having invited me to her box. The house is a remarkably pretty one, and the actors and actresses performed very fairly. Her Serene Highness chatted away most pleasantly, and I passed a very agreeable evening.

The play over, I hastened back to see what Rumbold and Pat had achieved in the way of a supper, to which I had invited M. de Göthe, the Chancellor, Prince Hohenzollern, and Count Bombelles. Present circumstances considered, the repast provided was not unworthy of the guests; at least they seemed to think so. There was a great deal of entertaining conversation; for the presence of M. de Göthe put us all on our mettle. And although I do not remember that any of *us* displayed either remarkable wit or wisdom, yet we all did our best, and endeavoured to show that, at least, we were not unappreciative listeners to the eloquence of the great German genius. The charm of his conversation, in my humble opinion, is somewhat marred by an air of pedantry, which is probably due to the adulation he is accustomed to receive from his many worshippers. People here, seem to hang, as it were, upon his lips, and listen for his words as if an oracle were about to hold forth. It is not, therefore, surprising, that they should flow from them in a less easy current, than if he were allowed to speak with as little restraint as those from whom no unusual beauty of language, lessons of wisdom, or poetic fancies, are expected each time they open their mouths. For my part, I like Göthe for

his good humour and pleasant manners; for I think, that a man inferior in genius, and of less genial nature, would have become insufferable in society if constantly dosed with flattery as he is; and that much credit is due even to *him* for being so little spoiled by it.

This morning we learn that the head-quarters of the two Emperors are at Ohrdruf and Ilmenau; the corps of Kleist and Yorck before Erfurt. Blücher has had rather a brilliant affair with the enemy retreating from Eisenach. Bonaparte left that place at four on the morning of the action. Marshal Blücher moves on the high road to Frankfort, believing that that will be the enemy's line of retreat. General Bertrand's division is completely separated and cut off from the grand route of Frankfort, and is forced to take the mountain roads in the direction of Schweinfurth. The Russian General Czernichoff, who is indefatigable in harassing the retreat of the foe, marches without guns, for greater rapidity, and generally makes eight or ten German miles a day. The soldiers of the pursuing armies are, however, so thoroughly worn down by fatigue and their excessive exertions, that great numbers are constantly left behind, and even drop by the way. They have been sometimes found, poor fellows, dead, or dying, beside some of the miserable creatures they had been in pursuit of.

A letter from Baron Binder announces that the Emperor Francis had created Metternich a Prince of the Empire, and had written him a most flattering

letter on the occasion. We hear also that the King of Würtemburg joins the Allies. The Grand Duke wrote to me this morning respecting three of his officers, who have been made prisoners in Spain, and whose release he is anxious to obtain. In the course of the day I sent a despatch on the subject to Lord Cathcart and Sir Charles, by a messenger who brought me a letter from the head-quarters at Mühlhausen.

Lieut.-General Sir C. Stewart to George Jackson, Esq.

Head-Quarters, Mühlhausen,
October 27th, 1813.

MY DEAR JACKSON.

After all that has passed between the Prince and me, and the storms that have even raged since you and I parted, you will be surprised when you read his letter to me. If the sky had fallen I could not have been more thunderstruck than when I received it. I attribute it, however, to the opinions of Wilderstedt, Aldercrantz, and all the superior officers of his army, rather than his own movement. But if he has a mind great enough to admit his errors, he is better than I ever yet thought him.

Pray communicate this to the Chancellor, and tell him that I hope it is a convincing proof to his sovereign I have not been entirely unworthy of the confidence he was pleased to repose in me. I hope the Chancellor will communicate this to the King. I send you the bulletins, and as nothing more occurs, being in great haste, I will only add that

I am ever, &c., &c.,

CHARLES STEWART.—*Lieut.-Genl.*

Copy of a Letter from the Crown Prince of Sweden to Lieut.-General Sir Charles Stewart, K.B.

MONSIEUR LE LIEUT.-GÉNÉRAL DE STEWART.

Le zèle, les talens et la valeur que vous avez déployés en toute occasion, au service de la belle cause pour laquelle nous combattons, et dont vous avez nouvellement donné tant de preuves dans les batailles devant Leipzig, le 18 et 19 de ce mois, m'ont porté à demander pour vous au Roi mon souverain la dignité de Commandeur grand-croix de son Ordre militaire de l'Épée, dont je me réserve de vous envoyer les décorations.

Je me trouve heureux de pouvoir vous donner par-là une preuve de l'estime bien méritée que je vous ai vouée et du prix que j'attache aux services que vous avez rendus; et sur ce je prie Dieu qu'il vous ait, Monsieur le Lieut.-Général de Stewart, en sa sainte et digne garde, étant

Votre bien affectionné,

CHARLES-JEAN.

A mon Quartier-Général, d'Acken,
le 25 octobre, 1813.

Diaries.—Oct. 30th.—I went early with Rumbold to see the Grand Duke's library, which contains near 100,000 volumes. Among them are some very fine and curious editions. We were shown the Lord's Prayer in five hundred different languages.

We afterwards called on the Chancellor, who had proposed that we should go to see General Kleist, before Erfurt; but the General having come to

Weimar to pay his respects to the Grand Duke, we all dined at Court instead. We were a much larger party than on the day before; and I met there Prince Paul of Würtemburg, Baron Anstatt, General Dufour, and several others with whom I was acquainted. We were also much livelier, and many anecdotes were told of Bonaparte; amongst others that his *last words* to the Queen of Saxony were, "*Votre frère est un grand gueux.*" While at dinner, received intelligence of the Bavarians having reached Aschaffenburg, and that our head-quarters are to-day at Meiningen.

The Grand Duchess having invited me to her box, I went to hear the opera of "Camilla." The House was very full, and the opera very well given. Some of the music was, indeed, finely executed. I, however, got away as soon as etiquette permitted, being engaged with Count Bombelles to drink tea with Madame de Spiegels; a most pleasant-mannered pretty little woman. I met there a sister-in-law of Mrs. Mellish. Mellish appears to have been a great favourite here, as everybody enquires after him with much interest.

The doings of Jerome Bonaparte at Cassel formed a chief subject of conversation. His Westphalian Majesty was in a very sad way it seems at not being able to carry off with him from Cassel all the valuable articles he had collected or appropriated; but at last he hit upon a plan that in some measure consoled him. He put a price upon them and compelled the inhabitants to buy them, by which means he decamped with a considerable booty.

31*st*.—After attending the *Te Deum*, which was sung in the Lutheran church for the late victories, I went to the Chancellor, who showed me a letter from Baron Humboldt, giving an account of another brilliant affair, in which the indefatigable Blücher and his glorious Silesian army had again beaten the retreating enemy, and taken some thousands of prisoners.

It would have been a still more decisive action if General d'Yorck could have come up in time. The town of Würtzburg, not the citadel, surrendered to General Wrede on the 27th, and the Grand Duke of Frankfort has renounced the Confederation of the Rhine.

Again we dined at Court. General Jomini was of the party. He stated in conversation, that he is of opinion that the Allies ought to cross the French frontier with a small army, as a *point de ralliement* to the discontented in France, but not to attempt conquest there.

Again, too, we go to the play, which, having much writing to do, I had hoped to escape. But that could not be, as the play was given for our especial entertainment. I cannot say that it was well chosen, though it was a play by Werner and much admired, I am told, by some persons. But it is of all the horrors of the German school the most horrid, and, in my opinion, has nothing whatever to recommend it. It is called "The 24th of February," and has only three characters in it. *Au reste*, it is said to be founded on a mysterious event—which I could make neither head nor tail of—in real life, and that it was

worked up into a play, only in consequence of Werner being defied by Göthe to write on the subject with his wonted spirit, and without diffusiveness. I presume he is thought to have succeeded. After the play I took leave of the Grand Duchess, who was extremely affable and gracious, as she has been throughout our stay here. I also bade adieu to our obliging host, M. de Göthe. In the course of the evening, Prince Augustus of Prussia arrived from before Erfurt. Nothing has been done there, and I fear nothing is likely to be done for some time, for the want of a battering train. They are urgently pressing for one to be sent them from England.

Gotha, November 2nd.—Early yesterday morning my friend Rumbold and I again parted; *he* for Berlin, with the intention, he said, of rejoining me at Frankfort; but he is become so dreadfully home-sick, that I imagine he will make the best of his way from Berlin to his native shores; *I* set out with our party for Gotha.

In our way, which lay to the left of Erfurt, we stopped at General Kleist's head-quarters. The force besieging the place is about twenty-five thousand—the garrison, not five thousand. It seemed very odd to me to pass, in perfect safety, almost within shot of a large town occupied by the enemy. As we passed along, a few guns were fired; in honour, I presume, of our cavalcade, and procession of twelve carriages. It is remarked, that the moment they descry anything like a group of people, they immediately begin firing; for they have abundance of ammunition and

are by no means sparing of it—knowing, I suppose, that sooner or later the place must fall.

After a pleasant ride, for the greater part of which the Chancellor joined us on horseback, we reached Gotha to a late dinner. It was reported here that Murat had left Bonaparte, but the report was not generally credited.

This morning Count Salisch called to desire, on the part of the Duke and Duchess, that I would be at the palace to dinner at two o'clock. The interval I spent in viewing, with Count Bombelles, the interior of the ducal residence. To recommend it, it has a handsome library of many thousand volumes, and some very beautiful manuscripts; as well as a fine collection of medals and many rare curiosities. There are also some well executed modern statues, the work of an artist whom the Duke has established at the palace. At the appointed hour of two we repaired thither, and were introduced to the Duke and Duchess; the former, though with the character of being a little cracked, is evidently very far from being without his wits; the Duchess is a daughter of the old elector of Hesse Cassel, and though she is not exactly pretty there is something exceedingly interesting and pleasing in her manner, and in the gentle tones of her voice. Dinner was served in a very handsome old-fashioned saloon, and every thing was in the best style. The Duke and Duchess were particularly gracious, and seemed anxious to show every attention to their guests; but the old German etiquette, so strictly observed at this court, had somewhat the effect on

our kind hosts of a frost in a naturally genial climate. After dinner I called on the electress, an aunt of the present king of Denmark. She has lived at Gotha ever since her husband was driven from his States in 1806. She received me very graciously, and was most anxious for information on the present position of affairs in Europe—putting questions to me which I really was not at liberty to answer. However, I trust that I succeeded in satisfying her Serene Highness, without touching upon points which it was not desirable I should very clearly explain to her. On leaving her, I went to pay my respects to Prince Frederick of Gotha. He has travelled a great deal in Italy, and has collected there some very fine pictures, busts, vases, &c. Finding that I was interested in them, he was good enough to point out to me his choicest specimens. He was somewhat indisposed, and said it was on that account he did not dine with us at his brother's. He made many apologies for receiving me in the *déshabillé* of an invalid, and was exceedingly affable; and altogether I was very much pleased with my visit to him. On my return I found letters and despatches from Lord Cathcart and Sir Charles.

Extract of Letter from Sir Charles Stewart to George Jackson, Esq.

October 30th, 1813.

"The Swedes arrived at Heiligenstadt to-day; Woronzow and his advanced guard are at Cassel, to which place the Prince also had intended to go. But

when I found that he decided on taking the longer and more northern road, I rather suspected something, and it appears to-day that he has altered his intention, and will himself march with the Swedes and Russians to Göttingen and Hanover. Now the Prince has kept all this snug from me until this morning; but I have not failed to let it be known that it is from no desire or wish of ours. That as far as relates to Hanover, we care little about it, and it is sure to come to us in due time if the main points are properly acted upon.

However, whether it is that the Prince is unwilling himself to enter Jerome's palace and would rather leave it to others, or whether he wishes to be out of the reach of the Emperor Alexander and to pursue his northern objects, I will not determine; but the ground he has given for his movements, is, his desire to exterminate Davoust and prevent his retreat into Holland. This is plausible. But the Crown Prince appears to me to have an itching about re-establishing the Hanoverian Government, raising the *Landwehr*, &c.

But I have been beforehand with him, and have written to the regency, and hope they will be at their post on our arrival. Czernichoff took all military chests and public money at Göttingen, and elsewhere, so that the Government will not have much on resuming their functions.

I am convinced of the impolicy of this northern movement, as Walmoden—who, by the way, is dreadfully discontented with his situation—must have force

enough for Davoust. Still, as there is a military reason for the movement, I do not like on my sole responsibility to oppose it. Baron Hammerstein is in despair about it; as it will ruin Hanover, already nearly drained, and be attended with no real good. I think it is our duty to prevent the country being so unnecessarily entered by so large an army.

Thanks for your private letters, and the despatches. The latter I will send on to England," &c., &c.

C. S.

Diaries—Eisenach, 3rd.—At eight this morning we were again *en route*. The weather was fine and the scenery charming, particularly as we approached Eisenach. But all enjoyment of the ride was prevented by a renewal of the horrid spectacle of dead bodies of men and horses; many in a state of decomposition, and lying in all directions along our road.

A Prussian messenger entered Eisenach almost at the same moment as ourselves, bringing the account of a most bloody battle which was fought at and near Hanau, and had continued for four days—from the 28th to the 31st—with various success, and the loss to the Allies of the services of General Wrede, who was mortally wounded towards the close of the action on the 31st. The Bavarian army, whose whole force amounted to only fifty-six thousand, had been attacked by eighty thousand, commanded by Bonaparte in person. Night ended the conflict. The Bavarians remained in possession of Hanau and

had taken near five thousand prisoners, but were expecting again to be attacked on the following day. The result of this we are anxiously looking for.

4th.—I went over with Count Bombelles yesterday to Wartburg, where Luther took refuge after the Council of Worms. We were shown the famous inkstand which he is said to have thrown at his Satanic Majesty's head. It was a clumsy sort of thing. I asked the keeper whether it had cracked the devil's crown, as, well aimed, it seemed capable of doing. He said, "he thought not; but that he had cunningly contrived to bob below it." We saw also the pulpit —a more interesting object than the inkstand—from which Luther delivered his first Protestant sermon. I believe, other places and things are shown, and other stories told in connection with Luther and his residence in the pleasant town of Eisenach. But, "How goes on the fighting at Hanau?" was, I believe, the question we were mentally most occupied with, and which hastened our return to the Chancellor.

His Excellency had received no further news during our absence. He was, however, rather silent at dinner, and afterwards when we were alone, he told me, to my extreme surprise, that "England was very desirous of peace, and was exhorting the different Powers to use every means to conclude it." I answered that "this was the first time I had heard such a disposition on her part, even hinted at—at least for such a peace as Bonaparte, even now, seemed inclined to agree to." The Chancellor assured me that what

he had told me was perfectly true, and "that Bonaparte would be glad to avail himself of it as an excuse for showing himself reasonable."

Having no further reports from Hanau, we proceeded this morning on our journey as far as Phillipsthal, near Vach—passing through a beautiful country. By going round by Berka instead of Marksuhla we avoided for about two German miles the route of the French retreat. We there overtook the Chancellor, and as the weather was very fine we persuaded him to leave his carriage and join us on horseback. After a pleasant ride we arrived to dinner at Phillipsthal—a *château* belonging to the prince of that name.

His Highness, who is a brother of the hero of Guta, received us most hospitably. He has been a *chambellan* of King Jerome and is just escaped from Cassel, and the pains he took to recommend himself and to persuade us of his attachment to the good cause, amused us not a little. The princess had also her cue, but overplayed her part most ridiculously. There was no name too bad for poor Jerome, and no opportunity allowed to pass of making him the subject of jest and laughter. This, however, has rather recoiled upon the lady, if we are to credit the report that a little "Victoire" who was brought upon the scene for our admiration, is a living proof of that *victoire* which His Westphalian Majesty gained over the princess.

Bonaparte stopped at Vach, after leaving Eisenach, and was received by a priest of that place in the best manner his poor circumstances allowed. On taking

leave of him, Bonaparte handed him a ducat, telling him, it was all the money he had. He also gave him his carriage, not being able to take it any further—the Philistines being upon him. The poor priest, however, was none the richer for his gift; for the same Philistines, in the shape of Cossacks, very soon arrived and carried it off with them, and, as is their custom, every thing else they could lay their hands upon. Many stories were told us of the carousals by which Jerome's reign was distinguished; but the object of our hosts was so very apparent that their anecdotes, for the most part, were but little entertaining, and very soon after the good supper they gave us we went to roost in the comfortable quarters assigned to us.

5th. — Having done full justice to a breakfast, excellent in every respect, we bade adieu to the prince and princess of Phillipsthal, who had certainly done their best to send us away with a high opinion at least of their hospitality, and mounted our steeds to pursue our journey to Fulda.

It was a bright crisp morning; the country around lovely; the thickly wooded hills, though late in the season, richly variegated with the autumn-tinted though by no means scanty foliage. Could we have looked only on these things our ride would have been one of the pleasantest; but our road was everywhere marked by the ravages of the French retreat, and the unburied bodies of men and horses that had dropped with fatigue by the way, or had been slain by the merciless Cossacks.

The way in which, under Generals Czernichoff and Slowzoiski, these Cossacks and another partisan corps, harass the French in their retreat, is hardly to be described. At Fulda, they have broken down the bridges, rendered the roads almost impracticable, taken many prisoners and destroyed the enemy's magazines. Czernichoff contrives to post himself between the main body and their advance, and when the latter approach a town, he immediately charges with his Cossacks and overthrows them. He then retires, to follow the advanced guard on the great road towards Frankfort, carrying destruction to all the enemy's means before their main body arrives. The General states that Bonaparte's army is reduced to fifty thousand men, armed and collected; but many are retiring in different directions, even without arms. Fugitives swarm along all the roads. The retreat, though ably conducted, resembles in some respects that of Moscow, and it is said that the greatest consternation prevails in consequence throughout France.

Between Vach and Hamfeld, we came to-day upon a village of some extent, that had been wantonly set fire to by the French when they found they could not remain in it. The miserable inhabitants were wandering about in woful plight, half famished, almost naked, and without a roof to shelter them; their houses being a mass of ruins, still smouldering before their eyes.

I had gone off a little from the direct road to see this sad sight: my companions would not join me, but

I came up with them at Hamfeld, where I was glad to find the Chancellor and Count Bombelles just about to sit down to an ample breakfast *à la fourchette*. Count Hardenberg had also arrived. Having been replaced at Leipzig by a Prussian officer, he was now on his way to join Marshal Blücher. The marshal reports that such is the disorder of the enemy's flight, he can not desist one moment from the pursuit, however, harassed his troops may be.

The Chancellor received here a despatch from Sir Charles Stewart from Göttingen. It mentioned that a party of Cossacks had taken a French Colonel, on whom was found a letter from Jerome Bonaparte to Murat, a copy of which he inclosed. It is as follows :—

"My dear Brother,

"I learn that you are arrived at Vach. This news disquiets me. My situation is horrible. Tell me the truth, and whether I should fall back, for I have with me but four or five thousand miserable conscripts. How is the Emperor? Do not make me wait for an answer. You may conceive my anxiety.

I embrace you as I love you,

Jerome Napoleon."

On leaving Hamfeld, the Chancellor joined us on horseback. He was in unusually good spirits, and talked about his journal, which he says will be published after his death; but that he writes with "*trop de vérité*" to allow of its appearing for many

years to come. We all dined together at Fulda, making, with the friends we met there, a very large party; a merry and rather noisy one too, for the Chancellor plied us well with Johannisberg, for which this town is famous, and we drank many toasts in full bumpers.

Gelnhausen, 6th.—A long ride of eight German miles brought us to this place, but only in time for a bad supper at a poor inn; where I found my servant and cook, whom I had sent forward from Fulda to secure quarters at Frankfort, waiting for horses, which they seemed to have little chance of getting. Having sought out the postmaster, and made a great rumpus, I succeeded in re-despatching them. Lord Burghersh, whom I met on the road to-day, joined our party. He brought me only an old letter from Francis, and has been so long from England that I had more news to give than to receive.

Frankfort, S.M., 7th.—Having only four German miles to complete our journey I remained at Gelnhausen until the middle of the day; then set out with Lord Burghersh for Frankfort. On our way, we passed over the Hanau field of battle, presenting much the same sort of spectacle as that of Leipzig, and reviving similar sensations and reflections. But I am ashamed to acknowledge, even here, that recent familiarity with such scenes has gradually deadened the feelings they at first awakened. The dead and the dying—for the French in their flight generally abandoned their wounded—men and animals lying *pêle-mêle*, sunk in the gory slush of the battle-field,

amidst *débris* of clothing and weapons of every sort, have, I fear, been passed by with but little emotion, or have inspired but momentary pity. At most, perhaps only a keen pang of regret, when, as I have more than once seen, some face in which life was not yet wholly extinct has been turned towards us, and has seemed to implore that aid which might even then, probably, have sometimes not been offered in vain.

Proceeding direct to Frankfort, you leave the town of Hanau to the left; but curiosity led us to make a *détour* in order to see the effects of the assault which cost General Wrede his life, but secured his object of dislodging the French and preventing the destruction of the town by fire. The suburbs are nearly destroyed, but the town itself has lost but one house.

Here, the Maine first shows itself, and a *chaussée*, like an extensive avenue of trees, with this fine river in view, brings you to Frankfort.

We entered Frankfort about four o'clock, and I found that I had not been needlessly provident in sending on an *avant-courier*; for the town is full beyond anything I had imagined. As it is, I am but badly lodged. Immediately after my arrival I called on Lord Aberdeen, and found letters from my brother, containing little beyond the painful news of the unfavourable state of his health. My mother's letters, too, have lost their cheerful tone, and she writes despondingly both of herself and Francis. One way or other, I must endeavour to see them before the winter is over.

12*th*.—The last three day have been to me blank days, fever having kept me in bed from the night of our arrival until this morning. Yet my room has seldom been free from visitors, and what I have learnt of the state of things here, mainly respecting the mission of M. de St.-Aignan to Bonaparte and the prevalent desire for peace, obliges me to turn out and write to Sir Charles; whose presence, I think would now be more useful at Frankfort than at the head-quarters of Bernadotte.

I dined with Lord Cathcart, where I took leave of my friend Bombelles, who is sent on a mission to the Danes. A detailed account was brought of the taking of Hochheim and the ultimate retreat of Bonaparte across the Rhine. It was at first said that he had fled to Paris, but it appears he is at Metz, where he has convoked the senate. And this is judicious, Metz being a central point from which he can readily reach any other that may be most threatened.

I confess I was never sanguine enough to expect we should get thus far, and what is more, I am bold to say it is further than, from what we have done, we *ought* to have got. But Bonaparte, since the recommencement of hostilities, has shown himself altogether an altered man. We shall see what he will do next. If before the battle of Leipzig he wanted two hundred and eighty thousand men, what number will he now call for? And a still more interesting question is, how such a demand, already no very popular one, will be received. I know but

one thing which could place him where he was. From that—a repetition of the scenes of 1794—heaven defend us.

I paid my visit this evening to Prince Metternich. *His Highness* is become a very great man. He is hardly at ease yet under the weight of his new honours.

14*th*.—Dined with Burghersh, who read me his letter to Lord Castlereagh respecting his affair with Wilson. His lordship finds his place usurped by anticipation by this gallant knight, who came here lately from Hiller's army. He has taken huff at the arrival of Burghersh and will probably soon show himself on the other side of the water, not being able to maintain his ground here, in a post—be it observed—where he placed himself. But the droll part of the story is, that Lord Aberdeen, to whom Wilson was not known before he met him here, supports and encourages him in his usurpation of Burghersh's post.

We afterwards went to the play. It was a stupid affair, and we soon left, to play a game of billiards, at Prince Wolkonski's suggestion, at the Casino.

This morning the King of Prussia, who arrived last night, went in public procession through the town, accompanied by the Emperors of Russia and Austria. The enthusiastic demonstrations of delight usual on such occasions were not wanting on this. Probably they were not, to a certain extent, when Bonaparte entered Frankfort, but a fortnight ago.

After the procession, the troops of three nations defiled before their sovereigns. Huzzas, Vivats, &c.

Counts Hardenberg and Pozzo di Borgo, Prince Wolkonski, and Burghersh dined with me, and in the evening we went with the Prince to be introduced by him to Madame de Bethman. She is the wife of the rich Frankfort banker, and is called pretty. The Emperor Alexander is said to have told her so. Prince Henry of Prussia, the Prince of Oldenburg, and Metternich were amongst the stars of her *salon.*

Bethman has been a sort of an agent of Russia; and this, aided by the length of his purse, his fine house and good dinners, has given him a sort of consequence and vogue here, of which both he and his wife seem to be fully conscious. Returned early, to write through the night and part of to-day—15th, to despatch the messenger Sylvester to England. Received letters from Rumbold and Sir Charles.

Charles E. Rumbold, Esq., to G. Jackson, Esq.

MY DEAR JACKSON, Berlin, November 11th, 1813.

I got here on Wednesday night, the 3d, after quitting Weimar on the morning of the 1st. This, being my first essay of any consequence in German travelling, I hope you will do me the justice to say was making very good haste; especially considering the great delay I every where experienced for want of horses, after leaving Leipzig. The journey from Weimar to Leipzig I accomplished in exactly twelve hours.

I found here Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, King, and two of the Cambridge professors; the last, excellent fellows, but more ignorant of men and manners than even "the undersigned." As to foreign acquaintance I have none, except one very good sort of a French lady, something on the wane of her youth and beauty. I will not mention her name, as her fame has before reached head-quarters, she being the lady celebrated there for the frequent visits paid her by Sir Charles and Sir Robert during their stay in Berlin. However, since I have myself made her acquaintance, I am inclined to believe that their sentiments towards her were not of the tender nature we suspected, but as purely platonic as my own; and that, favoured by her friendship, they asked for no more. She has lived much in Russia, and her conversation is highly interesting. This and good manners form the sum total of her captivations.

I am anxious to be more extensively enlightened as to what is passing at head-quarters. In this respect I am at present much indebted to the willingness and good humour of Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, whom I like exceedingly. The rays of royalty have not infused an atom of humbug into him, and he appears to be as anxious to please the whole world as he would be to please his master.

The last accounts we have of you, state that Blücher has passed the Rhine at the head of forty thousand men, that Wrede has died of his wounds, and that Austria has taken himself off to Italy. On this side, the news is the surrender of Stettin; but what is odd,

the Prussians are to march in *on the* 20*th*. We suppose that the garrison, in expectation of succour, have made that condition.

Torgau is said to be in a most dreadful state of misery. A pestilence has broken out there, and from ninety to a hundred are carried off by it daily. Magdeburg has a large number of Germans and Poles among its garrison, so that its reduction may not be so difficult a task as its formidable fortifications would make one dread. Hamburg is being made very strong, and is ordered to be defended to the very last. You told me to send you all the authentic news I could collect; the above is all that Berlin affords to my diligent enquiries. In return, I expect you to send me all that you are *at liberty* to tell, and *something more.*

Recruits enter this town every day, and Sir Tommy told me, *in confidence*—which in the same spirit I transmit to you—that there are four thousand men loitering about Berlin, ready now to join the army, but for whom there is no clothing, until that and other necessaries arrive from England.

Though Deering's good-nature made him appear something of a fool at head-quarters, his activity and zeal here in collecting recruits for the German Legion, give me a high opinion of his worth and usefulness as an officer. He has already sent off some large detachments.

We have a story that the friendship of our Royal Duke and Bernadotte has been fatally interrupted by the arrival of the former at Hanover having preceded

that of the latter by two days. In consequence of this, the good people of that town, not making the proper distinction between the splendid achievements of the one and the dignified retirement of the other, lavished on the Duke the huzzas, the illuminations, and good dinners that had been for some time in preparation for the Crown Prince; so that when the real Esau made his appearance, the candles were burnt down to their sockets, the applauding voices of the people were hoarse, and the luxuries which were to have recompensed the toils of the fire-breathing Bernadotte, had greased the innocent mustachios of his royal highness of Cumberland. You may imagine the effect this would have on the mind and temper of our ally.

Tyrwhitt tells me, they have a saying that all the kings and princes of Sweden are more or less crazy. If you had heard all they report here of the sayings and doings of Charles Jean while at Potsdam, you would believe with me that, together with his dignity of Crown Prince, there was conferred upon him enough of the characteristics of one, to legitimate him in the eyes of the Swedes, who would, I am told, hardly recognize a sovereign who had not a good dash of eccentricity in him.

I am very anxious for some letters which will come into your hands; one, of *considerable importance*, which it would be cruelty to me to delay. If you have them, pray don't wait till you have time to pay attention to the regular diplomatic size and tightness of the packet, but tie them up in what you call the

true Rumbold style, and despatch them *per estafette, sur le champ.*

Remember me to those friends at head-quarters who have not yet forgotten me; and believe me your sincere friend and chum,

CHARLES E. RUMBOLD.

P.S.—Reports say that Dresden has offered to capitulate.

Lieut.-General Sir Charles Stewart to George Jackson, Esq.

Hanover, November 12th, 1813.

MY DEAR JACKSON,

Many thanks for your letters, public and private. I shall send the former to England; I have answered you in a despatch on official points. My despatching has been frequent of late. I wanted to have a more regular communication between the Grand Head-quarters and this; I think it should be daily, but none of you there will second me.

I have written a heavy complaint to Hardenberg, against a Prussian officer; if I am not redressed, you may hint to him that I shall be very determined.

I send you a Bulletin!—and such a production!!—I shall be glad of the reading you put upon it at Frankfort. Charles Jean is quite mad. I would have him at least half the day in a waistcoat.

Colonel Lowe is just arrived. Let me know what's going on with you, and send by *estafette*, which is quite safe now. What are Wilson and Burghersh

about? and how has Aberdeen settled the kings? Adieu, I am still very unwell.

Believe me, &c. &c.,

CHARLES STEWART.

Diaries.—17*th.* After a long conversation yesterday with Count Hardenberg on the present situation of affairs, which do not progress so satisfactorily as we could desire, I returned home to write fully on the subject to Sir Charles. In the evening I assisted at a ball given by the town of Frankfort to the allied sovereigns. Little expense was incurred in preparations for it, the ball-room being but poorly decorated, and no supper provided. But this *fête* was remarkable on account of the number of royal personages assembled together under the peculiar circumstances of the moment.

Almost as many stars were to be seen glittering there as there were stars then shining in the firmament, and as many princely potentates as constellations—from the imperial and autocratic heads, to the pettiest of the immediatory princes. Besides the King of Prussia, we had His Majesty of Bavaria—a good, jolly, farmer-like looking fellow, crossed with the heaviness of a German prince, and who formed a principal object of curiosity and attention in this motley assembly. Then there was the Duke of Wurzburg, very like his brother, the Emperor. The King of Würtemberg—who is on his way hither—was almost the only absentee. Bonaparte's papa-in-law sneaked about, as he always does, as if he were

ashamed of himself. His brother emperor, Alexander, though for the second time only that I have seen him wear shoes and stockings since he was invested, did not condescend to wear the Garter; at which I felt in such a rage, that I almost wished I could have had it to strangle him with. His Imperial Majesty sauntered about *faisant le joli cœur* with every pretty woman he met.

The venerable Marshal Blücher was present, covered with his well-earned honours, and wearing the latest additions to them—the Grand Crosses of Maria Theresa and St. George. I saw also, for the first time since my return to the Continent, Prince William of Prussia, who was extremely gracious. He talked with me a good deal of our old Berlin days, and was much concerned to hear of my brother's ill-health.

As to the women, I never saw at any *réunion* less beauty or more vulgarity. It was said that the new princess was to appear at this ball; but I heard Metternich say that his wife had remained at Vienna throughout the campaign, and at present had no thought of leaving it. The first in *rank*, then, as well as beauty, was the banker's wife, Madame Bethman, her pretensions to either one or the other being founded only on the poverty of all around her in both those qualities. Even a town-ball at Hull could hardly show a collection of women with less distinction in their appearance and manners; and as to good looks, I must, in justice to my old friends, say they would, in that respect, leave these Frankfort *belles* far, far, in the rear. There was a great crowd,

but very little dancing. Alexander, and afterwards the King, led out Madame Bethman, whose eyes—the best part of her face—then sparkled almost as brightly as the diamond stars of her illustrious *cavaliers*. She displayed some fine diamonds herself, and was certainly most superbly dressed.

On the whole, this *fête* was a curious sight, and one I should have been sorry to have missed. I left at a little before one with Lord Burghersh, who regretted that his wife, now in Berlin, was not with him to see the show; for probably there may be no opportunity of seeing anything like it again. It is to be hoped there may not, for the present moments are most precious and by wisdom and energy *might* be turned to valuable account. We ought not, then, to be spending them in this way. Our actual situation is like that of a person with four honours and a handful of trumps, and who, not knowing what to do with them when he has got them, sits gazing with delight on all the fine picture cards.

Stein arrived yesterday, and showed himself for an hour at the ball. *On dit*, that the joints of his imperial majesty's fingers—the only pliable parts about him—are become more pliable than ever; more, I suspect than, from what comes within their grasp, there is any occasion for. Thornton is about to come here to make one of his Tribunal, we are told; and George Rose is to succeed Thornton, with Charles Jean. Apropos of Charles Jean:—his proceedings provoke many a smile here; no le[illegible], the diligence of His Royal Highness of C[illegible]d to get to

Hanover just in time to do the honours, and take possession of the palace.

18*th.*—Despatch an *estafette* to Sir Charles; afterwards pay a visit, with Admiral Kinckel, to M. and Madame Bethman. Met Burghersh there, flirting with Madame. Meanwhile, I had an interesting conversation with Monsieur. Bethman told me that Bonaparte—who stopped at his house during the two days he was at Frankfort—said to him, "*J'ai eu des revers, et ces revers m'apprennent que je ne dois pas faire la guerre trop loin de mes frontières; mais pour la France, je saurai la deféndre; et gare à celui qui ose l'attaquer!*" On taking leave, he said to Bethman, "*Adieu! Soyez sage, et rappellez-vous que je suis votre voisin de sept lieues.*"

A brother of M. Bethman, just returned from Paris—where, he tells me, he remembers to have met Francis in 1802—represents the desire for peace to be very great throughout France. He states also that Talleyrand was extremely anxious for it, particularly at the time of the Congress of Prague. His reasoning *then*, was, "the Emperor has retrieved his own military fame, and that of his armies; he may now act a moderate part, and it will not be misinterpreted." *At this moment*, however, he thinks the case different. For, "on the one hand, any pacific disposition Bonaparte might show would, most probably, be ascribed to necessity, and on the other, the very able retreat he has made, and the number of men it has yet allowed him to keep together, preclude the existence of [redacted] necessity, and will enable him

to make large drafts on the French nation, without risk of their rising against him." At the same time, Talleyrand believes that Bonaparte is really anxious to terminate the war, if only some expedient could be found by which a permanent and honourable peace might be obtained, and, at the same time, his feelings and vanity *ménagéed*.

19*th*. — The messenger Williams arrived in the afternoon as *avant courier*, and announced that Sir Charles and General de Witterstedt might be expected in the evening. Meanwhile, I write to the Chancellor, who, perplexed and annoyed by what is going forward, makes himself difficult of access, in order to avoid discussion on a subject unpleasant to him.

Pozzo di Borgo, Count Löwenhjelm, M. de Hüppel and Lord Burghersh dine with me, and go afterwards to the Casino. In the evening Sir Charles and the Swedish General arrive, both very hungry and very glad of the dinner I had had prepared for them. The Crown Prince had removed to Bremen. Davoust had seized the Hamburg bank and carried it to Altona, and is, himself, at Haarburg.

The Prince has expressed much dissatisfaction at the conduct of the Allies in concealing from him the missions of M. de St. Aignan and Count Bombelles. He is also annoyed at their sending him the plan of the campaign—which he greatly disapproves—ready cut and dried without any previous consultation with him. This plan — crossing the Upper Rhine with the *gros de l'armée*, and marching at once

into Franche-Comté—he considers as faulty in a military as in a political point of view, and he has instructed Baron Witterstedt to oppose it most strenuously.

I had promised Burghersh to join him at Madame Bethman's, where there is a grand reception to-night; but General Mehrfeldt having looked in, after Sir Charles, tired with his journey, had gone to his quarters, I sat in conversation with him until it was too late to wait upon the queen of Frankfort.

General Mehrfeldt believes Bonaparte to be perfectly sincere in the wish he expressed for peace, and especially since he was given to understand that Great Britain was equally desirous of it, and would be disposed to make colonial sacrifices to secure it. In the course of two interviews of several hours each, Bonaparte went into and discussed with the General all the difficulties which the latter foresaw to peace in the questions of Holland and Italy. He said that it would be possible to make arrangements that might reconcile him to the separation and independence of both those countries. In the one instance it would depend on an agreement which should restore the Neutral Flag; in the other on the kingdom of Italy remaining entire. The question of Spain, he said, was one of dynasty, and the Confederation of the Rhine had ceased of itself.

20*th*.—French papers just received are full of their addresses about *honneur*, *patrie*, &c. &c. I grieve to think we should have allowed them this vantage ground and not have been beforehand with them.

If it had depended on me, at least they should have had more work for their imagination, and by a declaration more to the purpose, and not less distinct than Charles Jean's, I would have taken those ready words out of their mouth. By convincing them that our views are not those of ambition and aggrandizement we might have compelled Bonaparte to make such a peace as "we might have rejoiced in,"—unless it be contended, that with him that can never be the case.

Sir Charles surprised me this morning—for I had not the slightest idea of any such intention on his part—by telling me he had written to Lord Castlereagh from Leipzig to recommend me for the Bavarian mission. He desired that I would not speak of it, because he could not tell what arrangements his brother might have made, but that I would at all events consider it as a proof of his personal esteem, and entire satisfaction with the manner in which I had fulfilled the duties of my situation. When I think of the quarter whence the application proceeds and the favourable dispositions already evinced towards me in that to which it is addressed, and also that it was made at the moment of victory and triumph, I am inclined to be sanguine as to its result. But this is a mere passing thought, for I am but too well convinced that length of service or zealous performance of duties have of themselves no weight with our Government, when put against the claims of a competitor—fit or unfit for the post he seeks—supported by political influence. I therefore

look on Sir Charles's application in my favour, as a gratifying testimony of his good intentions towards me, for which, and for the manner in which he announced it to me, I shall always feel greatly obliged to him.

A long conference with the Chancellor—to be resumed in the afternoon. Sir Charles agrees with me entirely, in thinking that Lord Aberdeen was wrong in advising the march into Franche-Comté and the mission of M. de St. Aignan; and that he was altogether unjustifiable in encouraging the idea that England would suffer her Maritime Rights to be canvassed, and that the Allies and Sweden would be content with an indemnity for the rest of Norway, provided Drontheim were at once surrendered.

At the Chancellor's we met M. de Stein, who had just completed his plan for the military organization of Germany. It goes upon the principle of doubling in every instance the amount of contingent which, according to the Rhenish Confederation, each Power was to furnish to France, viz., one half in regulars, the other in militia and levies. Both Stein and the Chancellor declared their disapproval of the measures taken, and now in agitation respecting France, to be as strong as our own.

On my return, introduce Admiral Kinckel to Lord Cathcart, with whom we dine, in company with all the Swedes, and afterwards drink tea with Madame Bethman. A very numerous party assembled to pay their court to this lady, whose head will surely be a little turned by the homage she receives from

the royal circle, no less than from the representatives civil and military of all nations. The house is certainly a pleasant one. Bethman entertains liberally and Madame is bright and animated—a little more so, I suspect, from the exciting circumstances of the moment than from any great liveliness of disposition.

23*rd*.—Another long conference with the Chancellor. Sir Charles also obtained an interview with Alexander and got them to reconsider the *projet d'alliance*, which will now, I trust, be signed as originally proposed. It appears that the Emperor desired Lord Aberdeen to attend the conference at Metternich's under pretence that it was impossible to do anything with Lord Cathcart. This flattered Aberdeen's vanity, and he agreed to every thing, both on the French and Danish question—commenting upon, indeed, but not protesting against that part of the former touching our Maritime Rights, because, forsooth, objecting to it *might indispose Bonaparte* to the whole thing!! His lordship is now very angry that he and Austria are named in the instructions after Lord Cathcart and Russia. Owing to this and similar paltry considerations, he treats his instructions with utter indifference, by which the execution of them is much obstructed. Never was anybody more completely bitten, than he is by Metternich and Wilson. The former I consider one of our greatest enemies.

In consequence of the Prussian troops having crossed the Yssel and occupied Deventer, Zwoll, and Gröningen, the Crown Prince writes to Witterstedt

that he intends to march immediately into Holland, leaving Baron Aldercrantz to continue operations against Davoust. At dinner—a large party at Sir Charles's—we receive Charles Jean's intended proclamation to the French. In some parts it is very good, but enough, I think, is not made of Spain.

Some French papers give us a garbled account of the opening of parliament. We were all very curious to know whether the news of the victory of Leipzig was in time for the Speech. The above papers of course say nothing about it; but as Captain James sailed from Gothenberg on the 28th and the duplicates we know reached Heligoland in safety, it will be very unlucky if it did not. If I had been the bearer of such glorious news, I think I should, even then, have made a push and tried for the rivers.

We hear that letters and papers to the 9th, full of illuminations and rejoicings for the battle of Leipzig, are at Bremerlohe—so we are looking out anxiously for a messenger.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson, Esq.

Brighton, November 8th, 1813.

It is in vain, my dear George, to attempt reasoning upon the great events that have taken place of late. I suppose you are prepared to take advantage of them, and the impulse must come from your side of the water. As you may suppose, all the world is full of delight at the turn which affairs have taken, and, as usual, runs before the wind in its expectation

of what is to happen. Enough has already happened to gratify those who think that Bonaparte ought to be punished for his audacity, his want of faith, and his reliance upon the weakness of the world; but a great deal more yet remains to be done to settle that world, than I, or perhaps a younger man, may live to experience. I am not one of those who think that this battle will be decisive of the fate of Bonaparte, though if properly followed up it may undoubtedly go a great way towards it. If *he* could have been taken—as he might have been after the *déroute* of Moscow—it would have been another matter; but by this time he will be snugly seated at Paris, and it must depend upon the good people of that city what is in future to become of him.

At all events, I think it is not presuming too much to suppose that all this success will lead to your being provided with a good berth in Germany; and I have been thinking of Dresden, Cassel and Munich, as places you may very reasonably fix your hopes upon.

13*th*.—After two journeys to Bath, from neither of which I received any benefit, I determined on returning to Brighton, to see and be seen by Dr. Baillie. It may be some comfort to you to know that he reasoned, and prescribed for my case, much in the same way that Creaser had done; but I cannot yet say either that I am well, or that I am better than I was three months ago. Yet it seems to be thought that my complaint has been got under, and that there is no longer any danger of its returning seriously

upon me. As you may suppose, I think the time that it has lasted very long, and, indeed, there is little more left of your brother than a skeleton. But I know that the passage from youth to age is frequently a troublesome one, and I may perhaps think myself fortunate if I am not shipwrecked on the coast. Possibly, after the storm is over, I may enjoy afresh the sunshine and favourable breezes of prosperity; therefore, as the song says, "Luff boys, luff, don't make wry faces."

17*th*.—We are again in a state of uncertainty as to the progress of affairs in Germany. Not a line have we received from you or any body else in that country since the battle of Leipzig. Our mother has been rather inclined to grumble that no account of that victory has ever reached her from your pen; I have rather found fault that you were not actually on the spot, and did not bring over the news. I say this, notwithstanding my former precautions to you to keep out of the way of the balls, and well knowing that you would have made but a sorry figure if you had come over limping with one leg.

I do not even know where you will receive this, but I suppose it will be somewhere between Paris and St. Petersburg, and I will delay it no longer. Being so much taken up with attention to my own ailings, I have now nothing to tell that will be news to you. All the Bath party are going on well. You will see by the handwriting that my sister is my amanuensis; *au reste*—both at Brighton and Bath, much anxiety is felt to hear from you.

22*nd*.—Broughton, who sends me word there will be an opportunity in a day or two of forwarding letters to you by a speedy channel, congratulates me on the news that reached London only last night of the Dutch having thrown off their yoke and declared their independence; at the same time, inviting the Prince of Orange to return to them. This is excellent news, and must greatly contribute to the taming, *per force*, if not to the subduing of the great Emperor.

It occurs to me to say that your opinion of your agent Broughton, is correct. His mode of transacting business is even more unsatisfactory than that of the Foreign Office clerks generally. He is particularly neglectful in forwarding letters; also in making payments, though by no means so in looking after the receipts. You will do well to take an opportunity of getting rid of him.

F. J. J.

Diaries.—Frankfort, Nov. 25th. Sir Charles having proposed to go yesterday to the King's levée, I called to take him up on my way thither. We had sent before breakfast to announce ourselves, and were therefore much surprised to be informed on our arrival that His Majesty was in close conference, and could see nobody that day. However, this was sufficiently explained when we heard, in the course of the afternoon, that a French officer had arrived at the outposts. After much discussion, and a quarrel between the Emperor Alexander and Prince

Schwartzenberg, Generals Schouwaloff, Knesebeck, and Neyperg were sent to meet the officer, General Delorgue, who told them that he came to inform them that General Marmont had received full powers to treat for the surrender of the fortresses, and that, as to the *minute* of M. de St. Aignan, Caulaincourt had been sent to Mayence to *s'aboucher* with the Allies.

The cause of the above-mentioned quarrel—an earnest of what we may yet expect—was this: Prince Schwartzenberg being deputed to receive General Delorgue, Alexander said a Russian officer must accompany him; when the Prince replied, "If His Imperial Majesty had not confidence enough in him to render this unnecessary, he would not go at all." In consequence, the three Generals were named to take his place. General Stein informed me of this at a large ministerial dinner given by Sir Charles.

To-day Bethman gave a grand dinner, and I met there for the first time, the Cossack General, Czernichoff, a ferocious looking fellow, quite capable, one can fancy, of the many cruelties laid to his charge. The dinner was a stupid affair—much gross feeding, and but little brilliancy in conversation. It may be that having passed nearly the whole of last night in writing, I was stupid and sleepy myself. It must be so, for I fancied the eyes of the queen were less bright, and her smile less gracious than usual. I have since taken a *siesta*, and called on Count Hardenberg. From him I learn that a report that Caulaincourt was coming here, is a mere *on dit*, and that the real object of Delorgue's appearance was to

treat for the surrender of the fortresses on the Oder and Vistula only; his sole credential being a letter to Prince Schwartzenberg from Marmont, the governor of Mayence.

26*th*.—Pozzo di Borgo tells me that Count Latour is returned from his mission to General Klenau, and that St. Cyr is still at Altenburg and refuses to go back to Dresden. Orders, he says, will therefore be sent to divide his army—twenty-eight thousand effective men—into different columns, and to make them prisoners.

Schwartzenberg has answered Marmont's letter. He states, in substance, that there could be no treating for the surrender of the fortresses *en gros*; that they are all nearly reduced to surrender, and must severally make a separate capitulation. In the course of the day, a direct answer was brought by a French officer to St. Aignan's communication. It expresses the great satisfaction felt by Bonaparte on being assured of the pacific views of the allied sovereigns, and particularly at seeing them sanctioned and acceded to by England. He declares his sincere participation in them, and that he himself is most anxious to establish the independence of every country, as well in respect to its continental as to its maritime relations. He proposes, therefore, to render Mannheim neutral, and to open a congress immediately, to which he would send Caulaincourt without delay.

The answer to be returned to this, is a reassurance on the part of the Allies of the sincerity of their

wishes for peace, but begging, before entering upon a congress, for a categorical answer to the basis of St. Aignan's communication. Thus, what I dreaded has come to pass. I have had a very long discussion upon it with Sir Charles, who writes, in consequence, to Lord Aberdeen, entreating him to put in a formal protest, *in writing*, against the passage relating to the Maritime Rights of Great Britain. I most anxiously wish that this opportunity may be taken by our Government of sending us some man of weight and consequence; but my wish is a vain one I fear. Of the two ambassadors we now have, one is cajoled and bamboozled, the other, laughed at and neglected. Sir Charles Stewart has not sufficient weight to counteract this, and *faire valoir* his good sense and judgment. He is not, as he says, "an adept in difficult diplomacy;" and the tone of the Prussian Court, as well as the vacillating character of the Chancellor, is not calculated to aid him.

At the moment we were expecting the signature of the General Alliance, Lord Aberdeen, who declared that he would get it down in forty-eight hours, has allowed Metternich to persuade him that it will be better to send the whole thing to London! I have been urgent with Sir Charles on this head, and he has protested against it.

After dining with Sir Tommy Tyrwhitt, who has brought Lady Burghersh from Berlin, I again called with Sir Charles on the Chancellor, who was very far from being pleased to see us. When Sir C. spoke to him on the above named points, he declined to

discuss them. "Lord Aberdeen had approved *all*," he said, and that "his own mouth, by promise to Metternich, was shut till to-morrow!" Sir Charles replied, "No matter; I am already informed of all, and do not intend to be a mere cipher here;" upon which Hardenberg broke out on the inconvenience of having here more than one minister, and became of such extreme ill-humour, that we judged it better to leave him till to-morrow, that he might recover his temper, as well as liberty to open his mouth.

In the evening we were presented to the Princess of Tour and Taxis. Though not to be compared to her for beauty, she still put me much in mind of the poor Queen of Prussia,—our beautiful Queen Louise,—still, they say, deeply lamented by her husband; and who still lives in the hearts of all whose privilege it was to know her, as much from the recollection of her many amiable qualities, her winning gentleness of manner, her kindness of disposition, as from that of the great personal loveliness to which they lent even an additional charm.

Drank tea with Lady Burghersh, and went with her to the play, where we met his lordship, Wolkonski, Brandel, and Miloradowitch.

The same party, with the addition of Sir Charles, Sir Thomas, and Ancillon, dine with Burghersh to-day, 27th.

After dinner, we again wait on the Chancellor. A most violent breeze, to speak euphoniously, between him and Sir Charles; who threatened to ask for his passports. This moderated the wind with Hardenberg

very considerably, and the rising gale gradually died away to a calm. The demand for passports was deferred until another scene of similar violence should occur. Hardenberg said it should not occur again; but that he was tormented on all sides, that he could command his temper no longer; and he threw the whole blame upon Metternich. He then gave us St. Aignan's minute, Bassano's letter to Metternich, and Metternich's answer. With these documents we took our leave, and, after looking in at the play, and having a short conversation there with Baron Witterstedt—the most sensible and pleasant man of the whole Swedish party—I returned home with Sir Charles, and we sat up together until three in the morning, reading these French papers, and composing a despatch upon them.

27*th*.—Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than these papers—the minute of St. Aignan, on which the whole is founded, losing sight of all British objects except Spain; treating the continental questions in a very loose, but very artful manner, and fully availing himself of the opportunity afforded him by Lord Aberdeen to bring our Maritime Rights *sur le tapis*. The defence set up for all this is, that St. Aignan's minute is not an official paper, and that the four points enumerated in it—viz., 1st, "The independence of Germany from the sovereignty of France;" a stipulation in no wise incompatible with the continuation of the kingdom of Westphalia, 2nd, "The independence of *Spain*," not peninsula, "and the re-establishment of the ancient dynasty,"

3rd, "An arrangement with respect to Italy by which she shall be governed independently of France, or any preponderating power," and 4th, "the independence of Holland"—do not form the basis proposed by Prince Metternich; that M. de St. A. was distinctly told so when he read over his minute, but that he was not required to alter it, in order not to give it an official character.

On the other hand, it is said that the minute was submitted to Metternich, and was approved and recognised by him. And it certainly is not a little singular, if this be the case, that he should not in his reply have noticed the variance, and have stated distinctly in what it consisted. Here Metternich and St. Aignan are at issue; but this has nothing to do with the conduct of Lord Aberdeen in sanctioning in the remotest manner a proceeding that loses sight of three out of the four British *sine quâ nons*, to say nothing of Hanover, and which renders our Maritime Rights a subject of discussion.

The expression is "*reconnoître la liberté de commerce et de la navigation à laquelle la France a 'droit' de prétendre.*" The quibble as to the word '*droit*' might be well enough as a *ruse*, if it were an object with us to bring about a negotiation; but it is a quibble worse than childish where we must, more than anything, deprecate an attempt of the kind, except on a basis previously and distinctly understood and agreed to.

29*th*.—The Emperor of Russia, to be out of the way of this discussion, has gone for a few days to

Darmstadt and Carlsruhe, hoping to find the four knotty points more satisfactorily settled on his return.

The Grand Duchess Mary, hereditary princess of Weimar, having arrived here last evening, I was presented with Sir Charles to her serene highness this morning. She chatted a good deal about what is going on in the way of amusement in Frankfort, and invited us to her box at the play in the evening. She has an agreeable liveliness of manner, but no beauty. On returning, find a letter from the Chancellor to Sir Charles—half *amende*, half justification, and again attempting to prove our view of the subject incorrect. Altogether, his letter is in the style of one who is arguing against his own convictions; and so far from altering my opinion, it has served only to confirm me in it.

The Grand Duchess's invitation to her box was an honour I found rather *gênant*, having an overwhelming quantity of writing for England, and also my friends Wolkonski, Löwenhjelm, Witterstedt, Ancillon, and Brandel engaged to dine with me at a rather later hour than usual. However, when a grand duchess, or, indeed, any lady, lays her commands upon me, I feel bound, at any sacrifice, to obey. The sacrifice in this instance was not great. I had to leave the society of my friends some half-hour earlier than I could have wished. Good wine was before them, and I bade them do justice to it and be happy in my absence.

The Grand Duchess was looking much better than

in the morning—candle-light being more favourable to her complexion than daylight. But the play was a stupid affair. Her serene highness was little pleased with it, and after about an hour's pleasant conversation she withdrew with her ladies. I joined my friends at the Casino; but soon left them at their billiards, and returned home to make copies of the French Minute and Notes, and to despatch the messenger Manns for England.

Charles E. Rumbold, Esq., to G. Jackson, Esq.

Berlin, November 25th, 1813.

MY DEAR JACKSON,

Sir Thomas decamped so unexpectedly with Lady Burghersh that I could not send you a line by him. Since then, the packet to your address that accompanies this came into Lutze's hand, and my anxiety to hear from home was so great that I could not refrain from opening it. I found one letter for myself, and three for the Princess of Orange, which —her royal highness being in Berlin—Lutze detains, and Deering will deliver with proper explanations. There are also three "Chronicles" containing Bonaparte's accounts of the battle of Leipzig. You have seen them, I know, and will therefore forgive me for detaining them till another messenger passes.

I congratulate you most heartily on the Declaration of Holland. The Prince Regent's speech is excellent, and so is everything else at home. People complain here that Prussia is not mentioned; which I think is

mighty foolish. They ought surely to be contented with Lord Liverpool's speech, and above all with Lord Bathurst's. The allusion, I suppose, is to Prussia when he says, "One country has exceeded us in her exertions."

What I hear of your doings at Frankfort makes me regret that I did not go on with you to that town; and I should now much like to pass a few days with you before my departure for England. But I do not greatly like certain ugly reports of a fever. Some say the plague is at Leipzig and Hanau, and that generally, in the track of the armies, the atmosphere is pestilent, so numerous are the yet unburied bodies of men and beasts in all parts. But I shall trust to the good effects of Marseilles vinegar, and, hoping to find Helvoetsluys open, start for Old England on Friday next.

I grieve to hear of your brother's illness. All my family inquire after you, and are well.

What a lucky fellow you are, George! You attract all the ladies to Frankfort. Berlin in that way is dulness itself. Nobody but the Princess of Orange;* and you know one cannot be always or even often with her, and for my own part, very seldom suits me well enough. So I may be said to have no society here, beyond that of the old French lady, who is a good-natured soul, and in point of conversation a whole society in herself.

Adieu, my dear Jackson.—I shall hope to have a letter from you soon after my arrival, and to hear that you have driven a good hard bargain with

Mr. Boney, and tied him up securely within his own boundaries.

Believe me, your ever sincere friend,

C. E. RUMBOLD.

Diaries.—Nov. 30th.—Calling on Sir Charles this morning, I found him in bed, and feeling, he said, but poorly. He is, in fact, much worried by the conduct of Lord Aberdeen in regard to the proposed negotiation with France, and the altercations it has led to between himself and the Chancellor. I was, however, glad to find, that in the copying of the despatch we had concocted on the subject, he had acceded to my wish that a paragraph he had inserted requesting to be recalled should be omitted.

He begged I would reply to a note he had just received from the Chancellor, stating his Prussian Majesty's readiness to enter into the proposed Treaty of Alliance, offensive and defensive, and expressing a hope that, for this acquiescence, Great Britain would place Prussia, in regard to subsidy, on the same footing with Austria and Russia.

Having answered this by an assurance that His Majesty's wishes should be duly made known to our Government, and written privately to the Chancellor and Lord Aberdeen, I urged Sir Charles to lay aside all anxiety on the subject of the negotiation until to-morrow, as he had to-day to receive all parties concerned in it at a grand ministerial dinner. He said, "it would really cost him an effort to give a cordial reception to Metternich." I begged leave, however,

to differ from him there, knowing that Metternich could, and would, when it suited him, make it difficult to any one to give him other than a cordial reception.

At this dinner—for which Sir Charles thought he should be unable, indisposed, too, as he really was, to brace himself up to what he termed the proper diplomatic state of feeling—nothing, of course, but the most delightful harmony prevailed. Furthermore, it was graced by the presence of ladies; the Princess Wolkonski, just arrived from Prague; the Princess Tour and Taxis, and our own charming countrywoman, Lady Burghersh, who is one of the most pleasing and pretty women I know, and is greatly admired here.

I had a conversation after dinner with Count Hardenberg, who is inclined to take Metternich's part, and says he read to him a paper containing his real basis, as stated in conversation with St. Aignan, and that it is more comprehensive; though he acknowledges that even this is not calculated to satisfy us. Lord Aberdeen, notwithstanding, admits that if *Bonaparte* agrees to the four points, he believes negotiations will commence. If so, the result is not difficult to foretell; and England, after all her exertions and sacrifices, will be left in the lurch. France will show herself *coulant* to the continent, when she finds we are not prepared to go the lengths she has been taught to expect; and if we claim from the continental Powers their engagement not to make a separate peace, they may very well answer, that they entered

into a negotiation upon a basis sanctioned by our own ambassador; and that having gone so far and finding *Bonaparte* really pacifically inclined, we cannot expect them to continue the war for *our* objects alone, or forego the advantages which the peace they may now sign holds out to them.

In the evening Lord Aberdeen sends us copies of an official note he had presented to Metternich, and Metternich's answer; the former as weak as the latter is unsatisfactory. They however have kept us up half the night writing.

Dec. 1*st.*—Ancillon called early, and I had a long and interesting conversation with him. He admits that the state of affairs at this moment is most melancholy. The petty princes are disgusted with the *hauteur* and arrogance of Stein, and an indisposition towards our cause is excited, of which, if the tide should turn, it would hardly be possible to calculate the mischief; whilst the indecision of Nesselrode, and the nullity of Hardenberg threaten the worst consequences; for by them Metternich is become, in fact, emperor—unrestricted by the control, though not unaccompanied by the dissatisfaction and ill-humour of his colleagues.

Stein keeps the German princes waiting for hours in his ante-room; and when they at last obtain the honour of an audience, he treats them in a haughty overbearing manner which I am sure no Englishman, who had an atom of self-respect, would submit to.

A very long and wearisome dinner at the Princess of Tour and Taxis. Being released, I went with Sir

Charles to the "*Zauber Flöte*," which was extremely well given, and afterwards wrote to Lord Cathcart. He protests against Sir Charles's proposal to communicate to Sweden the projected alliance, on the ground that it is objected to by Russia and Austria to include Powers of the second order, either as principals or by inviting them to accede, as well as on account of the inconvenience at the present moment of stirring this question with regard to Sweden. He has informed that Power, his lordship adds, through her minister at the Court of Russia, that no negotiation is on foot for a *quintuple* alliance. Sir Charles thinks that the fact of Sweden being included in treaties for the arrangement of Germany, and the prominent manner in which she is supported by England, are strong grounds for pressing the point that she be included as a principal in the projected offensive and defensive Treaty of Alliance. Hence arises another difference of opinion amongst the British Ministers.

2*nd*.—Ancillon read to me to-day, in confidence, a paper he has drawn up, at the King's desire, on the present position of affairs and the most eligible measures to be pursued with reference to them. I listened to it with great interest, as it appeared to me to be a most lucid exposition of the actual state of things; and the measures suggested to the King admirably adapted to promote the true interests of Prussia, and, generally, to further those of the Allies. I trust that His Majesty and his Chancellor may have the good sense to be guided by the opinions expressed

in this paper. But I fear it would be hoping against hope to expect it.

3rd.—A messenger arrives with despatches so numerous and voluminous that we were engaged until two in the morning in reading them. Sir Charles showed me several interesting private letters from Lord Castlereagh and Cooke. Certainly, it is a great advantage to a British Minister to have his brother for Foreign Secretary of State. However, Sir Charles is much out of spirits, and thinks he has overstepped the mark in his remonstrances with Lord Aberdeen; and as he is not yet quite in charity with the Chancellor I called on him myself—with a pretext of indisposition—to settle for Sir Charles the business of the "Black Eagle," which he is authorized to accept.

This mail also brings an answer respecting the Bavarian mission. It is, or is said to have been, already promised; but as I did not allow myself to be very sanguine of obtaining it, I am spared the annoyance of any great disappointment on hearing that it is not destined for me.

4th.—Sir Charles, though still somewhat out of sorts, gave us a pleasant *déjeuner à la fourchette* this morning. Besides our princesses and her ladyship of Burghersh, her majesty of Frankfort was present. She has had the tact to get well into the good graces of our ladies, who were at first inclined to turn up their pretty noses at her and her wealth, and especially, as they said, at *ses airs de grande dame*. But, for certain weighty reasons, as the most illustrious

personages now in Frankfort have paid assiduous court to Madame Bethman, it has become the fashion for all connected with them to follow their example; and the ladies also have begun to see merit in her; and this disposition on their part she has not been slow to improve. Since the day that Alexander whispered to Madame Bethman that she was pretty and agreeable, and afterwards declared it openly at a dinner, most persons have been, or profess to be, of his opinion. For my own part, I see a degree of beauty in every woman's face that lights up when it meets me with a pleasant-tempered smile, and as *je n'ai qu'à me louer de Madame Bethman* in that respect, I rank myself amongst her long train of admirers,—and, indeed, she has merit enough to be esteemed for herself, independent of that she derives from the reputed well-filled coffers of her husband.

After breakfast, we went to see the Emperor Alexander, accompanied by all the crowned heads and royal princes, review some of his regiments; and at the conclusion of a very imposing spectacle we attended with this brilliant assemblage a Greek mass, to ask for a blessing, and success for the Russian arms.

All this "pomp and circumstance of war" and religion preceding the battle, is a pleasant sight enough. But the recollection of sights when the battle is over, sent my thoughts to the fields where so many of these poor fellows, now proudly marching, inspired by the near prospect of victory and glory, shall lie maimed and wounded, dead and dying

heaped together, as on the gory fields of Leipzig and Hanau. They talk of the army being collected and passing the Rhine at the beginning of January, and there is a rumour of moving from this about the 13th, but probably alterations in the general plan may yet take place.

Having lost the opportunity of following up the enemy in the moment of panic, the Allies, after concentrating here, have extended their flanks, and mean to operate both on the side of Switzerland and Holland; whilst Marshal Blücher passing near Mayence attracts the attention of the enemy, thus giving greater liberty of action to the armies on the flanks. Schwartzenberg will pass the Rhine near Bâsle and Briesnach with the grand army—about a hundred and sixty-five thousand men—and will assemble in the neighbourhood of Béfort and Besançon, detaching a strong corps through Switzerland, by Neufchatel to Geneva. The main army will try to penetrate towards Lyons and Dijon, to cut off the enemy's communication with Italy.

5th.—The Swiss Deputies have arrived to declare the neutrality of their country, and to show the route into France without infringing their territory. Great difficulties exist on this point, and as to the mode to be pursued. The Emperor Alexander is inclined to respect their Declaration; but in any case it is thought that only a corps will enter their country, the *gros de l'armée* passing at Bâsle.

Sir Charles puts into my hands the Proclamation of the Allies. He thinks it much too tame, and in

other respects highly objectionable. After an attentive perusal, I cannot agree with him in finding so much fault with it; and on going more fully into it, he is inclined slightly to modify his opinion.

But his dissatisfaction with all that is passing is so great, that he will probably soon leave for Hanover to look after the Crown Prince, whose military movements and political conduct are viewed here with much disfavour.

The special mission of General Pozzo de Borgo to England, having been arranged without communication with any one of His Majesty's Ministers at the three Courts, Sir Charles considers, and I think justly, a cause of some complaint. Pozzo de Borgo, with his strong prejudices and enmities, is not the fittest person that could have been selected to bring general points to bear; and besides this, should he be charged with the answers, he may as well be accredited to all the three sovereigns. Perhaps, by transacting their business through a Russian agent, they hope to get rid of the difficulties that are said to be felt of having three British Ministers here.

6th.—All these questions and arrangements kept me up writing till near five. But scarcely had I turned in, when my servant came to my room with the pleasant information that the stable had been broken into and three of my best horses stolen. A groom I had discharged a few days ago was suspected of being the thief. Two men had gone off on horseback in pursuit; but I fear the enemy had too good a start, and has got clear away, as it is two

o'clock and I have heard nothing of the rascal or of his booty yet.

Dined with Sir Charles and Sir Tommy at Burghersh's. Afterwards we all went to an evening party at Bethman's. Several officers wore the new medal. It is common to all ranks, from the Emperor to the private soldier, and was given yesterday to every man in the Russian army who had served in last year's campaign.

I met there Count Hardenberg. He took me aside and put into my hands a copy of the answer addressed by Caulaincourt to Metternich, accepting the basis proposed. This answer was received early yesterday morning from Mayence, and has not yet been communicated even to Lord Aberdeen, notwithstanding the implicit confidence his lordship believes to exist between himself and his Highness.

Bonaparte's drift appears but too plainly; and it is to be lamented that he has had the opening of which he has so adroitly availed himself. That the Chancellor should delay sending this document to Sir Charles is not surprising, considering the very lively scenes that have occurred between them on the subject of St. Aignan's minute. I am almost inclined to believe it is not without his knowledge that the Count put me in possession of it, though he declared that it was, and almost swore me to secrecy respecting it. More chicane and manœuvring have been, and still are, going on concerning this business than on any that has hitherto come within my experience. A messenger will be despatched early in the morning,

who we hope will arrive in London before, or at least as soon as Pozzo de Borgo. I have with difficulty prevailed on Sir Charles not to send his resignation by the same conveyance.

7th.—The Duke of Vicenza's letter from Mayence was officially communicated by the Chancellor this morning. Not until three hours later was it received by the ambassadors. The instruction sent to Baron Jacobi is the same, word for word, as that forwarded by Count Nesselrode to Count Lieven. It was concocted in the Russian Cabinet, where it was copied by Baron Hardenberg, who adds to it that, "probably Caulaincourt's Note *effarouchera le Ministre Anglois*, et qu'il s'agira *s'il est possible* d'écarter des Négociations cette *question epineuse* des Droits maritimes."

This "*question epineuse*" has indeed been very adroitly brought into play. Are we now to meet France to see how our Allies can put it aside? and will they consider *our* objects or *their own* if they should come into contact? It is certainly more desirable than ever that the Treaty of General Alliance should if possible be carried into effect.

I spent the evening with Lady Burghersh and the Princess Wolkonski. The Princess told me the following anecdote of Eugène Beauharnois:—A short time ago the King of Bavaria sent an officer to Eugène to induce him to side with the Allies. His answer was, "I am not surprised at the conduct of my father-in-law; in his place I should have acted as he has done. Also, if I had been King of Italy I should some months ago have known what I ought

to do. But being in neither of those positions, I shall continue to act as I now do." His wife, not knowing the determination he had come to, said to him, "As a Bavarian, I must rejoice at the part my father has chosen; but as to your decision, Eugène, I trust you will not suffer it to be influenced by your regard for me, or by any consideration for the opinions or interests of my father, or any of my family. Act entirely as conscience tells you it is your duty to act."

On returning, I found that a courier had arrived from the Hague with the gratifying intelligence of the passage by Holland being open, and of the arrival there of the Earl of Clancarty.

8th.—Pozzo de Borgo, and the messenger who was the bearer of Caulaincourt's Note, having both made the journey to England *viâ* Bremen, Sir Charles—who has it much at heart that our Government should be informed of all that has passed respecting the French negotiation, more fully than can be done by despatches, before the Russian agent reaches London—proposes to me to go over by the Hague, and put Lord Castlereagh *au fait* of what has taken place here.

This proposal I have gladly acceded to, the more so as it affords me an opportunity of seeing my brother, the accounts of whose continued ill-health cause me much uneasiness and anxiety. Accordingly, I hope to be ready to decamp, without beat of drum, to-night.

Between Colchester and Witham.

Letters.—15*th Dec.*, 3 P.M.—I am making a push,

my dear mother, to save the London post, and therefore scratch a line to you in pencil, to tell you that I landed this morning at Yarmouth, having left Frankfort, at the particular request of Sir Charles Stewart, on the evening of the 8th.

The vital interests of England are at stake, and I shall not be allowed to remain an hour longer than is necessary to complete the business that has brought me over. I know nothing of either you or my brother since the 7th of November, but I pray God those five weeks may have restored him to health.

I fear it will not be possible for me to pay you a visit; and whether I shall be able to do more than run down for a few hours to my brother I cannot tell, until I have seen Lord Castlereagh.

Send an answer, per coach, as a parcel, to Stevens's; for I am impatient to have good accounts of you and my sisters.

Stevens's Hotel, 16*th Dec.*—I have been, as you may suppose, engaged all the morning at the Office with Lord Castlereagh. The papers and instructions I shall carry back his lordship believed would be ready to-morrow night, when he would wish me to set out on my return to Frankfort. I have however obtained a reprieve till the next mail, and shall go down to Brighton to-night, having learnt from Hamilton, who is just returned from that place, enough of my brother's state of health to make me very uneasy.

22*nd.*—Lord Castlereagh is not yet ready for me, but is not willing that I should again leave town. But if, as I expect, I should be detained after

to-morrow I will get permission to see my brother once more, and will write to you from Brighton.

Diaries.—Stevens's Hotel, Dec. 20th.—I found on my arrival that Lord Aberdeen's proceedings with reference to M. de St. Aignan's minute were not regarded at the Office as altogether satisfactory, and that a despatch was already on its road to him which might be considered as administering a slight rap on the knuckles to his lordship. For whilst the *verbal protest* made to Metternich on the exclusion of the maritime question from any discussion for a peace, was approved, he was directed *formally to communicate to* and impress on the Allies, that Great Britain will by no means suffer the negotiation to be complicated with any revision of the Maritime Code.

The Proclamation of the Allies, which it appears Lord Aberdeen had intimated to our Government it was in contemplation to issue, is also looked upon with some disfavour. This Proclamation, after stating the basis they had deemed it expedient to propose to France, announces their views as to the ulterior prosecution of the war in the following words:—"That the Allied Powers will never lay down their arms until they have secured the independence of Europe by reducing France within these limits; *that they will seek no more, even if they should be in the condition to obtain it*, but that they will not be satisfied with less, even should fortune prove as unfavourable to their arms as she has hitherto been to the exertions of the enemy."

His Lordship is to urge on the part of the British

Government, the reconsideration of the policy of this part of the Proclamation. It is felt that their motive for this cannot be misunderstood, our Government having already acceded to the propriety of making the enemy suitable propositions of peace, and, under certain qualifications, given their concurrence to the proposed basis for negotiation. It is argued that if the endeavours of the Allies should again, through the ambitious views of Bonaparte, fail to restore peace, it would be highly objectionable to give France an assurance that whatever may be the conduct of the French nation or of its Government, it is nevertheless to be exempt from the ordinary consequences of an unsuccessful war. Our Government consider that a Declaration so unusual and so impolitic would bear the character of weakness rather than of moderation, and that, thus, being assured of the worst that could happen, France would risk comparatively little in struggling to the last extremity.

26*th*.—The arrivals from Holland and the unsatisfactory accounts of the operations of Bernadotte keep the Office in such constant agitation, and give them all so much employment, that there seems to be little probability of my getting off before the new year. Sir Charles's report says, "The character of the Crown Prince is daily losing ground, and the whole of the military operations in Holstein are of a most unpleasant and singular nature. It is thought strange that he should have his whole force on the right bank of the Elbe and leave to Marshal Davoust so complete an opening by Haarburg to Holland.

If he should get there and create confusion, the Crown Prince will not be altogether acquitted of having been the intentional cause of it. A Swedish division is said to be marching on Schleswig; and the Prince demands possession of Schleswig and Glückstadt as a security for the immediate cession of Drontheim. He will, no doubt, endeavour to retain the whole of Holstein and the fortresses.

The King of Prussia has written to the Crown Prince, to say that two corps of *Landwehr* are placed under his orders, and that he hopes the Prince will have arranged with the Danes and *defeated* Davoust, and that he will then hasten to gather fresh laurels in the Netherlands.

30*th*.—Sir Charles writes that the Duke of Cambridge made his public entry into Hanover on the 20th, and met with an enthusiastic reception. There were the usual demonstrations of joy on the auspicious occasion; much huzzaing by the people; the presentation of numerous addresses by municipal authorities; music, illuminations, a grand display of banners; wives and daughters arrayed in white, presenting bouquets and strewing the royal path with flowers; and lastly—the troops being in the field and no military reception or escort possible—the citizens formed themselves into bands, stationed themselves, with colours flying, at short intervals near the entrance of the town, and accompanied the Royal Duke to his palace.

Sir Charles mentions "as a remarkable and gratifying anecdote, that during the existence of an alien authority and amidst the destruction of every memorial

of the ancient rule, the bust of our revered monarch—presented by Her Majesty to the professors and students—has retained its place in the University; no sacrilegious hand having ever dared to remove it."

31*st*.—On going down to the Office, I found there, amongst other letters, one from my cousin, giving an account of an unsuccessful attempt of a detachment of American troops to take possession of Montreal.

(*Extract.*)

"Coteau du Lac, 38 miles above Montreal —19th Nov. 1813.

"I think it may interest you to have some account of an action with the Americans on the 11th of November, and the more so, as *I* commanded the artillery.

"You will have seen from the public prints that the Americans have gained some successes in the Upper country, and especially on Lake Erie. This emboldened them to fit out an expedition on a large scale—seven thousand men—which was to co-operate with General Hampton's army—between five and six thousand strong—with which they were to march to Montreal. There, as they boasted, they intended to take up their winter quarters, leaving Kingston and Prescott behind; for they, of course, *must* fall, they said, when they had possession of Montreal; and next spring they would march to Quebec.

"After many delays, they *rendezvous'd* on an island below Sachett's Harbour, and we at once thought that Kingston was their object; but on the evening of the 5th they made their appearance within six

miles of Prescott, and halted that night. We then made ourselves certain of being attacked the next day; but in the course of the night we discovered that they were passing in boats—including the gun boats, to the number of three hundred. All the men, except those required to manage the boats, were taken out of them, and re-embarked at three miles below Prescott. However, we fired at the boats as they passed; though the river is eighteen hundred yards broad, and a boat, even in daylight, is but a small object at that distance.

"As soon as it was known at Kingston that the Americans had gone down the river, two regiments—small ones, together about eight hundred men—were ordered into boats, and with eight gun boats came to Prescott the morning after the Americans had passed. With the above, and a few men from the garrison, in all about nine hundred, and three field pieces, we followed them the same night, about twelve or fourteen miles, and found they had landed their whole force on our shore, three or four miles below, and brought over three hundred cavalry. We landed our force, and remained quiet until two hours before daylight, when we moved on and at dawn came up with their pickets, which we drove in, but did not further molest them that day. At noon they moved on, we following; and the next day, notwithstanding they had broken down the bridges, we came up with them. They soon showed a disposition to attack us, but came no nearer than to allow us to fire a few shots at their columns—the advances exchanging

compliments in the same way. Our pickets were pushed on about a mile. The enemy remained about a mile further on. At about ten o'clock on the 11th our gun boats moved down, and a cannonading commenced between them and the Americans, at long shot. This continued for an hour with little injury to either side, I believe; but at noon they appeared to be moving off, showing only their rear guard, and we were all expecting the word to march, when news was brought that the Americans were advancing. In a very short time the advances were engaged, and we could see them coming on in heavy columns. Two of them tried to turn our left flank, but they were exposed to a heavy flank fire from two of my guns, and to a front one from our main body,—49th and 89th regiments—in line. Just at this time our advance fell back, and so close to me that I could keep but one gun in the line. However, it was but for a very short time, and when the advance again moved up, my third gun—the reserve—was ordered to the right to support it.

"The American columns soon began to waver, and one after the other broke and ran, during which they suffered dreadfully from our firing Shrapnell shells. The enemy's columns were at one time not more than two hundred yards from my guns, their light troops much nearer, as my men were wounded by musket balls. The guns were taken by our advance to the right, and soon after the enemy's columns broke on the left. Thus, the principal division of the American army—about four thousand, besides

dragoons—which, according to their own account, had only to appear to take Montreal, has been thoroughly beaten by a handful of British troops, not exceeding nine hundred men, after an action of two hours and twenty minutes. They had one general wounded—since dead,—one colonel and one major killed on the field, and one thousand men and officers *hors de combat*—one hundred and fifty of whom were prisoners that night. Our loss was one hundred and sixty-nine, killed and wounded, eight or nine of whom were officers.

"After the action, the Americans took to their boats and crossed to their own shore, with the exception of the dragoons, who never stopped till they joined the advance division twenty miles down. The whole of them quitted Canada within two days. They have gone about six miles up a small river on Lake Ste. Françoise, where they have hauled up their boats, planted their guns around them, and are now throwing up works. I have been to the mouth of the river, which is little more than twenty yards wide, so that their boats must come down singly. Our guns, surely, are able to prevent their coming out.

"The whole army are much annoyed that Sir George Prevost did not reinforce us and let us immediately attack the Americans, and at the same time push on from the Chateguay frontier, by which we should have had them between two fires. For General Hampton could not have assisted Wilkinson under three or four days, and we were within two days' march of Chateguay; the troops from Cornwall only

six hours. Sir George has probably lost by it the most favourable opportunity of destroying that army he is ever likely to have.

"By having commanded the artillery in this action, I have a claim to be appointed to the horse artillery. I would have written sooner, but have been always on the move, and have had to take charge of the artillery at this post, from my old quarters at Prescott.

"&c., &c.

"HENRY GEORGE JACKSON."

1814.

Letters.—Foreign Office, January 6th.—I came down to the Office to-day, my dear mother, fully expecting, as Cooke had told me they would certainly be ready for me, to receive my final instructions and immediately follow Lord Castlereagh, who was off Helvoetsluys the night before last. But instead of that, Lord Liverpool requests me to delay my departure till to-morrow; and as a Prime Minister's request is a command that must be obeyed, I e'en submit, though I am anxious to be off.

Things seem to be going on famously on all sides. Murat has joined us, with forty thousand men. This answers our purpose remarkably well, but it is a most inglorious and base act on his part. Accounts from Freyberg to the 26th, state that Berne and Soleure had reverted on the 5th to their old form of government. And what say you to the *Peccavi* of Mr. Boney? Is it not delightful, after all that has passed,

to read his whining supplications to his papa-in-law, to Alexander and Bernadotte, nor less so, his admission that "the people submit with difficulty," &c.?

I have been helping them to look over a confused mass of papers here, from which it seems that the Treaty of Kalizch does not guarantee the King of Prussia in the reintegration of his former possessions —that is, the self-same territory—but territory and power to a similar extent; and that he will still lose part of East Prussia, and be indemnified in the north of Germany by *all* that is conquered, with the exception of Hanover. The cession of Hildesheim and the two other small provinces demanded by us of Prussia, but which the King was unwilling to grant, were, it appears, actually promised in 1802, Russia engaging to use her good offices to prevail on the King to cede them at that time. Ask my brother, if you think him well enough to give attention to such questions, if he remembers anything of this, and read to him the last two paragraphs of my letter.

I cannot tell you what heartfelt pleasure your account of his improved health has given me. I shall leave England with far more comfortable feelings, and trust you will be able to assure me, ere you return to Bath, that there is a well-grounded hope of my dear brother's ultimate recovery. I may truly say, never did any one excite more general interest, even out of his own family. Every acquaintance I meet, however desirous for other intelligence, begins with the most anxious inquiries after him. Lord and Lady Holland, whom I have just left, were

particularly kind and friendly in their expressions of sympathy and regret. His Lordship himself is laid up with a very ugly gout, and is looking very ill.

Harwich, 8th.—I cannot leave England, dearest mother, without once more saying to you and my brother, "Good-bye, God bless you." May I on my return find him restored to his wonted state of health.

Hamilton despatched me early this morning from his own house, and I am this moment going on board with fair weather, but an unfavourable wind. Lord Castlereagh landed, at soonest, on the 5th, so I shall be pretty sure, if I have but common luck, of overtaking his lordship before he reaches Frankfort.

Off Gorea "Lord Nelson" packet surrounded with ice, January 12th.—Here we are at last, after a most boisterous passage. Now going on shore. Hope to write in a few hours from the Hague.

The Hague, 14th.—Could only succeed in getting off from Gorea yesterday morning, and was very glad to reach this to a late dinner. My progress hitherto has been sufficiently rough and severe, but, on the whole, prosperous. After a night's rest, I am about to start for a long journey *into France.* One line then, of dutiful and affectionate farewell to you and my dear brother before I set out. Most probably it will be a long time before any of you hear from me again; but I doubt not that my accounts, when you do get them, will be good. God grant that yours, dear mother, may be the same; that they may give me hope that my brother's life may be spared. Adieu,

G. J.

Diaries,—Châtillon, February 3rd.—From the Hague a journey of five days brought me to Bâsle. Thence, I have been incessantly on the move, by the way of Altkirch, and Vésoul to Langres—an interesting old town, where I bought some exquisite specimens of fancy cutlery—and this place. I had hoped to remain in this *sanctum sanctorum*; but Lord Castlereagh, whose commands in the first instance brought me to Châtillon, now wishes that I should join Hardenberg. So I must console myself with the idea that, if we march to Paris, as I have no doubt we shall, I shall be the only British diplomat accompanying the three Courts. To-morrow I set out for Chaumont or Bar-sur-Aube, at whichever place his Chancellorship may chance to be. Bonaparte got a good drubbing at Brienne, on the 1st of this month. On that morning the Austrian corps of Count Giulay and of the Prince Royal of Würtemberg were placed at the disposal of Marshal Blücher, in addition to the force under his immediate command. Having made a reconnoissance, he disposed his troops for an attack, and at twelve o'clock the skirmishing and cannonading that preluded it began. The cavalry of the enemy as well as that of the Allies was drawn out in the plain between the two positions. His infantry in two lines, also in the great plain before La Rothière, and disposed in masses on the flank of the villages and within them, neglecting much stronger ground about Brienne, in his rear. The villages were filled with artillery, and Bonaparte himself led on his "*Jeune Garde*" to wrest the village of La Rothière from the

corps of General Sachen. They fought with the intrepidity, the desperation, and recklessness of men who had set their lives on this last stake. Troops less valorous than those that were opposed to them might have been overcome by their first furious onset; but the attack was three times renewed without effect. Bonaparte exposed himself as though he sought death, and was to be seen animating his troops, regardless of the balls flying thickly around him. His horse was shot under him, and he had the mortification of seeing a battery of his "*Jeune Garde*" taken close to him. One could almost wish that he had ended his career in the midst of that sanguinary conflict, and have been spared the humiliation which, if things go on as they have begun, is most surely in store for him at no distant day.

Marshal Blücher, on his part, was no less forward in this action; he proceeded to the front to carry into effect the dispositions he had made, and was amongst the foremost in the attack on the village of La Rothière and in supporting the troops who were attacked in it. A Cossack ordinary of General Gniesenau was shot by his side. Immediately after the battle began, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and Prince Schwartzenberg rode on the ground, and reserves were moved forward by order of the Emperor and the Prince.

The Prince Royal of Würtemberg much distinguished himself, and took possession of the village of La Gibière and the wood on its right. The Russian artillery are spoken of in terms of great

praise. The ground was so deeply covered with snow that they were obliged to leave half their guns in the rear, and harness double teams to the remaining half, to bring them forward and get a sufficient number into action. The weather was altogether unfavourable, extremely cold, with a heavy fall of snow and much wind, which greatly interfered with the progress of the troops. But the victory was complete in every quarter. The contest lasted until past midnight. But again at two o'clock in the morning the enemy made a last attack on La Rothière, and was finally repulsed. The retreat immediately afterwards commenced; the enemy passing the Aube river and taking up a strong position at Lesmont.

About eighty thousand troops of the allied army were engaged in this battle, and the force of the enemy is supposed to have been about equal in number. Yesterday morning they had retired to Vitry, Troyes and Arcis, where they have garrisons and cannon; Vitry is also walled, and has a ditch of some extent. Schwartzenberg has made arrangements for the pursuit.

The grand army will march by Troyes on Paris, and the army of Silesia, by Lesmont, upon Vitry, making its junction with the corps of Wittgenstein and that of General d'Yorck coming from St. Dizier; which place he has taken with some guns and loss to the enemy. The great force will thus operate on the shortest line to the capital, and Marshal Blücher, sweeping round by the right and forming a junction

with the corps above mentioned, will annihilate all before him, and probably come in contact with the division under Marshal Macdonald, reported to be now marching to unite near Vitry.

6*th*.—Not a single Frenchman, high or low, that I have talked with, but speaks of Bonaparte and his tyranny in terms of execration. Yet it goes no further, it leads to nothing. From the language these people hold, one would suppose that he had not another week to reign, or even to live; and yet, whether from being really tired out, or from dread of a counter-revolution producing fresh anarchy, not a man has any inclination to stir. It may be, however, that this exaggerated talk, which accords so little with the general inactivity of the talkers, is owing to the natural instability of the French character; and that such a return of success to Bonaparte's Eagles as would drive back the allied armies beyond the frontiers would make the tongues that now abuse him loud in his praise. For it is very certain that the people do not welcome us as deliverers. Perforce, they must tolerate us; and the general feeling, as far as I have been able to observe, seems to be that of intense mortification; of wounded vanity; of disappointment, that their great Emperor, who—as I heard a Frenchman say only yesterday—has so many years been practising the art of war, has not yet learnt enough to enable him to protect France from invasion.

The distress that prevails is no doubt very great; but the murmurings are not against him who has

brought it upon them, but against those who ask supplies for the armies; who plunder them, they say, and will bring the horrors of famine upon them. The curses bestowed on the Cossacks, I can well believe are not undeserved, from what I have seen of their plundering pillaging habits elsewhere.

Troyes, 16*th*.—Robinson has just arrived from Châtillon on his way to Calais and England. He is in so great a hurry to get out of Troyes that he hardly will, or hardly dare, stay while I write my mother a line of thankful acknowledgment for her account of my brother's amended health.

Our armies, though they have met with no actual reverses, have not been so rapidly successful as our sanguine hopes led us to expect. However, Blücher hoped to cut off Macdonald in his march on Paris, which was supposed to be the destination of his army.

Colonel Lowe writes, that the marshal had determined to march to the attack of Marmont, at Etoges.

Lt.-Gen. Sir Charles Stewart to George Jackson, Esq.

Châtillon, February 17th.

MY DEAR JACKSON,

I send a courier to Hardenberg, my brother being anxious to get the article agreed on, signed by him. Urge him, and expedite it if possible. Send us all your news by return of messenger.

Châtillon, February 20th.

My brother will be over in the morning by six or seven o'clock, if *nothing material* occurs to prevent him. He will drive at once to your quarter, and hopes you will try, on receipt of this, to arrange to get one for him.

Yours ever, &c., &c.,
C. STEWART.

Châtillon, February 26th. At night.

You have made a very unfair attack upon me, my dear Jackson, for in the name of God, how could I send you any news, when we were four days here without communication, and Caulaincourt is still as dumb as ever.

However, our last orders will, I hope, give us wherewithal to talk soon, and to finish one way or other. But I must own that I think, unless Blücher gives Bonaparte another thrashing, we have lost our moment, and are now committed to fight *pour toujours* for our own *projet*. This is my politics, and I am glad to see such *firm* orders as we have received.

Tell us what the great Pozzo says, and his still greater master. I fear there is no *sound pluck* there.

A thousand thanks for your bulletins. Charles Jean's positive declaration of what he does not desire, or, rather, what is *his* destiny, puts me in mind of a child who when he wishes to get a sugar plum, says he thinks it very nasty. What a weak wretch he must be, not to see that this very Declaration on his

part lets the cat *all* out of the bag. I am delighted those corps are put under Blücher, for *I am sure* we shall have good news from thence.

Adieu—pray continue, my dear fellow, to write every opportunity, and you shall in the same way hear from me or some one of us.

Believe me ever, &c., &c.,

C. S.

Châtillon, February 28th, 1814.

MY DEAR JACKSON,

Our conference with Caulaincourt to-day was short and harmonious. *He* evidently clings to, and still hopes for peace. We stated that we must have a categorical answer to our *projet*, no point of which would be altered in substance, within a fixed period; and *he* proposed *ten* days himself.

I think this is rather confining his Court more than he need have done.

He stated that he had never made any difficulties, and the greatest proof was, that he had immediately yielded one of the most essential points—the Maritime Rights.

"*Nous avons* accordé *cela*," he said. The military events, however, of the next ten days will decide everything.

Adieu—pray give me *all* your news, and

Believe me ever, &c., &c.,

CHARLES STEWART.

Letters.—Chaumont, February 27th.—The French papers, with their usual attention, will doubtless have prepared you, my dear mother, for the date of this. Robinson did not choose a very auspicious moment for his trip; for as if the extraordinary hurry he was in to get out of Troyes were ominous, we were all obliged to leave it three or four days after he had decamped.

We got to Bar-sur-Aube on the Wednesday, halted there the next day, and have now been two days at Chaumont. Langres will be our next point. When we set out for it will depend on what passes on our right, where Blücher is.

As you may suppose, our spirits are not raised by this *unaccountable* retreat. If a retreat takes place after a *good licking* in a well-fought battle, one can comprehend and submit to it; but when a man sends in accounts of his brilliant achievements, and with them the news that he is running away, leading you to understand that it is only because he *will not* stop, one can see no end to it, and it requires no small effort to keep one's temper and patience. You have here in epitome—*malgré moi*, as it were, and contrary to my practice latterly, as you will do me the justice to own—an exact representation of our present state and feelings. You may guess, therefore, what we have to expect. I own that when I reflect on the past, and consider also that it is Blücher—to whose untiring perseverance and energy it is mainly owing that we are here at all—who is now in retreat, I hardly daré turn my thoughts to the

future. This, however, may console you; if you do not very soon hear a good account *à la Françoise* of *our* marshal, you may be sure things are going on better with us.

The severity of the season is great here. It is now freezing very hard, but with a fine bright sun, which is a most fortunate thing for the troops. It was excessively cold and miserable at Troyes. The town is very old and built entirely of wood, and I should have been heartily glad to get out of it, had our movements been forward instead of retrograde.

You can have no idea of the poverty and misery to which every part of France that I have yet seen is reduced. If I had not witnessed it, I could not have believed so much general distress to have been possible. As to the people, they are not to be depended or calculated upon. One prevailing feeling amongst them there certainly is—and but one—it is the desire for peace. For the rest, they are like weathercocks, to which every wind is welcome. But for peace, the cry is universal, and they would receive it from the hands of old Nick himself, and fall down and worship him for the gift.

I cannot satisfy your curiosity as to my probable fate. I have written very unreservedly to Lord Castlereagh and put in my claim for promotion; but I do not expect or wish for an answer till present operations are terminated. I have done all I can. Sir Charles warmly approved my application, and I wait the result with due patience.

All my brother's old acquaintances here inquire

frequently and particularly after him; but Burghersh has shown a real friendly interest in him, and much anxiety about his state of health. He has desired me to say everything that is most kind, and to express his earnest wishes for my brother's recovery.

Burghersh is going on very well here, and will gain much credit by this expedition.

It is pleasant to have a short conveyance open to us, and I shall hope very soon to have good and fresh accounts from your easy Bath chair, unless you have been prevailed upon to give my brother the comfort of a longer stay at Brighton than you proposed to do when I left England. Tell Elizabeth her brother is well, and is with Blücher. Hitherto we have said, the victorious Blücher, and I trust, notwithstanding this unfortunate check, and the retreat of his army, it may yet turn out *qu'il n'a reculé que pour mieux sauter.*

Two A.M., *28th Feb.*—I am happy to add that we have every reason to hope for good accounts from Blücher, who has been joined by Wintzingerode, Bülow, and other corps, to the number at least of a hundred thousand men, in the neighbourhood of Château Thierry.

The Imperial Eagle turned round this morning on its pursuers and pounced upon three corps—Victor's, Macdonald's, and Marmont's—at Bar-sur-Aube, and has driven them back with great loss; about three thousand men. Adieu. This is a most anxious time.

Noon 28th.—Another report states that General Wintzingerode had carried the town of Soissons by

assault, and had taken many prisoners; among them two or three Generals, and thirteen pieces of cannon. From Soissons, he marched on Rheims and Epernay. Blücher had refitted his army at Chalons, and was to be joined somewhere in the direction of Château Thierry by the corps from Epernay. This corps is reported to be in an unusually high state of exhilaration, principally owing to the quantity of champagne they had found and made free with.

G. J.

Mrs. Jackson to George Jackson.

Bath, February 28th, 1814.

At last I am at home again, my dear George, and seated in my own cozy corner to thank you for the letter that greeted me the very day of my arrival. Francis was anxious that I should stay at Brighton another fortnight, and it was a considerable sacrifice of my own wishes and feelings not to do so. I hardly know what to think of your brother. The physicians say he may continue in his present state for a long time, even for years. I fancied that this opinion was the cause of a greater depression of his spirits than when he believed the end of his sufferings nearer at hand. However, I have received two lines since my return, not merely signed, but written by him, and this gives me hope of further improvement. I found your sisters, too, quite well, and rejoiced to have me back again, so that I am happy and thankful; for we must always look with gratitude to the bless-

ings we receive, rather than murmur at the afflictions which are sent us for our good.

March 3rd.—As to public events, it would be idle to comment on, or report them from hence, as you must always know them sooner than I can inform you of them, except now and then when news comes from the West; and then we get a dish piping hot. We, however, are eager to receive news from *you*, though what we have got lately from your part of the world does not please us at all. Of gossip we have enough, both home and foreign, and when real events are scarce, our "providing magazine," as you call it, certainly supplies the want of them by an abundance of exciting reports. But I never give credit to tea-table gossip, unsupported by some better authority.

Bath is quite full and unusually gay. Balls, parties, concerts, and masquerades without end. Notwithstanding, the extreme severity of the weather makes me dread to leave my fireside. Old and invalid people have had a terrible winter to pass through, and the spring will be even more trying; for when the forces of nature awaken, and the young and the hale are invigorated, the aged and the weak are mowed down.

Catalani is singing her best songs here—they tell us for the last time. Kemble is coming. Meanwhile, masks are admitted even into the theatres; a thing I believe unprecedented. Last week, Lady Belmore gave her masquerade, and three or four others took place the same night. Sir William James

thought Lady Belmore's the most brilliant. Another friend, who performed the feat of going to the whole, making a change of dress for each masquerade, told me there were better dresses and more lively masks elsewhere; and certainly a much better supper. Her ladyship would be sadly put out at the very idea of being excelled. So busy a night was never before known in Bath, and I fancy scarcely so quiet a day as that which followed it. Everybody was tired out, and I hear that much of the company from some houses got in, uninvited, at others. But these extra dissipations I hope will soon come to an end.

I suppose the English papers reach you, yet they will not tell you how very near the Prince has been to death. Pretty well done up with his country tour, he was on his return so long confined that he became impatient and dull. Wanting some variety, he sent his carriage to the King's Bench, for Colman—who is shut up there—to come and make sport and amuse him. This he appears to have done most effectually, for he proved so entertaining that the *evening* lasted until six in the morning, when His Royal Highness was carried to bed in an apoplexy, for which he lost twenty-seven ounces of blood. It was thought he would never again rise from that bed; but his constitution seems proof against everything. He is, however, still so far from being recovered that he has not yet been out. I had this from London in a private letter—you will, without naming names, readily guess from whom. Before I left Brighton I told Francis I suspected something was wrong, from

the Prince never going out, and the silence the papers kept respecting it. Mrs. Fitzherbert also mentioned that Lady Melbourne had made three dinners for His Royal Highness, and that he had not gone to any one of them.

Another curious subject which is privately discussed is, the return to England, and to her former station, of the Queen of Würtemberg. His Majesty's first wife it seems has escaped from her confinement and has thus proved herself to be alive, as both the Duchess of Brunswick and the Princess of Wales were convinced was the case, when he married the second lady.

Such things are, my dear George; but, "can such things be," &c., &c.

6th.—Loungers dropping in obliged me to lay aside my pen. I do not now take it up so willingly as I used to do, and sometimes almost sicken at the sight of the inkstand and quills; for I begin to be tired of writing, and have gradually cut off nearly all my correspondents, out of my own family and small circle of old friends. Yet you see I can still blot over a good deal of paper, but it is really only when writing to those I dearly love. But let us to politics, about which I have indeed little to say, except that we rejoice in everything that is good. But so far I may venture to add that a peace is universally deprecated, unless, as our *quidnuncs* say, it be made at the gates of Paris. Many of our Bath politicians are quaking in their shoes lest a peace should be now patching up with Bonaparte, and a leading one among them goes

so far as to declare that the man who would make it, under existing circumstances, deserves to be hanged. However, we are often puzzled to make out what existing circumstances are, so many and so various are the reports that reach us through known or unknown channels.

Last evening I had as usual my weekly three or four tables. Asking one of the gentlemen, as I am apt to do, if there was any good news, he answered, "there is a report just come in of great events. Not only has Bonaparte been beaten, but a general insurrection has taken place in France; besides that, it has been discovered that the Emperor of Austria has been carrying on a secret correspondence with Bonaparte, and he is now a prisoner in *the tent* of the Emperor of Russia." I really thought the last part of his news was spoken in jest—though the Emperor, I fear, does think more of securing the future of his *imperial grandson* than that of the welfare of Europe. But the report was current in Bath and doubted by few. I repeat all this, that you may see invention at least does not sleep here. Another report, I fear, is too true—that there was firing last night on the French coast, indicating some advantage gained there. Certainly, this constant flow of blood is most shocking; but everybody says, "it must flow on until we get a peace that shall endure."

The *beau monde* of Bath are looking forward to a succession of gaieties, from weddings especially; many matches having been made up during the present gay season. But there is reason to fear they will be

interrupted by events of a gloomier kind; both the Duke of Sussex and the Princess Sophia being so ill, they are not expected to survive many weeks.

But *apropos* of marriages. Perhaps letters, or the papers, may have informed you that Miss Acklom was on the point of marrying Lord Althorpe, when his grandmother died. She is come to Bath *pour passer le tems de deuil;* but I think it not unlikely, that she will do as she did when her own grandfather died, and his lordship be informed at the end of the mourning—as poor Mr. Maddox was, to whom she was then engaged—that the young lady has changed her mind.

We have received your scissors and other cutlery from Langres, and cannot sufficiently admire their beauty. The workmanship is the most exquisite and delicate I ever beheld. We accept them with thanks, and without a particle of fear of their causing any severance of our love. Adieu, my dear George—do not trouble yourself about cambric and lace, if they do not actually come in your way. I fancied, when you entered France you would probably find a rain of such things.

C. J.

10*th*—P.S.—Your sister has just come in from her walk and tells me the mail is arrived covered with laurels, and that all Bath is wild with delight; a great defeat of Bonaparte by Blücher being announced. Heaven send this report may be true; but as yet I know not what credit to give to it.

C. J.

Diaries—Chaumont, March 10th.—We are still in the agony of expectation; looking hourly for accounts from Blücher. Bonaparte, who is playing a desperate game, is very near the old marshal, and if they do come in contact, many a nose will bleed before they part again. Meanwhile, flying reports of the most contradictory kind are brought in; some of them should fill us with despair, if the hand of Bonaparte and his emissaries were not too plainly visible in them.

Caulaincourt's proposed term of ten days has been increased to fifteen, when his *contre projet* is to be produced, but nothing is expected from it but the termination of this futile attempt at negotiation. We are, in fact, preparing for it, and my services as scribe have been very gladly accepted by Lord Castlereagh for the confidential part of the correspondence that has taken place amongst the various Powers concerned, and especially with Austria. That Power would doubtless use all her influence in favour of Bonaparte, if he could be prevailed upon to be moderate, even at the eleventh hour. But the more desperate his situation, the more unyielding he becomes; he cannot bend, he must therefore be broken. Yet there are not wanting persons here who perceive in this, an unflinching spirit in adversity which they profess to admire. For my own part, I cannot see in Bonaparte's conduct a lofty mind bearing itself grandly under misfortune. I see only the proud obstinacy of a tyrant who cannot brook that those whom he has unlawfully reduced to bondage should break their chains, assert their right to be

free, and compel him to respect and acknowledge it. He has been a great General, but not a great man, and the unfeeling language he used at Tilsit when addressing the King of Prussia, after despoiling him of more than half of his dominions, might now with perfect justice and propriety be addressed to him:—"You forget that you are no longer in a position to treat with us; you must take what we in our mercy choose to give you."

Lieut.-Gen. Sir C. Stewart to George Jackson, Esq.

Châtillon, March 11th.

MY DEAR JACKSON,

I send you an open letter to Mr. Trotter, and beg you will communicate its contents to the Chancellor Hardenberg, and ascertain from him if Colberg will be the most convenient port for the vessels laden with made up clothing for fifty thousand men, a quantity of cloth in the piece, etc., to proceed to. They are now lying at Carlscrona, and there is a delicacy with respect to Stralsund, as it is now become *Danish*.

Have the goodness to write to Mr. Trotter if the Chancellor should wish for any new arrangements. I wish, too, you would remind Hardenberg that the medicines which Baron Jacobi requested in London that our Government would supply the Prussians with are still at Bremen. Mr. Trotter writes, that the surgical instruments sent there are *spoiling*. It seems a pity *at least*, for they alone cost us upwards

of 40,000*l.* Tell Hardenberg that an order to the commandant of Colberg will materially hasten the arrival and delivery of the clothing.

You will have heard what occurred last night. Kleist's and d'Yorck's corps suffered dreadfully and the others almost as much. But I think Boney has been completely foiled. What is Blücher about? Caulaincourt is almost *au désespoir*. If he had but instructions on which he could act at all, we should get on very well with him.

He himself greatly desires peace. Adieu.

Believe me ever, &c.,

CHARLES STEWART.

Chaumont, 12*th*.—The two corps of Marmont and Arighi have been nearly destroyed at Laon. The Prussians, after having very gallantly, but with considerable loss, repulsed Bonaparte's attack on the 9th, attacked in their turn at break of day on the 10th; when the above named corps were almost literally cut to pieces—very few that were not made prisoners having escaped the fury of their assailants. The French lost near three thousand prisoners; forty-five pieces of cannon, tumbrils, &c.

The Fort of La Fère has also been taken, with one thousand prisoners and a hundred pieces of cannon.

13*th*.—Augereau has been beaten, with a loss of more than two thousand men. Geneva is relieved, and seventy thousand Austrians are in full march on Lyon.

Troyes, 18*th*.—Yesterday we left Chaumont in very high spirits. The Congress of Châtillon was dissolved after the plenipotentiaries of the allied Courts had assembled at one o'clock to meet the Duke of Vicenza in conference, and for the purpose of receiving the French Emperor's proposition, delivered on the 17th of February. It consisted of twenty-nine articles. They were read. The plenipotentiaries then declared them inadmissible, and declined to discuss them. Thus, the conference ended, and with it the Congress, for Caulaincourt had no instructions authorizing him to yield or modify any one of the propositions.

Bonaparte renounced the crown of Italy only in favour of Beauharnais. Required that Louis should be restored to his Duchy of Berg, and compensation made for almost all he professed himself willing to cede.

19*th*.—Until quite the close of the conference, Caulaincourt seemed to expect the arrival of a courier; but whatever may have been his ground for hope, no courier presented himself. I have since been informed that *à plein pouvoir* to treat on the terms proposed by the Allies—obtained at the persuasion of an Austrian agent privately despatched by the Emperor Francis—did reach the French plenipo on his journey from Châtillon. But the moment for an attempt to patch up matters was past; the negotiators had taken their departure, and an order to march direct to Paris was then on its road from the King of Prussia to Field-marshal Blücher. The sooner we get there the better, for what with

the cold—it is now snowing fast and freezing hard—and the scarcity of the very necessaries of life, we, as well as the poor soldiers, are half starved.

Letters.—Dijon, March 26th.—We have been beating about for the last ten days, my dear mother, from Bar-sur-Aube to Troyes, from Troyes to Bar-sur-Seine; back again to Bar-sur-Aube and Châtillon, and now down to Dijon. Of Bar-sur-Aube we took, I believe, our final leave on the morning of the 24th, and in the evening of the same day Bonaparte arrived there, and slept at the same house and in the same bed as the Emperor of Austria had occupied the night before.

We have just received intelligence of our proceedings at Bordeaux. I trust they are only the prelude to still more glorious ones. To know that, after all, it is Wellington who does the business is a proud feeling for an Englishman. Blücher and his army have however behaved most bravely, and dreadful slaughter there has been amongst them in the different actions that have taken place. I had begun to fear that Dorville had fallen, also, and was afraid to write to Elizabeth because I could tell her nothing certain of his fate. In the general bustle and constant hurrying from place to place, no one could inform me what was become of him; and only this morning I heard by chance that he had been appointed Commandant of Nancy. Tell her this, and congratulate her upon it; as this appointment affords a proof of the goodwill of his superiors, and at the same time insures him, with advantage to his

country, after many a hair-breadth escape, a whole skin for the future.

As to the "rain of veils and cambric" you talk of, I assure you, my dear mother, that although I am out in all sorts of weather, and keep, if I may so speak, my weather eye constantly open, yet in none of the places we have been to has anything of the kind yet rained upon me. In fact, nothing like luxury in any shape has hitherto come across me in the "sacred" territory of "*la belle France*," which, as far as my experience and observation go, is distinguished from other countries only by a degree of misery and penury in all classes beyond anything that, without seeing it, I could have formed an idea of, and which stares one in the face wherever one goes. The soldiers of both armies suffer frightfully, and the unusual and prolonged severity of the winter adds to those sufferings. Scenes, which thrill one with horror, which chill the blood in one's veins, we, who follow in the wake of the armies, who traverse the battle-field when the battle is over, are almost daily eye-witnesses of. But the day is, I trust, very near at hand when the author of all this wide-spread misery will be effectually crushed.

27*th*.—You will be surprised to hear that the Mr. Maddox you speak of is now with us. Having been so cruelly handled by Venus, as an *amant*, he is come to try his luck with Mars, as an *amateur*. I don't know whether you know him, but from being a very handsome and lively-tempered young man he has become quite the reverse. The cruel nymph,

Miss Acklom, seems to take delight in this sort of trifling, and playing with edge-tools. Maddox is the second swain she has left in the lurch almost at the very moment of marriage. His affair had gone so far that, naturally, he went into deep mourning for her father. The young lady's Exmouth lover, General Tilson, has just returned to England with a new name, I see—this perhaps may win her smiles again.

28*th*.—We move onwards to-morrow. If Schwartzenberg be not then at Paris it will be only because he has considered it more advisable—which I sincerely hope may be the case—to march upon and annihilate Bonaparte wherever he may find him. Talleyrand is said some time since to have pronounced it to be "*le commencement de la fin*;" but I trust that the last scene of the last act of this drama is about to be played out.

I suppose nothing will be done in Parliament till after the recess. Lord Castlereagh will remain here, I dare say, to the latest possible moment, and when he returns will give you, I doubt not, a most capital account of his proceedings. He will reappear among you with flying colours, and meriting well of Europe and his country. We owe much to his firmness in the business with Caulaincourt, with whom *the others* would probably have gone trifling on until it suited Bonaparte to come to terms. Whether I, individually, shall have equal reason to be satisfied with him remains to be seen. He has been throughout very friendly and confidential, and, without being too

sanguine, I think I stand a pretty fair chance, when the loaves and fishes are distributed, of coming in for the share that is due to me. His lordship inquired yesterday very particularly after Francis, and desired I would tell him so. I have no direct accounts of my brother, who, I fear, has stopped short in the progress he was making. Adieu, my dear mother. Send me all your news.

G. J.

Diaries.—Dijon, March 28th.—The accounts from Fère Champenoise and Colomiers, where Blücher's head-quarters were on the 26th, are most satisfactory. Last night he was at Ferté sous Jouarre, and to day his army will pass the Marne. The grand army will probably cross also, at Lagny, thus concentrating their whole force on the right bank of the river and taking position on the heights of Montmartre.

Intercepted letters show that Bonaparte was of opinion that the movement he had determined on, on the right of Prince Schwartzenberg, might induce him to fall back towards the Rhine for fear of losing his communications, and that he would thus be enabled to relieve his places and be in a better situation to cover Paris. Abandoning this idea, he seems to have next thought of preventing the junction of the armies of Blücher and Schwartzenberg; and to have pushed his object so far, by the passage of the Aube with his whole army near Vitry, as to have completely left himself open to that bold decision of Blücher of forming the junction of the two armies

to the westward; thus placing themselves between the French army and Paris, and proceeding with their united forces, at least two hundred thousand men, direct to the capital. As soon as this resolution was taken, the Prince Marshal formed a corps on the Bar-sur-Aube line, under General Duna, to protect the head-quarters of the Emperor of Austria, his supplies, &c., and also, by vigorously pressing forward his operations towards the capital, to secure his rear while he pursues his objects in front.

From this, and the reports of the general movements of the different corps of Wintzingerode, Bülow, d'Yorck, Kleist, and others, it is evident that Bonaparte, even if he had not crossed the Aube and passed between our two armies, would probably have found himself in a position similar to that he was in at Leipzig. And the result would no doubt have been of the same nature.

It is stated that the corps of Marmont and Mortier, retiring from before Marshal Blücher, were moving down towards Vitry to connect themselves with Bonaparte's operations, ignorant perhaps of his intentions, when they were much perplexed to find themselves close to Schwartzenberg's army, on the spot where they expected to meet their own. It is also a curious fact, that Marshal Marmont's advance was, on the night of the 24th, within a very short distance of Vitry; the enemy being unaware that it was occupied by the Allies. General Reusschi's division fell in with this advance, and they were driven back to Connandray and through Fère,

Champenoise. A quantity of *caissons*, waggons and baggage was taken. The Grand Duke Constantine with the cavalry of the Russian reserves was equally successful, charging the enemy and taking eighteen cannon and many prisoners.

The most brilliant movement of the 25th occurred it appears after the advance of the Allies had passed through Champenoise. A detached column of the enemy of five thousand men, under General Amès, had left Paris to join the grand army of Bonaparte, and had been making its way from Montmirail under protection of Marmont's corps. This corps had in charge an immense convoy, with 100,000 rations of bread, ammunition, &c., and was of the utmost importance to the enemy. The cavalry of Blücher's army were the first to discover this corps on its march from Chalons, and to observe its movements.

The cavalry of Generals Körf and Busitschikoff were detached in pursuit, and succeeded in driving the column upon Fère Champenoise. As the cavalry of the grand army was advancing, an attack was made on the enemy, who formed into squares and defended themselves in the bravest and most gallant manner, though composed only of young troops and Gardes Nationales. When completely surrounded by the cavalry of both armies, some officers were sent to demand their surrender; but they heeded them not; kept marching on and firing, and would not lay down their arms. A battery of Russian artillery then opened upon them, and the cavalry renewed their charges, completing the destruction of the enemy,

and taking prisoners two Generals of division and near two thousand men and officers. The convoy and all their cannon fell into our hands.

In the *mêlée*, Colonel Neil Campbell was wounded by a Cossack, who not knowing him took him for one of the enemy and ran his pike into his back. He is, however, doing well. A more fatal catastrophe was that of Colonel Rapatel, Moreau's aide-de-camp, who met his death while going up to one of the columns with a flag of truce. He was shot through the heart, and died instantly. Rapatel was a pleasant, gentleman-like man, devotedly attached to Moreau; for whose sake I believe, as well as from a grateful feeling towards Alexander for the generous provision he made for the General's widow, rather than from any great attachment to our cause, he continued to follow the fortunes of the Allies.

Letters.—Paris, April 1st.—C'est un fait accompli, my dear mother. We are here at last; have entered in triumph and are in possession. Paris has been taken, or has surrendered, so bewildered are we that we hardly know which. A feeble show of defence *was* made, but the overwhelming army of the Allies soon convinced the Marshals of the fruitlessness and folly of attempting resistance. Had Bonaparte himself been on the spot, doubtless, a very different scene would have been enacted to that which actually took place in Paris yesterday.

The entrance of the conquerors into their Capital was turned by the Parisians into a grand *fête*; and probably few, if any, among the vast concourse of

people who thronged from all parts to see the procession of the sovereigns, and to greet their arrival with every demonstration of delight, bestowed a thought on their fallen hero or on anything beyond the enjoyment of the moment. The Emperor Alexander found especial favour with the lighthearted mob, as well as with the equally volatile spectators of a higher grade. Deafening were their acclamations; and *vivas* for *L'Empereur Alexandre* were shouted far more vociferously and frequently than for *le Roi de Prusse*. But even he, I imagine, never met with so joyous and uproarious a welcome in his life before, certainly not in his own capital.

The march of the troops, about fifty thousand infantry with ten thousand cavalry and a train of artillery, along the *boulevards*, must have been a grand and imposing military spectacle, which those born soldiers, the French, could fully appreciate. And as the men were all well-equipped and on the whole a fine set of fellows, it was a sight well calculated to give them a good idea of the sort of troops their own armies have had to contend with.

White flags fluttered from many a balcony, where ladies and children in white were seated. The white cockade was pretty generally worn, and *vivas* for Louis XVIII. were sometimes heard. How they will like their most Christian king when they get him remains to be seen. As a specimen of Parisian wit, I heard passed along, a *viva*, for "*nos amis, nos ennemis.*"

I don't know that I should attempt to give you any

description of the wondrous scene, for I know you will get a better one from the French and other papers, if I were not sure, my dear mother, that you would feel disappointed were I not to send you a line on a subject of such general congratulation and wide-spread importance. It is an event one is not likely to figure in twice in one's life, therefore deserves some especial notice from me; but when I sat down with Sir Charles to concoct a report of the day's proceedings, I felt, and he no less so, though he is rarely at a loss for grandiloquent phrases, that it is more difficult to describe a pageant you have had a part in than one of which you have been merely a looker-on. However, there is no doubt as to the effect it produced, and that is what chiefly concerns us. The whole population of Paris seemed to me to be actually drunk with joy, or something that bore a strong semblance to it; later in the day, the greater part of the invaders not only seemed to be, but actually were, drunk with champagne. It is computed that not less than between sixty and seventy thousand bottles of that exhilarating beverage were broached in honour of the auspicious day. Though the effects of this raid on the wine-stores of Paris can hardly be said yet to have blown off, things have nevertheless a more sober aspect than they had yesterday at any hour between sunrise and midnight.

Perhaps the wild Cossacks, who had their bivouac last night in the Champs Elysées, excite most the curiosity of the populace to-day.

Joseph has fled to Blois with Maria Louisa and

her child. Already we have been informed, that the child is not the son of the Empress, or Archduchess, as they have begun, with an affectation *très prononcée*, to call her. She gave birth, they say, to a dead child, and this infant, born a few hours before, was substituted for it, having been selected by Bonaparte and kept at hand for that purpose, in case of need. It is asserted, that there exist indisputable proofs of the truth of this statement. But from all I see and hear, I have even now made up my mind to give no credit to the stories that are eagerly pressed upon one in disparagement of Bonaparte. Adieu, my dear mother. The messenger waits.

G. J.

Diaries.—Paris, April 2nd.—The Senate met yesterday and declared that, "as Napoleon had deserted them they feel themselves authorized in choosing another chief for the government of France. Therefore, as with one voice, they call to the throne of his ancestors their legitimate sovereign, Louis XVIII."

4th.—Marshal Marmont has consented to pass over with his *corps d'armée* to the service of Louis. He stipulates that Bonaparte's person should be held sacred, "not sacrificed," as he terms it, should he be taken. This acceded to, his conscience is satisfied. Should Marmont be attacked on his march, he is to be supported by the allied troops. Victor, Kellerman, and Nansouty, with several other Generals now in Paris, have also deserted poor Boney—retaining their titles and the estates received from him. This

sort of treachery is loudly inveighed against by some persons; others look wise and whisper—"these are no traitors;" meaning that they have taken the best way open to them of serving their former chief, and that they form "a corps of Generals in reserve." This would lead one to suppose that there is an idea floating about that "the end is not yet." The last news was that Bonaparte was behind the Essoles, with his head-quarters at Coudray. Blücher is seriously indisposed. Barclay de Tolli supplies his place as commander-in-chief of the Silesian army.

It is said that negotiations for a peace are carrying on with the army, assuring specific terms to Bonaparte, and providing for many others connected with him. But the measures in agitation are not very fully or freely made known to us; and it is becoming very necessary that our Government should either send a special negotiator, or such instructions to Lord Cathcart and Sir Charles as will authorize them to demand the communication of what is passing. The management of every concern is with the Emperor of Russia and his confidential Cabinet. Count Nesselrode, whose indecision of character and want of self-confidence make him too ready to adopt the views and opinions of others, has fallen entirely into the hands of Talleyrand, while Pozzo de Borgo, though a very able man, is not of sufficient weight to be a check on the Provisional Government to which he is accredited.

The aim of this Government is, to effectually consolidate their own power by every possible means, so

that the King on his arrival may find himself wholly dependent upon them. Every office in the state will be filled up; the constitution formed precisely in accordance with their views, and then presented to the King for his acceptance. Talleyrand, who is the head of the Provisional Government, and no less ambitious than Bonaparte, may not improbably endeavour to become another absolute ruler, and by political manœuvring accomplish what Bonaparte effected by means of his immense military power.

The Emperor of Russia has not thought it necessary to make any public declaration of his wishes with respect to Louis XVIII. His policy seems to be one of coquetry with the nation; as was observed when he made his declaration, relative to the release of the French prisoners, at the instance of the Senate, instead of that of the King, as it afforded an opportunity of doing. Other circumstances have also led to remark, and the conjecture has arisen in some minds that the Emperor may possibly have hidden motives for the leniency he shows towards the nation in preference to the King. He is, however, most popular with the Parisians of all grades. When he shows himself in public he is most gracious in his condescension towards the populace, who throng about him, and shout till they are hoarse to do him honour. In society, he is, as indeed he has always been, exceedingly affable; desiring the observance of as little form and ceremony as possible. The ladies say, "*il est adorable*;" for towards all of them he is most courteous and gallant, and he is something

more than that towards one or two whom he especially delights to honour. He is also very popular with the army, and as he keeps up the most amiable relations with Talleyrand—at whose house he has his quarters—it is thought, not unlikely, that matters of great moment may be settled between them more in accordance with the views and projects of their respective countries than with a due regard to the rights and interests of others. With the exception of the Abbé Montesquieu, all the members of the Provisional Government are mere creatures of Talleyrand. He wished to include Caulaincourt among them, but failed in his efforts to make him desert Bonaparte.

There were two articles in the papers of yesterday in which there was an insinuation of perfidy on the part of the Allies. The first being an account of the rupture of the negotiations at Châtillon on the 17*th March*, by which it is made to appear that we would have treated with Bonaparte if he would have accepted our *projet*. The second is Lord Wellington's proclamation of *February 2nd*, relative to the Bourbons. It is asked, "How are such opposite measures to be reconciled?"

5*th*.—Talleyrand said yesterday that steps are being taken to communicate with the armies and the fortresses, and that he had strong reasons for believing in a movement amongst them. But, on the other hand, it is reported that Bonaparte has many emissaries in Paris; that Berthier's aide-de-camp, Girardin, is here with large sums of money to dis-

tribute; that several hundreds of the Old Guard have been introduced to head an insurrection, and that Bonaparte is determined, at any risk, to *se faire jour* in Paris. But these and endless other reports are probably set afloat by the alarmists, or owe their origin to the suspicion with which the Provisional Government is generally regarded.

6th.—The Emperor having conferred with the Marshals, collectively and individually, the determination was come to of offering Bonaparte the island of Elba as a retreat, with an income of six millions of *livres*—three for himself and Maria Louisa, and the remaining three as a provision for his brothers and sisters. At this conference Caulaincourt and Ney violently opposed the above arrangement, and strongly urged the appointment of a regency, it being with that view only, they declared, that Bonaparte had abdicated. But Alexander was firm, and gained over Macdonald to his views, Marmont having been already secured. The Allies, he said, had already declared that they would not treat with Napoleon Bonaparte or any of his family, and that the voice of the nation being unanimous for the recall of her legitimate King, they had determined to proclaim Louis XVIII. The answer of Bonaparte is expected with much anxiety.

7th.—The great drama is ended. Marshal Ney has written, that Bonaparte accepts the island of Elba and the pensions granted by the Allies. He desires that his wife and son may join him without delay; but of this there seems to be some doubt.

All his princes and dukes have forsaken him; even Berthier, they say, has followed the rest, and proved faithless at the last. Poor Boney! I pity him! And I doubt much whether those who are to succeed him are likely, with their low intrigues, restless ambition, and personal animosities, already but too apparent, to restore peace and prosperity to France.

The French army will march to the environs of Paris.

Colonel Cooke and a French officer have been despatched to Lord Wellington and Marshal Soult. Colonel Lowe is setting out for England, *viâ* Calais, to convey to our Government all the details of the great and memorable event of which he has been an eye-witness.

Francis Drake, Esq., to George Jackson, Esq.

Wells, Somerset, April 12th, 1814.

DEAR JACKSON,

If it was difficult for Sir Charles Stewart to find expressions to describe the burst of joy at Paris on the 31st ult., I am sure it is equally difficult to convey to you any adequate idea of the feelings which the late great events have excited in this country. No language could do justice to them. From the highest to the lowest all are, I might almost say mad, I may safely say intoxicated with pleasure and delight at seeing so happy a *dénouement* of the great tragedy which has been acting in Europe during the last twenty years.

How I envy you the satisfaction of having been an eye-witness of all the great events which have led to the overthrow of the tyrant. And how happy it would have made me to have been a co-operator, even of the humblest class, in effecting his downfall!

You know that I have at no time entertained that extravagant opinion of Bonaparte's abilities which has but too generally been entertained in this and other countries; but I confess that I never thought it was in his character to descend to the ignominy of suffering himself to be taken alive, and of making terms for the prolongation of a wretched existence. I did give him credit for magnanimity enough to die upon his sword like Brutus and Cassius, or to make one desperate effort to retrieve his fortunes, with a resolution to perish at the head of his troops if the attempt should fail.

I should think it must be somewhat embarrassing to determine in what manner to dispose of this *ci-devant* sacred person, and particularly of the Emperor of Austria's daughter and grandson. As to giving him the island of Elba, it should be recollected that he would there be in a fastness of very considerable strength, whence he might, should he be so disposed, agitate the ardent spirits of Italy. And it would be vain to expect that a mind so restless as his would be quiet there, or, indeed, anywhere except within the walls of a fortress.

As I take it for granted that you have the means of communicating with some of the Russian *employés*, civil or military, who are now in the *suite* of the

Emperor, be good enough to procure for me the *safe* transmission of the inclosed letter for the Russian General Fanshawe—an Englishman by birth. A few weeks ago he was left at Dantzig in command of the Russian troops during the absence of the Prince of Würtemberg and I believe has not been removed from thence.

What sincere pleasure it would give me to see your brother completely restored to health, but I fear, my dear George, we have but a faint hope of that.

Believe me, &c. &c.,

FRANCIS DRAKE.

Mrs. Jackson to George Jackson, Esq.

Bath, April 14th, 1814.

The events of the last fortnight, my dear George, have indeed been so wonderful, that looking back to them as having happened in so short a space of time they appear to us incredible. I should like to know something of the Bishop of Arles, an extract from whose prophecy you may perhaps have seen in the "Courier." If it is to be depended upon as genuine, its remarkably exact fulfilment is really extraordinary.

I am glad to know that you were amongst the number of those who accompanied the allied sovereigns in their triumphal entry into Paris. Connected with so great and memorable an event, it is a fact worth handing down to your children's children. Perhaps you know whether it is true, as is reported

that "Alexander the Great the 2nd," as the "Courier" calls him, and the King of Prussia are likely to come to England. Their characters must ever stand foremost among heroes for their humanity as well as valour. Paris can never do enough to show its gratitude to them, and the General who so wisely and courageously tore to pieces Bonaparte's order for its destruction.

17*th*.—Bath made a very brilliant display of light on Friday evening; at least it appeared so to those who never saw the London illuminations, and the situation of the city aided the humble imitation. It was, however, very unfortunate for everybody but the apothecaries that just at nine o'clock, as the people were setting out on their progress, the rain began to fall; so that not half that was intended in honour of the occasion was performed. I was caught by a shower in the Crescent and so attempted nothing further; but your sisters were not so easily satisfied, and have paid dearly for it, in severe inflammatory colds. Half Bath, I understand, is in the same predicament.

People are much divided in their opinion as to the propriety of Lord Castlereagh accompanying *Monsieur* on his entrance into Paris. Tell me what *you* think, and if you were one of the English mission of whom, it is said, a part also attended him.

The joy of the thousands of prisoners who are so soon to be released, one would suppose must be very great indeed; but I was surprised to hear quite a different account, of about two hundred who passed

through Bath some few days ago, in exchange, I believe, for those brought from Dunquerque. They, certainly were not very much delighted; or seemed to understand *why* they were returning. Of the truth they could hardly be persuaded. Some said, they should soon be ordered to fight again, and it was much the same to them whom it was for; others declared, that having taken oaths to Bonaparte they would never forswear themselves. Crowds went out to meet these men, as they entered Bath, and others to see them depart. I was not of the number; though to witness the return of my own countrymen perhaps I might have been.

Caulaincourt not returning to Paris—as a French paper said he had no intention of doing—and his reasons for it, are, I think, a pretty severe rebuke to those who condescended to treat with him and to sit down to table with a man of his character. But I am, at all events, rejoiced to hear that the arch-duchess does not accompany the arch-fiend; and I long to know that she disowns the boy, lest at some future period mischief should ensue from his pretensions.

All our rejoicings at the late glorious events—natural though it seems that all classes should share in them—are yet, I fear, likely to do a vast deal more harm than good to the common people; by causing much idleness amongst them, and therefore much distress. Ever since the arrival of the great news of the downfall of Bonaparte it has been impossible to get any body to think of work, much less to do

any; and their minds will be still more unsettled if the allied sovereigns really come amongst us. I verily believe, that many of the poor souls who are now running about out of their wits with joy, fully expect that with the proclamation of peace, every good thing in life will be poured upon everybody without either money or labour being paid for them.

C. J.

Letters.—Deal, April 22nd. I am just landed, my dear mother, having left Paris yesterday morning. While waiting for horses, I write you a line or two, as I have not been able to tell you much of my doings of late. We have all, indeed, been too fully occupied with official writing, conferences, receiving and presenting addresses, congratulations, &c., to leave much leisure for private correspondence. But of all these public matters the papers, doubtless, will have kept you well informed; as also of the festive doings in honour of the Allies. We have had a few dinners, at which, in their late enemies, our Generals met new friends—looking, perhaps, a little askance at each other, and slightly distrustful of their new relationship.

At one of these *réunions*, we received the news of the defeat of Soult under the walls of Toulouse; the Generals not being aware of what had taken place in Paris. For *on dit*, with what truth I know not, that the orders sent to them had been intercepted by some of Joseph's people. However, the event afforded opportunity for a very pretty speech *à la française*,

about "the last intertwining of the laurel and cypress, and the flourishing, henceforth, of the olive, under the benign influence and culture of the beloved monarch, whom France is now languishing to possess." But, *en attendant* the beloved one, incense is heaped upon his representative, *Monsieur*. At his feet, says Séguier, "*les expressions manquent; mais quand les langues balbutient, les âmes se parlent.*" An exceedingly pretty phrase I think. Yet, a very different language is held by not a few. But of this I will say no more at present; the horses are coming round, and I must be off.

My movements, on reaching London, will depend on the accounts I may receive there of my dear brother's state. If not improved, I shall at once proceed to Brighton; whence you will hear further from me. Adieu, my dear mother.

G. J.

Stevens's Hotel, June 6th.—I am just come in from my cruise, and there is but time for one line for the first bellman is passing.

Stewart is not arrived, but is expected to-night with the Sovereigns. They landed at Dover at one o'clock, and will probably sneak into town *incog.*

I have not seen Lord Castlereagh, nor, indeed, am I anxious about it till I shall have talked with his brother. In the meantime, I understand his lordship has settled nothing—not even for Stewart—beyond the appointment of Foster to Copenhagen, Stratford Canning to Switzerland, and Cockburn to Hamburg.

Lisbon *Stuart* is acting at Paris till the Duke of Wellington's arrival.

There's the second bell. Adieu.

7th.—"The great men," are at last arrived. They came *incog* about noon; and so little idea had the public of it that at three o'clock they were flocking towards the bridge to get a peep at them. About this time, the guns fired; and the press then became so great it was quite dangerous. It is now six, and the crowd is greater than ever, in the expectation that they may yet be favoured with a sight of them.

I know nothing more of my chances, except that they are to-day less good by one — Brook Taylor being appointed to Stuttgart. Accounts of my brother are more favourable.

9th.—I am just come in from Carlton House, where the Prince Regent held a Chapter, for the purpose of investing the King of Prussia and Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh with the blue riband of the Garter. The ceremony was a very grand and imposing one. When it was over the address of the City was received, to the great entertainment of the foreigners. The Prince—who, by the way, was dressed in the uniform of a Russian General and looked wonderfully well—returned an admirable answer.

Lord Castlereagh enquired very kindly after Francis, but I had no time for a longer *confab*, nor indeed have I now, as the bellman ding-dongs in my ears.

17th.—When I saw Stewart yesterday, he told me he should probably return with the King, for a few weeks, to Berlin. To-day, he informed me that he

was to be made a peer, and should certainly not retain his present post. Lord Castlereagh, he said, had desired him to ascertain whether a red riband would be acceptable to me, and to say that if I would go with the King of Prussia as Chargé d'Affaires, in the tour he proposes to make by Carlsruhe, Stuttgart, Munich, and Vienna, his lordship, on a general arrangement, would see what better he could do for me.

I, of course, expressed, as indeed I felt myself, much flattered by the offer of the riband; though it may, not improbably, be made by way of *amende honorable*, in some sort, for his lordship's unhandsome behaviour in the business of my brother's promised privy councillorship. However this may be, I thought it right respectfully to decline the proffered honour. I don't know whether you will quite approve of this, but it really is not the kind of acknowledgment of my services I, at present at all events, care to incur the expense of. I wish for the advancement I have endeavoured to earn, and which all the Office people say I *must* have—one of the vacant missions. *En attendant*, I shall accompany the King. The tour will be a very interesting one, and there are many of the brotherhood, who say they envy me the appointment.

To-morrow I go to Brighton to my brother.

G. J.

Mrs. Jackson to George Jackson, Esq.

Bath, June 22nd, 1814.

You tell us but little of your London festivities, my dear George. Though, except on those public occasions when you cannot well absent yourself, the state in which our dear Francis still lingers must of course prevent you, as it does us, from entering into or taking that interest in them we otherwise might do. The cause of these rejoicings is indeed one that should excite a joyful feeling throughout Europe and the deep gratitude of all classes; but my heart is so full, and too often my eyes also, that to partake of anything like gaiety is but to add to my pain.

Your tour with the King will, I dare say, be a most enjoyable one. To witness the return of peace and plenty to a country and people long harassed and desolated by war, must be delightful indeed; and the auspices under which it is made, and the favourable season for travelling, cannot but render more pleasant and interesting a journey that, like your diplomatic competitors, I envy you greatly.

If you had taken me into your councils, my dear, I should have tried hard to persuade you that it was not wise to show an indifference for the red riband. Could Francis have been conveniently consulted, I believe he would have confirmed my advice. If Lord Castlereagh thinks that his brother deserves a peerage in acknowledgment of his late services, it is an appropriate idea on his part to bestow also on his

brother's coadjutor some distinctive honour, and I doubt not that Sir Charles would also have been gratified had his suggestion received a better welcome from you. It might have cost a few hundreds; but I cannot believe that his lordship's liberality would have ended with the bestowal of the riband. I rather think it would have been a stepping stone to a higher post, and I regret you did not take it when it fell in your way, as you might seek for it long and in vain. Honours do not go a begging in these days. If, however, this riband should again be thrown at your head, grasp it, my dear George, as an earnest of more solid rewards; unless there are reasons for its refusal yet unexplained to me.

A friend who came from London yesterday, says that nothing can equal the bustle there. No work, no business, nothing attended to but running about the streets, even among the lower classes; and private letters and newspapers tell us how the higher circles are employed. I only wonder at people's strength and spirits holding out.

24*th.*—I hear, the Grandees are to go from Portsmouth to Brighton. I hope Francis may be well enough to allow Elizabeth to have the satisfaction of seeing the King of Prussia at some of the *fêtes*, as it will of course be a great pleasure to her. The Bathites think themselves very much ill used, by not having been honoured with a royal visit; but they have done what they could to make up for it, and to have their share in the general bustle that all England has been in. They have assembled in

large mobs, have made as much noise as possible, and when the mails reached the turnpike on Tuesday with the confirmation of peace having been proclaimed, the populace took off the horses and drew the mails in, preceded by all the clubs of the place, with bands of music, and colours flying. Old Mr. Parish chose to close the procession in his chariot, with a *large dog* on either side of him, dressed up in roses, and looking most comically wise and sedate. As Mr. P. had given twenty pounds to the clubs they drew him into the town also, which I suppose was what he wished and intended. I am told it was a most cheerful sight. Everybody thought it right to go and see it, but I kept at home. Your sisters and the maids went, and were all highly amused.

28*th*.—Our Bath people are, I believe, all gone wild or mad. They have begun the week with the proclamation of peace, and a foolish mountebank sort of business they have made of it. The mayor was drawn through Bath by the populace, in a light sort of car, fit for a May-day procession; a small box, or stool, was placed at his side, and upon that the recorder *stood*, evidently in much trepidation in expectation of a fall. At different parts of the city a halt was made, and the recorder read *something*; but whether it related to peace or war nobody could tell —his voice being overwhelmed by an unceasing accompaniment of the shouts and huzzas of the mob.

This exhibition is succeeded by a day of races, and next week there is to be a *fête champêtre* on Claverton

Downs. Then comes another general illumination, and whether the Thanksgiving day will close the whole, and compose people's mind, I know not. Never was such an idle time known. More families I am told are now in want of a meal than during the late hard frost, and the hay is spoiling because hands cannot be got to make it.

The Grand Duke of Weimar came here for two nights, and the excitement in consequence was so great that His Serene Highness was almost pulled to pieces by the crowd. The account he must give his friends of his reception, can only make them thankful that their sacred persons escaped the enthusiastic welcome our people were prepared to bestow on them. But these wild doings will soon come to an end, and the peace I begin earnestly to long for will, I trust, soon be restored; at least to Bath.

C. J.

Letters—Foreign Office, June 29th.—The result of my morning here, is the information that both Lord Castlereagh and Stewart certainly go to Vienna; the former to the Congress, which is put off till September, the latter, as ambassador at that Court. Honours fall thick upon him; for, besides what you already know, the Prince has made him a Lord of the bed-chamber.

Quant à moi—they all say *here*, "You are *sure* of a mission;" however, no hint of it has yet reached me. I have heard Burghersh mentioned for Berlin. Charles Bagot is gone off to Paris, without any special

appointment, but with the rank of an envoy, and to do God knows what.

Hardenberg leaves London to-morrow. *His Highness*, like the rest of us, is thoroughly sick of our *fêtes*, our loyal mobs, and uproarious receptions. As he is off, my movements must soon be decided. Thus much he told me to-day; that the Congress being so long deferred, the King would not make his way to Vienna by the *route* he had proposed, as he was now doubly anxious to get back to his capital, and intended being there, at latest, by the 21st of next month. So there is an end of our tour.

Lord Castlereagh is overwhelmed with business, and the Prince, as you may suppose, has not time to give a thought to it, so entirely is every moment occupied by pleasure. There are here two large boxes full of papers, some of the utmost importance, waiting his leisure for signature. This creates delays and difficulties innumerable. Stratford Canning had, in consequence, to leave England without his credentials, as he was obliged to be at Zürich for the opening of the Diet.

It would perhaps be as well if business could now be a little attended to. The world has taken its pleasure until it has become weary of it; has rejoiced until it begins to solace itself by complaining. Many are asking why such immense sums should be thrown away on the preparations in Hyde Park. Already, the workmen's wages, alone, exceed 20,000*l*. What the cost of the whole will be, you may exercise your powers of calculation in guessing. The foreigners

certainly get more amusement out of these grand displays of our national bad taste than poor John Bull who has to pay for them. We seem to be making fools of ourselves, that they may laugh at us.

The Prince Regent, *on dit*, is very glad to get rid of the Grand Duchess, as it is she who has done all the mischief in the Princess's marriage affair.

Foreign Office, August 2nd.—I returned from Brighton last night, my dear mother, having taken my farewell, and I fear the last farewell, of my poor brother. I would at all hazards have stayed with him to the last, but he was himself anxious that I should not put off my departure. There was a slight improvement in him yesterday, but not one to encourage hope.* I go down to Harwich to-morrow, and shall leave England with a very heavy heart. Adieu, dearest mother. You shall have a line from me before I embark.

G. J.

Diaries.—Berlin, August 10th.—We arrived here on the night of the 8th, and yesterday the King made his public entry into his capital. He was attended by all the great officers of state, civil and military, and the whole of the *corps diplomatique*. The princes and other members of the royal family accompanied him, and a crowd, such as Berlin has rarely or ever witnessed, was assembled to welcome back their monarch to the country that may be said

* Mr. Francis Jackson's lingering illness ended in death a few days after his brother left England.

to be restored to him. The various guilds of burghers were stationed near the Brandenburg gate, which was covered with laurels, flags and other emblems of victory. A troop of young girls strewed the pathway with flowers, and presented bouquets to the King, and to the young princes and princesses. The hurrah that greeted His Majesty as soon as the *cortège* came in sight—the one long hurrah that burst from the crowd, that rolled along the lines of soldiers, and was repeated like reverberated thunder by the burghers and again re-echoed by the military—was really astounding, and must have sent a thrill of delight through one made of far sterner stuff than is Frederick William the Third. A more spontaneous and hearty shout of joy, never yet rang through the air, and told a prince that he was beloved by his people.

Another pleasant feature in this welcome, was the surprise prepared for the King as he approached from Charlottenburg, and saw the car of victory, which had been brought back from Paris, replaced on the Brandenburg gate. This had been accomplished in the course of the night, and the car and horses covered with a sort of screen; which, as the great cry of welcome arose from thousands of voices, was drawn away, and disclosed to view the celebrated car of which Bonaparte had robbed Berlin, restored to it as a trophy of victory retaken from the enemy. The idea was good, and the realization of it impressive.

To this, followed a Thanksgiving service in the open air. The weather threatened to mar the

effect of it; but towards the close the sun shone suddenly forth with a very bright beam, and gladdened the scene as well as the hearts of many who regarded it as ominous of a happy future for Prussia, and a response, as it were, to the words just uttered by the King and the whole assemblage, kneeling, "*Herr Gott, dich loben wir.*"

Afterwards, at the palace in the great gallery, there was a splendid dinner of 280 covers. His Majesty sat at the centre, with the Princess William of Prussia on his right, the Princess of Solms-Braunfels on his left. Opposite to them, were the gallant veteran Field-Marshal, Prince Blücher, the Chancellor Prince Hardenberg, and Field-Marshal Count Kalkreuth.

Dinner being ended, everybody went to the opera, where we heard, first a prologue by Kotzebue, and the national song "*Dem Vater des Vaterlandes.*" From the opera, the King went for a short time to the theatre, and by-and-bye rode out with a numerous cavalcade to see the general illumination of the city. The streets were thronged until a very late hour, and a fire—which at one time threatened to be a serious affair, but was got under, I believe, with but slight damage—concluded this fatiguing day of pleasure and rejoicing. Blücher and Hardenberg received their respective ovations a few days since. The festoons and garlands of flowers that decorated the streets and houses were removed, and replaced by fresh ones for the entry of the King, only on the day of our arrival. Blücher's reception was a very grand

military spectacle; in Hardenberg's the civil authorities were the most prominent.

12*th.*—The people of Berlin, like the rest of the world, seem to find a difficulty after so much excitement in settling down again to the prosiness of their every-day life. Not satisfied with what they had already done, the magistrates of this residence and some of the principal people formed a deputation, and went in the evening in procession, from the senate house, in fifty coaches, the horses being led by torch bearers, and accompanied by the mounted *gendarmes* and a distinguished band of music, to the house of the Chancellor.

The Chief Bürgermeister, then set forth in a short address, the very great interest which the citizens of Berlin took in the happy return to the capital of their much honoured statesman, who, under circumstances of extreme difficulty had guided the helm of state with so much wisdom and ability; and after the successes of the allied armies had brought about a no less happy event to his country, in the peace now secured to her.

His Highness thanked the deputation for this renewed expression of their confidence, and fresh mark of their attachment to him; and assured them that he fully shared their patriotic sentiments. The *vivats*, the music, and the enthusiasm of the people inspired a Russian party, assembled in another part of the hotel, to add a hearty and prolonged cheer to the noisy demonstration in Hardenberg's honour. This pleased the crowd immensely. But when it was discovered

that General Miloradowitch was of this party the tumult of joy rose still higher. The General had to show himself, to listen to an impromptu address and to reply to it, the business concluding with loud and long hurrahs for the Russian Emperor, the Russian nation and the whole of the allied army.

19*th*.—The King left Berlin yesterday for Prague *en route* for Vienna. All the *beau monde* of this never very gay city are also on the wing, and dulness and the dreariness of winter will set in about the same time.

Lord Stewart to George Jackson, Esq.

Vienna, October 9th, 1814.

My dear Jackson,

I did not write to you before I left London, as I knew of little there that could interest you; but I assure you I was very much gratified by your letter, and you cannot oblige me more, my dear fellow, than by letting me hear from you when you have leisure. In return you shall have the news of this place.

By the time this reaches you, you will have heard that the assembly of Congress is put off till the 1st of November. The Eight Powers that signed the Treaty of Paris consider that they have not sufficiently conferred among themselves, or rather they can better mature and facilitate the difficult points by deliberating upon them before the Congress opens.

Talleyrand has shown himself wicked enough. He has declared that France will never consent to Poland becoming Russian; Saxony Prussian; or to Naples remaining under Murat. He has assembled the

minor Powers several times, in order to foment disturbances and make a sort of party against the great ones. I do not think he plays to Russia, which is certainly the only real danger to be apprehended.

The Emperor is on his *grand cheval*; talks of the moral duty of re-establishing a constitution in Poland entirely independent—except of course of *entire Russian sway*—forgetting thus, in his great graciousness, all the Treaties that have brought about the present aspect of affairs.

Castlereagh will have a hard game to play, but he is well prepared for it. Cooke is here, quite well and of great assistance to us. The rest are all pretty idle; but a round of festivities is in preparation to enable them to kill time. I have been here only a few days. I don't like the look of the place half as well as Berlin; but there is plenty of *mouvement*, and people from the environs, and even distant towns, flock in daily to look at us. The Emperor Francis has sent his family to Schönbrunn, the palace being already so full of guests.

I am greatly at a loss for the service of china I ordered at Berlin. Not a word can I hear of it. It is not in the custom house, or they say so. Help me if you can, by inquiring when and how it was sent. My object is to get it here as rapidly as possible, as I am in a very poor way and am also without my plate. Let me hear from you soon on this matter and on other subjects as often as you can, and believe me, my dear Jackson, &c. &c.

STEWART.

Diaries.—Berlin, Oct. 17th.—It appears that the royal personages assembled at the Congress, in order to avoid all Court ceremonial, have decided that age and not rank should determine to whom *le pas*, or *la première place*, should be given on entering and leaving the apartments, as well as at the rides and drives, and at the *réunions* and entertainments. According to this arrangement, the King of Würtemberg, the oldest of this conclave of sovereigns, but the last, I imagine, in point of rank or the extent of his territory, takes the *pas* of Alexander, the youngest in years, but claiming to be the first and greatest among sovereigns.

A monument is now being erected by order of Alexander to the memory of Moreau, on the spot where he received his death wound. His legs, which were amputated and have been since preserved in spirits of wine, are to be buried beneath it. His Imperial Majesty, I hear, is not quite up to the mark just now, from having been thrown by a vicious horse. However, there is nothing of consequence the matter with him, but he is recommended by his physicians to abstain for a short time from his long walks—which he takes in all weathers,—from hunting, dancing, and other fatiguing exercises. This, they say, puts him a little out of humour; for though fond of *faisant sa cour aux dames*, it forms but one of his amusements, and to give a zest to it he requires it to be varied by the excitement of some ruder

Charles Rumbold, Esq., to George Jackson, Esq.

London, October 29th, 1814.

MY DEAR JACKSON,

While you have been manfully employed in splitting pens, spilling ink, and defacing paper, besides the other diplomatic operations of speaking vaguely, telling fibs, or holding your tongue in your country's service, I have been serenely passing down the stream without, I believe, giving any other sign of an intellectual existence than that of busying myself a little to take advantage of the present fall in landed property. I want many things, alas, incompatible with each other: for example, good interest for my money, good shooting, and the vicinity of some snug open borough.

I have been desired by a friend of mine to inquire of you whether you would recommend the diplomatic line to a youth with immediate prospect of interest, or rather, what chance you think there would be of his getting on? I anticipate your answer, "None at all." And so *I* have said. I confess, too, that diplomacy appears to me, speaking of it as a profession to which one's youth is dedicated, the most trifling and disappointing of any that can claim the name of one. Your own case, my dear friend, sufficiently shows it;—after ten years or more of hard work and zealous exertion, besides much personal fatigue, some presumptuous coxcomb of a Minister's family or party, steps at once from the drawing-

room, or his lieutenancy in the hussars, into the long promised and well earned reward.

It is, with all due deference to *former friends*, somewhat ludicrous to see the day that has become animated by my Lord Castlereagh's diplomatic inspiration. That bright genius, James, goes out, I understand, as Secretary of Embassy to Stewart at Vienna. If Lady Matilda were not just now *un peu distraite*, I should prepare your mind to receive *my* orders *en chef* at Berlin. And truth and a just appreciation of my own modest merit compel me to say, a very good one I should make, in comparison with the foregoing.

I suppose that one of us crawlers 'twixt earth and heaven must not presume to name politics. But *we* know, I think, more of the geography of the moon than *Congress* what is to be that of Europe.

Frankfort 'Gazettes' are our only informants, and we vent our wishes and imprecations accordingly.

My first fervent prayer is, that the honour of my country may remain untarnished; that it may escape the lasting disgrace of seeing the names of its representatives signed to a Partition Treaty. My next wishes are, that, if any subversion of monarchies be attempted, Bonaparte may break loose; and that, if your friends the *Pruski* dare incorporate an acre of Saxony, the Brandenburg gate may be restored to its pristine purity, or, more plainly speaking, that the car of victory may again adorn the gate of a foreign capital. How often I think of what you said was the best policy for Bonaparte—that he

should retire behind the Rhine and give up Germany for the other Powers to quarrel about.

I have heard nothing of the traps I left at Berlin. I wish you would ask Lutze if he has yet discovered my carriage and new *epaulettes*. I always thought that some of Charles Jean's Swedes carried them off. Direct to me, "Care of Mr. Hottingers, Banquier, Paris." My sisters have persuaded me to take them there for a month, and I daresay it will be a pleasant excursion enough. But I see that the "Times" newspaper, which has been throughout influenced by the best-intentioned good cause spirit of prophecy and rejoicing, is beginning to find out that exceptions to the general rejoicings have occurred at Paris. From trustworthy information from friends in that capital, and my own observation, I am disposed to believe that were it not that revolutionary horrors are too recent not to deter the French people from again encountering them, we might dread, from the way in which things are carried on there, that the spirit of discord might again make the streets of Paris the scenes of sanguinary conflicts. Adieu, my dear George. If you would like a Newfoundland puppy, I can send you a famous one, two months hence.

Your sincere friend,

CHARLES E. RUMBOLI

[Translated Extracts.]

Count Otto Löwenstern to George Jackson, Esq.

Vienna, November, 1814.

A thousand thanks, *mon cher ami*, for your letter from Berlin. It was no less welcome to my mother and sisters than to me. Be assured that we share deeply in your grief for the death of your estimable brother, in whose untimely end we have also to mourn the loss of a valued friend.

I rejoice to know that you are so much nearer to us, and flatter myself that the date of this will be a pleasant surprise to you; for does it not say, *mon ami*, that we are likely to meet again. We owe this to Katinka and her *sposo*. Having determined to pass some time amongst the kings and princes who now inhabit this gay capital, they decided also that I should accompany them, and *malgré moi*, I may say, succeeded in drawing me from my pleasant Livonian retreat. Being here then, as a looker-on only, attached to no mission whatever, I shall show my old friend George that my attachment to him is unabated, and, remembering how he used to love to hear what was going on, give him now and then a report of what comes to my knowledge; though I fear it will be more in the way of *frivolité* than of serious business —of which but little seems to be doing. That little they keep very close, and you probably know more of what is really going on in the Council chamber than I am likely to discover.

We arrived here the last week in October. The first great influx of strangers—computed at eighty thousand—had gratified their curiosity and were gradually thinning off. This gave us the opportunity of hiring a house. Some days before, a single room was not to be had, and the price of a room was almost that usually asked for a house. Even now, there is but a small reduction; for, more or less, there are here seven hundred persons, connected in some way with the Congress, who have now taken on their houses or apartments until the end of the year. And the accommodation in Vienna is neither extensive nor famous, though it used to be noted for *bonne chère à bon marché*. Not so now, however, for the consumption of every article of food has been for some weeks, and continues to be, so immense, that our modest table is only decently supplied at a fabulous expense.

Our Emperor has hired the Château Razamowski —a splendid place—where he will spend the winter, and give the illustrious throng many a gay *fête*. For my own part, I have become so wedded to my *vie de gentilhomme campagnard*—at which I fancy I see you give a shrug of pity—that these gilded *salons*, with their glare of light and glittering company have no longer for me the charm of *autrefois*. A verdant bright and sunny landscape is now more to my taste—with *une jolie villageoise* in the foreground.

The handwriting will tell you that the last words are not mine, but are due to the *espièglerie* of Katinka, who came in to ask the opinion of "*le rustique*" of

the effect of a new *toilette de bal.* The brilliant *toilettes* of the English ladies quite eclipse those of the rest of the *beau sexe;* but *en revanche* the palm of beauty has generally been accorded to *us; c'est-à-dire, aux dames polonaises* especially, of whom there are several here.

For the convenience of this *réunion* of nations, it has been found necessary to adopt a common language, and French is the chosen one, being the idiom most generally known—the only one, in fact, in which the English, the Russians, and the Poles can make themselves understood by the Germans. The ladies, too, declare that French is the language in which gallantry naturally expresses itself. Italian was at first proposed, but for obvious reasons, its proposers were in a minority.

The plays of Racine and Molière only are performed before the royal visitors. The Germans were inclined to rebel against this new French usurpation, and even desired to have the business of the Congress carried on in German. To conciliate them, it was attempted at the first deliberations to introduce that language, but no progress was made in a tongue imperfectly known to some of the members, and wholly unknown to others. Interpreters were present; but the attempt so decidedly failed, that by general consent French was adopted. The foreign princes and princesses being all German by birth, or brought up in the familiar use of that idiom, naturally, speak it among themselves and at their family *réunions,* but in public, French is in the ascendant.

That the gloom of a suit of sables may not cast a dark shadow across the brilliancy of our *fêtes*, the Austrian Court has not yet gone into mourning for the Queen of Naples, or notified her death to any foreign Court. The mourning and the usual formalities are reserved until the mass of royalty shall be dispersed, and Vienna resume its wonted soberness.

It has not been my good fortune to have much conversation with any of my old Berlin friends who are here at the Congress. The more idle of them occupy themselves but little with business; the busy ones are rarely to be seen, Hardenberg less perhaps than any one. You may get a glimpse of him at some public ceremony, but when his part in it is played he is nowhere to be found. He, and Count Nesselrode, who particularly enjoys the confidence of our Emperor, are overwhelmed with business. The entertainments that fill up the time of the greater part of the official and diplomatic personages assembled here are rarely partaken of by them, except to show themselves and depart.

The deliberations of Congress daily become more secret, and in no manner resemble those of ordinary diplomacy. An hour before dinner the sovereigns generally assemble and discuss amongst themselves the subjects that have occupied the Ministers Plenipotentiary during the morning. The private arrangement between the Emperor and the King of Prussia, regarding Saxony, which has resulted in the declaration of Prince Repnin to the Saxons, that

henceforth they must consider Frederick William and his descendants as their sovereigns, has been demurred to by other Powers. Lord Castlereagh, as you probably know, is still opposed to the incorporation of Saxony with Prussia, and will consent only to a provisional military occupation of that kingdom. Saxony is indeed a fertile source of disputes and delays. The most conflicting reports are in circulation on this much vexed and vexing question, and the only thing certain respecting it is, that the Saxons are resolutely opposed to Prussian rule.

I must conclude my *chronique du Congrès* for the present, *mon chèr* George. *Une petite feuille*, bearing that title, was hailed on its first appearance as containing a *résumé* of what passed at the daily sittings of the illustrious body now regulating the affairs of Europe. But it was soon discovered that "La Chronique" was but the echo of false reports, vague rumours, and one-sided opinions, and it has therefore not maintained the success which its promising title at first procured for it. It still lingers on, at the expense of a few *gobemouches;* but is at its last gasp.

You will observe that I have written *à différentes réprises.* I shall shortly resume the pen ;—*en attendant*, believe me always *votre ami bien sincère*,

OTTO L.

Letters.—Berlin, Dec. 17th.—I rejoice, my dear mother, to know that your health is improving, and my most earnest prayer is that with the renewal of

your strength you may regain composure of mind and your usual cheerful spirits. Berlin has been of late but a *triste séjour*; but in the frame of mind I have been in, it has perhaps suited me better than a gayer one.

Poor Elizabeth's shipwreck on her passage to Dieppe is indeed a sad affair. The loss of her property is most unfortunate, but there is much reason for thankfulness that her life and the lives of her children and servants were spared. The kindness and sympathy she has met with from friends are gratifying proofs of the sincerity of their attachment to her and my dear brother. In her second venture I trust she may reach *la belle France* in safety, and derive all the benefit she looks for from its climate. The liberality of the Government towards her is another cause for satisfaction, and I have written to her fully on the subject more than once. Though not now gay in Berlin, we are expecting and preparing to become so. As a preliminary—and it is one of the first blessings of the peace those who live here will be thankful for—an order has been issued for the new paving of the streets of this city, and for repairing and improving the roads generally.

The palace, the Château de Monthejon, and other royal dwellings are being furbished up, rearranged, and many of the apartments newly furnished, in expectation of a train of distinguished guests, who are shortly to follow the King. His Majesty's return is very anxiously looked for; the more so as he is

much indisposed, and that accounts reach us of the extreme unhealthiness of Vienna, from the overcrowding of the city with visitors from all parts and of all grades. The weather, too, is bad, and royalty is obliged to stay at home.

Under the idea that the King would arrive three days ago, the Court tailor was directed to have the new liveries, which have been furnished to the whole of the royal household, ready by that time. But after working day and night to complete them they were not required, and are now laid up in lavender until fresh orders arrive. The business of Congress drags slowly on, and as the Saxon question is the chief cause of it, everything relating to it excites great interest here. Some persons, even among the Prussians, think it would be wise to abate the efforts that are making for an extension of territory, and that, at least, the King's pretensions to Saxony ought not to be encouraged. As to her possessions on the left bank of the Rhine, those who are in the French interest endeavour to spread the idea that it would be a disadvantage to this country to regain them. Being separated, they say, from the Prussian territory by the river, their possession would always be likely to lead to wars in which Prussia would have little chance of proving the victor.

My old friend Löwenstern has been lured to Vienna, but is not there *en activité*. He is with his sister Katinka, the Countess Bose, who, by the way, wrote to me a few days ago, and mentioned amongst

other amusing incidents, that one chief subject of conversation and general remark was Lady Castlereagh's fancy for wearing his Lordship's orders. I have always been indignant at the Garter being worn by Alexander high up on his thigh, above his great jack-boots; what then will you say to my Lady Castlereagh appearing at a *fête* with the Garter encircling her brow, like a tiara? It was a *bizarre* fancy no doubt; but it would have suggested no other remark to me than, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

In the absence here of other diversions, the people amused themselves by getting up a great uproar at the theatre last night. A piece called "Luther," by M. Werner, was announced, and on the day of representation it was made known to the directors that it was determined to hiss it. Werner was advised to withdraw it, but did not attend to the warning. Consequently, on the rising of the curtain, the opening scene was greeted with a storm of hisses, groans, and yells; and most violent demonstrations on the part of Werner's opponents of their determination to prevent the piece being proceeded with. We happened to be there, and made good our retreat at the beginning of the fray. However, there were amongst the audience many of the police *en habit bourgeois*, and after a scene of much violence and noise they succeeded in capturing seventeen of the rioters, and restoring order. The reason of this opposition to Werner's piece, is that during the past year he hasbecome a Roman Catholic. Adieu,

ma mère. When the galaxy of bright stars now shining at Vienna shall deign to transfer their rays to Berlin, I shall have more brilliant and amusing themes to cheer you with. Meanwhile do not too much encourage sombre thoughts.

G. J.

1815.

[Translated Extracts.]

Count Otto Löwenstern to G. Jackson, Esq.

Vienna, January, 1815.

It is in vain, *mon cher*, that you and your *bons Berlinois* are looking out for the return of your King. The Congress has no thought of concluding its arduous duties and restoring "*den Vater*" to Fatherland and children. Saxony is still the sharpest thorn in the side of the King of Prussia and the Emperor Alexander. Old Saxony is immovable and refuses to renounce his crown and kingdom. Rather than receive any indemnity whatever, he declares that he will live on the private fortune of his wife. His subjects are all on his side. They demand the integrity of their nation and refuse to be separated from their King.

Of course, those princes who desire to dispose of Saxony according to their own plan find this sturdy resistance on the part of both King and people *excessivement gênant*; while Prussia's desire to swallow up Saxony at one mouthful alarms the small German princes, and they quote with affrighted look the

proverb, "*L'appetit vient en mangeant.*" For the moment, stagnation reigns in the council chamber, and from the weariness which naturally ensues from such a state of things, some are likely to die of *ennui* and the rest to commit suicide. Without the bright presence of the ladies, and the flirtations that naturally result from it, I doubt whether some of the Plenipos would have existed so long. Indeed, as you must have heard, Baron de Schull *did* commit suicide about a fortnight ago: the worry of these Congress meetings and the probability of their lasting for ever, being the only assignable cause for the deed; for he was a man of some merit and of good fortune.

We have lost also Prince Charles de Ligne; but he had been ill for some time and had reached the good age of seventy-nine. I forget whether you knew him. Notwithstanding his age and infirmities, his cheerfulness never forsook him. A day or two before his death he said, "*On a épuisé tous les genres de spectacles pour amuser les souverains, je leur en prepare un nouveau—celui de l'enterrement d'un Feldmarschall.*" He was a noble-hearted old man, courteous in manners and of a bright and *piquant* humour, which he retained to the last—often indulging in those lively sallies which gave so much zest to his conversation. By his own desire, his body, after being taken to the Schotten *Pfarrhaus*, was brought to the Kahlenberg and buried in a building he had erected there and dedicated to Pleasure and the Muses, and which he called "his Refuge."

The officers, civil, military, and naval, of all nations attended his funeral; and detachments of troops, to the number of eight thousand infantry, besides several squadrons of cavalry, and four batteries, followed by an immense concourse of persons. The royal and illustrious personages were all assembled to see the *cortège*, and a grand religious service was performed for the Prince, as a Chevalier of the Toison d'Or.

I regret to hear from you of the death of our old friend the Countess Voss. She was lively and kindhearted, and as she almost breathed her last in the ball room, may be said to have died as gaily as she lived. The king and young princesses will feel her loss greatly; and it will not be easy to replace *la dame surintendante de sa maison.*

Tired of balls and fêtes—of which those most eager for them must now have had a surfeit—our *grand monde* frequents the churches. This change is owing chiefly, if not wholly, to the dramatic author, Werner, whose romantic plays created much sensation a few years ago, and still maintain their popularity. Even where Lutheranism—whose happy effects on the world in general he has very charmingly depicted in them—is not professed, Werner's dramas have met with favour. But the singularity of the thing is that he is now become a Catholic priest, and that crowds throng to hear him preach against the system he once so warmly and effectively upheld, and to listen to his condemnation of his own plays; which have thus become more popular than before.

A few years ago he paid a visit to Vienna, with no object in view but amusement; but while looking in at the cathedral of St. Stephen, with whose solemn grandeur he was much impressed, there issued unexpectedly from one of its sombre corridors a procession of priests bearing torches and surrounding the Host. This spectacle had so deep an effect on the sensitive mind of the poet that his conversion was wrought on the instant, and, as he himself considers, by a miracle. He at once set out for Rome, and under St. Peter's majestic dome abjured his Protestant faith.

After a long period of penance, Werner determined, as far as in him lay the power, to uproot the evil he believed he had been the means of spreading amongst his countrymen. The earnestness of his manner, the suffering, mental and bodily, that he seems to have undergone, and his natural eloquence, render him an attractive and effective preacher. He is tall, but spare, with penetrating and expressive large dark eyes. A fervour in his somewhat hollow voice at once fixes the attention, and if his arguments do not always convince and convert, the polished eloquence with which he expresses himself never fails to charm. His sermons have given a fresh vogue to his plays, and in the distinguished congregation that listens to the former in the morning a brilliant audience is secured for the latter in the evening. He leads a most austere life of penance, prayer, and study.

February 1st.—The Saxon business seems to be as

far as ever from a settlement. The Polish question, though troublesome, is likely to occasion less difficulty, and as regards England the chief anxiety felt here, is to know whether she will continue to pay the stipulated subsidies this year. However, few have leisure to inquire how politics are going on; to turn the last days of the Carnival to good account is what most concerns us.

I told you we had been rather seriously disposed of late, at least for a part of the day, but last week an abundant fall of snow for three days, a hard frost and a sun that sparkled upon it like a shower of diamonds, inspired our Emperor with the bright idea of a *partie de traîneaux*. This had an exhilarating effect and put everybody into high spirits. And spirits are necessary to set out with, if one would enjoy this amusement thoroughly—working up, as one proceeds, to that supreme point of effervescence and *abandon* to the delight of the moment that forms its great charm to me.

On this occasion there was a great display of *coquetterie et luxe*. The merry silver bells, the embroideries, the fringes, were all new, and glitteringly bright as the frost-bound snow. The *cavaliers* for the most part were *beaux; les dames*, without exception of course, *très-belles*, and all muffled up in ravishingly becoming velvet and furs.

Now, whom do you think your *bon Roi de Prusse a conduit? Devinez, mon ami.* Well, as no favourable wind brings me your answer, I'll tell you: *la petite coquette, la Comtesse Julie Zichy!* I suppose he

exerted himself to *faire l'aimable*; for *la Zichy* is everlastingly exclaiming "*Qu'il est redevenu beau, cet bon Frédérique Guillaume!*"—"*et vraiment il est charmant!*" And indeed it is so; for since Bonaparte has ceased to torment him he has really thrown off several years; though the expression of melancholy remains. But then the ladies say, "*un peu de tristesse lui sied si bien.*" *L'affaire de* Saxe, I fancy, does not much disturb him, and he is content to leave to poor Hardenberg the hard work of annexing that *beau pays* to Prussia.—But I must take you back to the *traineaux*.

Alexander had *pour compagne la jolie Princesse d'Auersberg*. The Emperor Francis conducted the Empress of Russia, and so on to your humble servant, to whom a very pretty girl, a niece of Mehrfeldt, was assigned.

We reached Schönbrunn with appetites equal to our spirits, and having *bien diné*—for they still give us good things in abundance, though the Viennese complain that we have eaten up everything in the land, and that a famine is imminent—we went to the Emperor's private theatre, where a play was performed for our entertainment. We got back to Vienna the same evening as gay, or gayer than we left it, and probably experiencing generally that delightful sensation of tingling in the blood, that *douce émotion qui ne se dépeint pas*, and which to my feelings creates that exquisite enjoyment these excursions afford to most persons. But I have really given you no idea of the brilliancy of this *fête* and the splendid show we

made. I have just heard that it cost not less than a million florins. They tell us the cost of everything, probably to increase our enjoyment of it. *On ne nous laisse pas figurer sur rien, on met les figures devant les yeux.*

The people of Vienna, whose curiosity at first was so troublesome, had at last brought themselves to look on emperors and kings, to say nothing of the smaller fry of royalty, as scarcely more worthy of attention than ordinary mortals; but the arrival of the Duke of Wellington has roused them from this state of apathy, and all Vienna is on the *qui vive* to get a glimpse of him.

The *Redoute* was thronged the night of his arrival and some of our royalty were present, but, oh the disappointment!—not the Duke. The next day he paid his visits of ceremony *en grand uniforme de Feldmarschall*, and in the evening assisted at the *Redoute*. About seven thousand persons were there, and as many more could not get in. The Duke, wearing a plain dress, was not recognized at first, but as soon as his presence was made known he became the object of attention too general and *trop empressée*, and people crowded about him with very little ceremony and politeness. Lord Stewart was with him and a lady in mask and domino, supposed to be either Lady Castlereagh or Lady Cathcart.

No one amuses himself at the *Redoute* more than the Emperor Alexander; he enjoys this kind of *réunion*, and often selects a partner whose only claim to that distinction is the beauty he sees in her face or form. The people much regret that they are not

likely to meet him there again. *On dit* that he intends leaving Vienna directly after the celebration of the birthday of the Emperor Francis, on the 12th. His departure will be regretted more than that of any of the royal visitors; for he is very popular and altogether the chief star of that brilliant throng. He seems to find far more enjoyment in a *sans façon* mode of life than in the ceremonious life of the Court. He and Prince Eugène are extremely intimate. They have long *tête à tête* interviews, and often ramble about for hours together. Sometimes they go over to Schönbrunn, and breakfast alone with Maria Louisa, who is said to be very little saddened by recent events; though necessarily she cannot yet publicly appear at the gay Court of Vienna. It is thought that Eugène—who is generally much liked—through the interest of the Emperor and the King of Bavaria will have some sovereign state allotted to him.

February 16th—The Carnival and the business of Saxony and Poland have been brought to an end at the same time. It has not yet transpired by what arguments Prussia has been induced to accede to the present arrangement, and to content herself with having secured only a part of the kingdom she coveted; though that part is the most beautiful and fertile of the country.

Lord Castlereagh left after the Emperor's *fête*. Before his departure he presented, in the name of the Prince Regent, a gold medal to each of the allied sovereigns. On one side is a bust of His Royal Highness, on the reverse "*Bonheur au Noble Prince,*"

with an urn, and beneath it the inscription, "*A la Mémoire de la fin du Congrès*,"—which seems to anticipate what is hoped will take place at no distant day, rather than to commemorate what is past.

20*th*.—The Duke of Wellington made known to Congress that Great Britain had concluded an unsatisfactory peace with America, and that she had been led to do so solely in the interests of Europe.

It was hoped, therefore, that Prussia would abate her pretensions, that the business of Congress might, without delay, be brought to a satisfactory close.

OTTO, L

Lord Stewart to George Jackson, Esq.

Vienna, February 22nd, 1815.

MY DEAR JACKSON,

I have been very remiss in writing to you, and hardly know what excuse to make. I know that you have correspondents here; though indeed that does not justify my remissness. The fact is, I have been for a long period very much out of humour with my friends the Prussians. They deserted us on the Polish question and then were angry with us for not making battle for them for Saxony. All this is now over and we are approaching a settlement. How lasting it will be it is difficult to determine. I own I have not much faith in it.

My brother has now left us near a week, and we have made no rapid strides since his departure.

The affairs of Switzerland are arrested for the determination of Austria relative to the Valteline.

The Emperor yielded this district to Switzerland in the first instance, but owing to the difficulties in the Italian arrangements and the impossibility of satisfying the Empress Maria Louisa, Austria has returned upon the Valteline, to afford her more means. The Empress will not come in to the Austrian arrangement about Parma, and how Italy will yet be cast it is difficult to say.

Austria and Bavaria are very wide asunder on their different concerns, the latter certainly unreasonable, the former not tractable, nor seeming to see that it is to her interest to keep well with Bavaria.

Sweden is behaving ill to Denmark, in holding back under false pretences in the execution of the Treaty of Kiel. This must be remedied.

Prussia is anxious to obtain Swedish Pomerania in exchange for her new possession of Lauenburg, or for pecuniary compensation.

The Naples point is in reserve until all German arrangements are completed. The Seven Islands we keep for the King of Sicily or for Austria, as things turn out.

Pray write to me and let me know how you are; I am not over happy here since my family has left me; but I rub on as well as I can. James has been with me and is now gone to the Hague. Gordon not yet arrived. Lamb goes to Munich, and Rose to Berlin. I have heard of you from your friends, but want to hear of you from yourself.

Believe me ever, &c. &c.,

STEWART, *Lt.-Genl.*

[Translated Extracts.]

Count Otto Löwenstern to George Jackson, Esq.

Vienna, February 24th.

The Congress is settling down to the completion of its work, in good earnest. The Arch-Duchess has silently renounced the title of Empress. All the imperial arms and cyphers have been effaced from her carriages, etc. etc. Her son will assume the title of an Arch-Duke of Austria, and will have the domains of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who will have Lucca and Piombino given to him in exchange. Maria Louisa will have Parma for herself. She seems to have demanded and insisted in a manner quite Napoleonic, and the above arrangement was come to only after much persuasion from her father and a very animated discussion on her behalf in Congress. The Emperor was much disposed to take her view of the business and to support her claims rather warmly, but in the end left it to the other Powers to make such arrangements for his daughter and her son as they deemed it advisable. They represented to him, and he on reflection fully agreed with them, that to assign any degree of sovereignty to the son of the man who had shaken and well nigh overthrown every legitimate throne in Europe, would be an act from which there might one day result the most disastrous consequences.

Sophie joined us here some days ago. De Bray will meet her in Berlin, where we hope to embrace

you next week and for which happy meeting and the many *causeries* I hope to have with my old friend George I reserve all I have further to tell you of *la politique et les plaisirs de Vienne. En attendant nous nous recommandons tous à votre bon souvenir.*

OTTO L.

Diaries.—Berlin, February 26th.—The King of Saxony is hourly expected at Brescia. The whole of the royal family of Saxony are assembled there, and great preparations are making to receive him with all due honour. As he retains the larger part of his dominions, the King of Prussia will not assume, as he had intended, the title of King of Saxony in addition to that of Prussia. Two-fifths of the Saxon population are transferred to him, but the King and his brothers refuse their adhesion to this decision of Congress. Deputies from Dresden, Leipzig, and other towns, have been sent to Brünn to welcome him. There was a great patriotic demonstration at Leipzig a few days since. The people assembled in multitudes in the market place, crying "*Vive notre Roi! A bas les Prusses!*" etc. In vain the police tried to disperse them, many heads were broken in the attempt, which served only to increase the tumult. At last, the Prussian General-Commandant, de Bismarck, issued a proclamation, calling on the inhabitants to resume "*la conduite sage et prudente qu'ils ont tenue jusqu'à présent*," as he should be sorry if they compelled him to use harsh measures for maintaining order during the short time he probably had to remain in their

country. The latter part of his announcement calmed the populace, who after renewed *vivats* for their King and their country, gradually dispersed.

We are looking forward to the arrival of the King and his guests, to impart a little cheerfulness to dreary Berlin. His Majesty is anxious to get back, I understand, that he may be present during the erection at Charlottenburg of the splended mausoleum constructed in Italy for the late Queen of Prussia. It was the King's original intention that this superb work should be executed by Canova; but Rauch the German sculptor having expected to be employed took the disappointment so much to heart that with Canova's consent the work was transferred to him. Rauch was a *protégé* of the Queen, in whose household he held some inferior appointment. He had a great admiration for sculpture, and occupied his leisure time in attempts to acquire the art. The Queen on learning this, and perceiving great merit in some small works he had executed, offered to defray the expense of his studying at Rome; the result of which has been, that the pupil has done honour to his master and his liberal patroness; of which this monument is a proof.

It is singular that on its way from Italy, it was captured at sea by an armed privateer, and overtaken by an English man of war, by whose commander it was put on shore on the coast of France and forwarded to its destination.

Lord Stewart to George Jackson, Esq.

Vienna, March 8th, 1815.

MY DEAR JACKSON,

You will have learnt by my last letter what the intended arrangements were for filling up the vacant diplomatic situations, as far as I was acquainted with them. I certainly have ever considered your untiring zeal and exertions, when serving with me, as entitled to my best thanks and most earnest recommendation. I am sorry for your disappointment about Berlin. Your private as well as your public letter I have forwarded to Cooke for Lord Castlereagh, and I have added as much as was becoming in me to say on the subject. I have, however, but little influence with my brother.

Believe me ever, &c. &c.,

STEWART, *Lieut.-Gen.*

P.S.—I was just about to dispatch the courier when I received the account of Bonaparte's extraordinary escape and expedition. It has given rise to all sorts of conjectures, feelings, and *raisonnemens*. He left Elba on the night of the 27th ult., when Sir Neil Campbell was away from the island, having gone to Florence.

Bonaparte embarked with twelve hundred men and six cannon, leaving the women behind; with a guard of *gensdarmerie* under the orders of General La Pice to keep the island in his name. When seen last he was steering north. The opinions here are various

as to his going to France, or to the coast of Italy—Naples especially.

I confess, I entertain no fears for the result of this exploit. I am not of opinion, however, that it will make our affairs get on quicker here. The Austria and Bavarian questions are still undetermined. Italy, I think, cannot be settled until we see where Bonaparte goes; and I am not certain that the King of Saxony—to whom the Duke of Wellington, Prince Talleyrand, and Metternich went this morning to Presburg—will amicably yield what is taken from him. Let me know how the news is received in Berlin.

STEWART, *Lieut-Gen.*

Lord Stewart to George Jackson, Esq.

Vienna, March 15th.

MY DEAR JACKSON,

Inclosed is a copy of the declaration of the eight Powers relative to Napoleon Bonaparte. A Prussian courier has just arrived from Paris; he left on the 7th at mid-day, the news of Bonaparte's landing had reached on the 6th. The King immediately convoked the Senate, and assembled the *Corps Diplomatique*. He told them, he entertained no fears, but that he had a *little gout which annoyed him*. Paris was quite quiet; the National Guard was called out, and seemed to be animated by an excellent spirit. Monsieur set off with Gouvion St. Cyr to take the command at Lyon. The Duke of Orleans to Cambray, and the Duke de Berri to Metz; Suchet to Strassburg, and all the Generals who were at Paris to their posts.

Bonaparte had advanced from Castellane to Gace, and had again retired to Digne in the direction of the sea. No mention of Soult in the report.

STEWART, *Lieut-Gen.*

Mrs. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson, Esq.

Hôtel du Rhin, Paris, March 17th, 1815.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

Long ere this reaches you, you will have heard of our misfortunes and of the extraordinary events that have happened in this extraordinary land. I shall not, indeed *dare not*, enter into details on this subject; suffice it to say that in the first moment of fright, when the Duchess of Wellington and nearly all the English left Paris, I determined to leave also; but after consultation with some here who are *well able* to judge, I have changed my mind and remain, at least, until it is safe to travel.

I am aware that it is a delicate and difficult situation to be in, and that I shall have a disagreeable time of it; for of all who were kindest to me, and of whom I saw most, there remain none. Not only my English friends are gone, but also Madame Moreau and Madame de Staël—who was on the eve of marrying her daughter to the Duc de Broglie, and of having two millions paid to her which the French Government owed her father. The Duchess of Courland is gone too, and some others of whose attentions I cannot speak highly enough, have all emigrated, and I have hardly any other society than

my thoughts, and these as you may easily conceive are not the gayest or most comfortable.

20*th*—The *Emperor* is at Fontainebleau since yesterday. He will probably enter Paris this evening or to-morrow; for he meets and will meet with no resistance. The King left us last night for England, it is supposed. All is confusion and commotion here. I am alone and in much distress of mind. What an unfortunate journey mine has been from the very first outset! Write to me, both by England and by Germany, as soon as possible.

The *barrières* are shut—not even the foreign ministers are allowed to leave Paris, or can get horses.

General Soltikoff to G. Jackson Esq.

St. Petersburg, March $\frac{17}{29}$th, 1815.

DEAR FRIEND,

We are all ignorance, anxiety, and expectation here; longing to hear that something decided is determined on. From you the first news of the escape of Napoleon came, and of course there was the deuce to pay. All the city was in commotion, tracing the channel whence the news came—"Who had written the letter? how had the writer's intelligence been gained?" etc., etc., and if the German papers had not arrived twenty-four hours after to confirm it, the police would have been very active to find out who had set it afloat.

You are nearer the fountain head than I am; send me then a draught from the source to slake my thirst; for you know that what is allowed to trickle out to the public is very nicely filtered lest it should hurt their digestion. I am not so squeamish, and can swallow without alarm the prospect of another campaign and march to Paris.

Tell me how you are and how you get on. Though unknown to you, my princess desires her best wishes for your welfare, and hopes to meet you in Berlin "when the din of war" is passed. For I have talked much to her of you and of the pleasant days we now and then had in the last and the former campaigns. I shall indeed be truly happy my friend once again to shake hands with you.

SOLTIKOFF.

Letters.—Berlin, March 27th.—The first news of the reappearance of Bonaparte was treated by the people of Berlin generally as a false report, and they were inclined to attribute it to the Saxons. But when the confirmation arrived, which it did on the very same evening, the whole city was in a state of agitation and alarm. Europe united, it was supposed, had really vanquished "the invincible," and Prussia was fairly freed from the yoke of her oppressor; but here he was again, and the work of the last year and a half had to be gone through once more. Who should dare venture to predict its results. A calmer feeling now prevails; still his successful advance causes considerable uneasiness in the public mind,

which the reports of the French Government, disparagingly as they speak of Bonaparte and his rash incursion into the French territory, do not greatly allay. With reference to them, on his getting possession of Lyons it was acutely remarked by some, "What! with only *eight* thousand followers? without cannon, arms, or ammunition! If so, the country must be with him, and we may look forward to another war; to desolate homes, and the ruin of our country, even if victory should be with us;" for Prussia already suffers from such wide-spread misery and poverty that half a century will hardly suffice for the restoration of the people and the state to their former condition of ease and prosperity. The flight of the King, and Bonaparte's triumphal entry into Paris at the head of the troops sent to oppose his march, have made the more timorous quake in their shoes; and a French party here—a party who are worshippers of the star that is in the ascendant—begin to foretell the re-establishment of the empire.

However, the preparing for war is always animating, and as already the first beat of the reveille has been heard, Berlin is the livelier for it. Yet, curses on the author of this new mischief are freely growled forth by many a man who has to take up the knapsack he has just cast off, and to buckle on the sword he had hoped to turn into the much needed ploughshare and pruning hook.

In expectation of our illustrious visitors, and the gaieties *in petto*, it had become a question with more

than one noble family whether it would be prudent to follow the example of the King, and *fête* the return of peace by replacing the faded state liveries of their servants by others bright and new as the new era upon which we were supposed to be entering. But the return of Mr. Boney has promptly decided this question, and economy is to be more than ever the order of the day. The King is even blamed for extravagance. "He was premature in giving his orders," say the cavillers, "and has set a bad example to his subjects." *En revanche* he has done a good turn to the poor tailors.

By letters from Vienna, we learn that when that city is no longer honoured by royal visitors, when *les grand seigneurs et les grandes dames* no longer display their *grandes toilettes* on the promenade of the Bastion, when every European order, uniform and costume, that for months past have made it so brilliant, together with the last renowned statesman and distinguished warrior, shall have taken their departure, then the Viennese ladies mean to do penance. Instead of figuring in velvets, laces, and jewels, they propose to wear, until peace shall be restored, a dress of some plain homely material, I suppose the nearest approach that can be obtained to a sort of ladylike sackcloth.

The ladies of Berlin and other German towns have been invited to do likewise, and this reform in dress has found favour in their eyes. No silk dresses or any jewels or ornaments are to be worn; one sad sober tint is to prevail throughout the land, until

husbands, brothers, and sons, return from the wars with fresh laurels.

G. J.

Edward Disbrowe, Esq., to George Jackson, Esq.

Copenhagen, March, 1815.

DEAR JACKSON,

We are all in the greatest agitation here, having received news, which obtains universal credit, of the landing of Bonaparte in the south of France, and of his having proceeded unmolested as far as Lyon. If he finds as many well-wishers there in proportion to his admirers here—I mean among those not immediately attached to the Government—it will go hard with the Bourbons. Still I do not fear *that*, even if the news be strictly true. I however look upon it as an unfortunate circumstance, as it must cause a great effusion of blood. I see in it the blessed fruit of the forbearance of the allied Powers towards their vanquished but active foe. What could they expect but that he would elude their utmost vigilance—had any been used—and his enterprise defeat their cold caution? It is lucky his friend Madison did not know of his design before the ratification of the treaty. What a dreadful affair is the failure at New Orleans! A larger loss than in some of the decisive battles of the Peninsula. Tell me how the Berlinois like the news of the great Emperor's escape, &c.

&c.,

E. DISBROWE,

Diaries.—Berlin, April 3rd.—The Duke of Wellington left Vienna on the 29th, to take the command of the allied armies in the Low Countries. The remaining business of Congress is to be carried on by the three plenipotentiaries.

The accounts from Paris announce the formation of Bonaparte's new Ministry. Strasburg, with Marshal Suchet, had declared for him, and it is supposed the other garrisons will do the same. The Treaty of Chaumont has been renewed. All the sovereigns of Europe are unanimous in their determination to oppose this fresh usurpation of Bonaparte, and preparations are being carried on with the utmost vigour.

Lord Stewart to George Jackson, Esq.

Vienna, April 4th, 1815.

MY DEAR JACKSON,

General Vincent, the Austrian Minister at the Court of France, arrived here yesterday. Napoleon on reaching Paris determined that the Ministers who had been detained should be allowed to depart, and accordingly they immediately received their passports.

General Vincent judges favourably of the sentiments of the people towards the King, and says that Bonaparte and his Ministers are themselves frightened at what they have undertaken. The nation seems to be in a complete stupor, but the enthusiasm of the army continues in full force.

News arrived from Italy to-day that Murat passed his frontiers, on the 27th ult., in two columns and five divisions. Three divisions are complete in everything, the other two have not even arms. They did not enter Rome. Murat sent to the Pope and desired him to remain there, but His Holiness went off, and arrived on the 29th at Florence.

The Austrians consider that they have a sufficient force to guard the Po, and in two months reinforcements will increase it to fifteen thousand men.

The army on the Lower Rhine will be composed of Prussians under Marshal Blücher; on the Upper Rhine, of Austrians, Bavarians, Würtembergers, &c., under Prince Schwartzenberg. In a short time the Allies will have five hundred thousand men on the Rhine.

The business of Congress is drawing to a close; the main questions being in course of reduction into a Treaty.

We have accounts from England to the 26th ult. A very determined and vigorous spirit seems generally to exist there against Napoleon. They were expecting the King of France to come to London until this storm blows over and he is able to return to his capital. It is everywhere hoped and expected this will soon be the case.

STEWART.

14*th*.—It has been determined, in conference, to send orders immediately to the frontiers to stop all

posts from France, and to arrest all persons in the employment of Bonaparte. Travellers are to proceed, until further orders, to places in Austria or Prussia that may be agreed on. Thus, it is determined to exclude all communication with the existing Government of France.

Murat's Minister, the Duke de Campo Cario, presented a long Note to Prince Metternich, stating that Murat still adhered to his alliance with Austria; but that in a crisis like the present, measures of precaution were necessary. He had therefore marched the Neapolitan troops through the Pope's dominions, but meant merely to resume those positions on the Po which he held at the signature of the Treaty. However, hostilities having taken place in the interim, the Austrian Government instantly decided that the acts of Murat were tantamount to a declaration of war. De Campo Cario's letter received a spirited answer, inclosing his passports. The mission at Naples is recalled, and orders expedited to attack Murat at all points.

The Anglo-Hanoverian and Dutch army occupy a line from Ath by Enghien to Soignies. A Prussian corps of forty thousand men are between the Meuse and Jemappes. Bonaparte does not appear to be collecting, as yet, in that quarter.

M. de Moution's arrival has given rise to various histories, but I hope all is as it should be.

I trust that Congress has nearly brought affairs to a settlement. Italy *is* settled, and Austria and Bavaria nearly agreed. Everybody I believe will

be contented, except the Spanish plenipotentiaries.—Adieu, &c.

&c.,

STEWART, *Lieut.-General.*

Diaries.—Neu Strelitz, June 1st.—I came over here, on the 29th, with Baron Ompteda, at the Duke of Cumberland's invitation, to be present, as an attesting witness, at his marriage with the Princess of Solms-Braunfels, the niece of our Queen and sister of the late Queen of Prussia.

It was announced to us in phrases, the loftiest the Grand Chamberlain of this petty Court could construct, that the illustrious couple had been solemnly affianced in August last; the reigning Duke, the father of the bride, himself in his own high person, having exchanged the nuptial rings.

Having announced this at the Duke's house, or palace, where the *fiançailles* had taken place; the Grand Chamberlain invited us to proceed to the town church of Neu Strelitz, to witness the performance of the marriage ceremony. At seven yesterday evening, the Duke and his Court and a numerous train of German princes and princesses, relations of the bride, and a vast number of visitors, assembled in the quaint old church; and being all *en grande tenue* made a very brilliant show. The bridegroom was waiting, the officiating minister also. The company ranged in two lines. The old Duke then led in his daughter, who was very well dressed and looked very handsome. The ceremony was then

performed; after which there was the further ceremony of offering congratulations to the illustrious and, I trust, happy couple. The Duke of Cumberland looked remarkably well.

Old Duke Charles gave us a very good supper, and the whole affair was as grand as the slender resources of this little Court allowed. After taking leave of the grandees and receiving copies of the marriage certificate, now preparing for us in French and English, I shall set off with Ompteda to-night for Berlin.

The Duke and Duchess propose going to England, where neither are likely to be well received, I fancy.

Berlin, June 2nd to 30th.—We have news of the arrival of Count Goltz at Ghent, as Minister from this Court to Louis XVIII. The Duke of Wellington was also there, having arrived from Brussels to confer with the French King. Louis had been advised to publish an appeal to the army, and to have it by secret emissaries plentifully distributed throughout France. It calls on the people to return to their allegiance that the horrors of war may be averted; and it is asserted that numbers daily flock in from the army—both officers and men—to swear allegiance to the King. This I do not give full credence to; but I think that Louis' determination not to retire to England will have contributed as much as anything to prevent his being compelled to seek refuge there. It was good policy in the Minister who advised it.

The King of Prussia arrived yesterday. There is to be a grand review of the troops, who will leave on

Saturday for Frankfort. A few *dépôts* only will remain in Berlin. The Prince Royal and his cousin Prince Frederick go with the battalions that are placed under their orders. Prince William, the King's second son, will remain at the army with his father. We are looking out also for Hardenberg's arrival, the affairs of Congress having been wound up for the present. No principality has been given to Beauharnois; but he is allowed to retain his dotation in Italy, which brings him an income of eight hundred thousand *francs*.

Frankfort it seems has resumed something of the gay sort of life we led there in 1813. But Madame Bethman's second reign will be a short one, as Bonaparte is preparing for the campaign with as much diligence as his opponents. It is indeed fortunate that he has had to prepare; that he did not find a large army awaiting only a leader; for could he have taken the field in sufficient force at an earlier period it is very doubtful whether the Allies could have successfully opposed him. The accounts that reach us from the partizans of the King, and from those who favour Bonaparte, are alike untrustworthy, from their extreme exaggeration. Such a thing as public opinion seems to have no existence in France. One letter I have seen, says, "It is now a question whether the army or the church shall bear rule over us. But it is certain that if Napoleon should conquer in the approaching campaign and free France from the armies of the Allies, he will be received back with enthusiasm and rapture; if, on the other hand,

he is conquered, and Louis, *le Désiré* of the priests, be thrust upon us, then the fallen idol will be spurned and for a time we shall bow our necks to the yoke of the Church. Could, however the opinion of each man be taken, I believe it would be found that most are agreed that, the roll of the drum, the parade and review are more in harmony with the spirit of the nation—which is decidedly martial—than are the tolling and tinkling of bells, penance, and processions of priests." As this is said by one of themselves, and moreover by one who frequents the ante-chamber of "*le Désiré*" at Ghent, I presume that it is likely to be true, and that the restless spirit of this "martial nation" will never cease to trouble its more peacefully disposed neighbours, at least until the leader so much after its own heart shall be caught and securely caged. Heaven send, that it may be reserved for Wellington to bring about this devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation.

A very grand ceremony took place in the Champ de Mars at Paris on the 1st of June. An altar was erected at which mass was performed by the Archbishop of Tours, a cardinal and several bishops assisting. There was a numerous body of troops—near 50,000—detachments from the different divisions about to proceed to the seat of war; the National Guards also mustered strong, not less than 27,000 men. These, with their officers in front, surrounded a throne, placed opposite the *École Militaire* and upon which Bonaparte was seated. In a sort of amphitheatre between the throne and the troops were

many thousands of spectators. Long addresses were read by the deputies, who were conducted to the steps of the throne. The constitution was proclaimed, Bonaparte taking the oath, "*d'observer et de faire observer les Constitutions de l'Empire;*" the Prince Arch Chancellor, and others, "*le serment d'obéissance et de fidélité,*" and the assembled multitude repeating, as with one voice, "*Nous le jurons.*" A *Te Deum* followed, and trumpets and drums and salvos of artillery completed this part of the proceedings.

New eagles and colours were then presented to some of the regiments, Bonaparte thus addressing the troops. "*Soldats de la Garde Nationale de l'Empire! Soldats des troupes de terre et de mer! Je vous confie l'Aigle Impériale aux couleurs nationales; vous jurez de la défendre au prix de votre sang contre les ennemis de la patrie et de ce trône! Vous jurez qu'elle sera toujours votre signe de ralliement! Vous le jurez!* "Every eye was riveted on the speaker," writes one who was present, "as in slow and solemn tones he repeated—'*Vous le jurez!*' On the instant came the response, '*Nous le jurons!*' in one vehement and prolonged chorus, with upturned eyes and hands raised towards heaven. Call it theatrical, if you will, but it was really a solemn and impressive moment; and Bonaparte may be pardoned if on his throne in the midst of that vast multitude, and when that impassioned cry rang in his ears, he felt himself nothing less than a demigod. Presently the troops passed in review before him, and the hero of the hour returned to the solitude of his chamber in the Tuileries, more

depressed than elated, it was remarked, by the scene in which he had just played so conspicuous a part."

The Chambers were convoked for the 3rd; soon after Bonaparte will set out for the army. His troops are already marching towards the frontier.

Bonaparte bade adieu to Paris on the 11th. His last words were—in reply to an address of the two Chambers—"*La lutte dans laquelle nous sommes engagés est sérieuse. L'entraînement de la prospérité n'est pas le danger qui nous menace aujourd'hui. C'est sous les Fourches Caudines que les étrangers veulent nous faire passer. Mais c'est dans les tems difficiles que les grandes nations, comme les grands hommes, déploient toute l'énergie de leur caractère et deviennent un point d'admiration pour la postérité.*

Bonaparte arrived on the 13th at the army of the North; on the 14th he was at Maubeuge. On the 15th, at break of day, a part of the French army crossed the Sambre, and after some very sharp skirmishes with the first line of the Prussian army occupied Charleroi. Another part of the army crossed the river near Marchiennes-au-Port. There was desperate fighting in the streets of Charleroi which were taken and retaken several times; but at eleven o'clock the French retained possession of the town. Bonaparte was at the head of the first column of his army, which defiled through Charleroi for the space of two hours. He took up a position at the entrance of the Bois de Gilly, and between six and seven in the evening returned to lodge for the night at the house of Madame Puissant, which he left at

ten the next morning to direct the action that took place between Ligny and Quatre Bras.

Lord Wellington meanwhile had concentrated his army near Ath and Nivelles, to enable him to support Blücher, whose intention was to give battle immediately.

The Prussian army was posted on the heights between Brie and Sambrieffe, and occupied the villages in front of them—Ligny and St. Amand—in considerable force. Three *corps d'armée* only had effected their junction; the march of the fourth, stationed between Liege and Hannut, had from some unexplained reason been delayed. Notwithstanding, Blücher—who expected that a strong division of cavalry from the English army was already on its way to support him—determined to give battle. The garrison of Brussels, composed of eight regiments of infantry, a brigade of Hanoverians and a numerous artillery had begun its march on the evening of the 15th, in the direction of Genappe. The two corps of the Duke of Brunswick, and of Nassau, two regiments of Hanoverian cavalry, and several detachments cantoned in the neighbourhood, also defiled through Genappe on their way to join Blücher.

The battle began at three in the afternoon, the enemy's first point of attack being the village of St. Amand, which after a vigorous resistance he got possession of. He then attacked Ligny, a large substantial village built along the banks of the small river of that name, and where as desperate a battle as any recorded in history has been fought. For

five hours it raged without intermission, the troops on both sides fighting furiously in the village itself, the narrowness of which afforded little space to fall back or advance. The combat, however, was sustained by continually bringing forward fresh masses of troops from the reserves that each army had in its rear, and on the heights to the right and left. Ligny was in flames in several places, and on either side a hundred or more cannon were pointed against it.

A part of the village of St. Amand was retaken, but this had but little effect on the fortunes of the day; for the heat of the battle was still at Ligny, and as night was drawing on, the only chance for the Prussians was the arrival of their fourth *corps d'armée* or the expected succour from Wellington's army. Taking advantage of the approaching darkness, a column of the enemy made the tour of the village unperceived, and attacked *le gros de l'armée* in the rear, whilst some regiments of *cuirassiers* forced a passage on the other side. This surprise was decisive. The Prussians retired to the heights, whence they retreated in good order on Tilly. In the night, the fourth *corps d'armée* under Bülow arrived at Gembloux, and information was received of the expected English division having been vigorously attacked by a French corps, and that it had with difficulty maintained its position at Les Quatre Bras. In this engagement the valiant Duke of Brunswick fell, pierced by a ball through the breast, while leading an attack of cavalry.

Marshal Blücher it appears was in some danger of

falling into the hands of the enemy at Ligny. He had led on an attack of cavalry, which was repulsed. The French pursued; a ball struck the Marshal's horse, and the wounded animal rushed madly onward until strength failed him, and he fell dead. Blücher had retained his seat, but was brought to the ground with much violence by the fall of his horse. Unable to rise, he lay there till the whole of the French cavalry in pursuit of the Prussians fortunately passed him by unheeded. But his adjutant was at hand; another horse was procured, and the veteran remounted, somewhat shaken and bruised, and rejoined his troops.

Thus, Bonaparte has gained the first victory. He took several pieces of cannon and some prisoners. How many of course we are not told. Had not the slaughter been so terrible, I should have feared that fortune was about to favour once more her former favourite. But this victory, I imagine, is more a loss than a gain to him.

"On the 17th the Prussians were concentrated in the *environs* of Wavre. Bonaparte put his troops in motion against Lord Wellington on the road leading from Charleroi to Brussels; and Wellington, in consequence of the movement of Blücher, retired from Les Quatre Bras to Genappe, and thence to Waterloo; taking up a position on the route to Brussels with his right *appyuéed* against Braine l'Alleud, the centre near Mont St. Jean, and his left against La Haye Sainte.

"In this position, Lord Wellington wrote to Blücher

that he resolved to accept the battle, if the Marshal would support him with two of his *corps d'armée*. The Marshal replied he would bring the whole of his army to his support; and proposed, in the case of no attack being made by Napoleon, that the Allies should unite their forces and attack *him* on the following day."

At day-break on the 18th, the Prussian army began its march; the 4th and 2nd corps by St. Lambert, where they were to take up a sheltered position in the forest near Frichemont, in order to attack the enemy's rear. The 1st corps was to operate, by Ohain, on his right flank; the 3rd corps to follow slowly, to support in case of need. At ten the battle began.

"The English army, 80,000 strong, occupied the heights of Mont St. Jean; the French, supposed to be about 130,000, the heights before Planchenoit. The battle soon became general along the whole line. Bonaparte's object appeared to be, to effectually separate the English from the Prussian army, which he supposed to be retreating on Maestricht. With this view he placed the greater part of his reserve towards his right centre, and at this point commenced a furious attack. The English army fought with unsurpassable bravery. The repeated charges of the *Vieille Garde* failed before the dauntless intrepidity of the Scotch regiments, and the onsets of the French cavalry were not more successful. But the enemy had the superiority in numbers, and continually put forward fresh bodies of troops, which necessarily

compelled the English troops at last to waver, though they long maintained their position with extraordinary firmness and steadiness.

"It was half-past four. Thegreat difficulties which the Prussian columns had encountered in defiling by the pass of St. Lambert had considerably retarded their march, so that only two brigades of the 4th *corps d'armée* had taken up the sheltered position that had been assigned to it. The decisive moment had arrived; not an instant must be lost, and our Generals did not allow it to escape them. General Bülow with two brigades and a corps of cavalry advanced rapidly on the right flank of the enemy, who with great presence of mind immediately turned his reserve against us, and a deadly combat ensued—the struggel with the English army continuing at the same time with unabated fierceness. For a long time the issue seemed doubtful. About six o'clock, we received intelligence of General Thielmann with the 3rd *corps d'armée* being attacked near Wavre by a strong corps of the enemy, and that already they were contending for possession of the town. But no heed was given to this news. Marshal Blücher knew that on the spot he occupied and not elsewhere the fate of the day was to be decided, and that unrelenting efforts sustained by new troops could alone ensure victory. That obtained, in the position he held, disadvantages at Wavre were of little importance. The columns therefore continued to advance.

"It was half-past seven. The issue of the battle still uncertain. The 4th *corps d'armée* and a part

of the 2nd under General Pirch had arrived. The French were fighting with the fury of desperation; some unsteadiness was perceived in their movements, and it was observed that several pieces of cannon were drawing off. At that moment the first columns of General Ziethen's corps reached the points of attack near the village of Smouhen, on the right flank of the enemy, and charged immediately. The enemy's defeat was in that instance decided. His right wing was driven in on three sides. He abandoned his positions; our troops rushed forward *au pas de charge*, whilst the English line made a movement in advance.

"Circumstances favoured the attack of the Prussian army. The ground formed a sort of amphitheatre; a number of hills rising gradually one above another on which our artillery could with facility deploy their guns, and in the intervals the troops were able to descend to the plain and form their brigades with perfect order, whilst fresh corps continually showed themselves arriving from the forest on the heights in our rear.

"The enemy preserved the means of retreat until the village of Planchenoit, which was defended by a guard, was taken by assault after several sanguinary conflicts. The retreat then became a *déroute*. A panic spread through the whole of the French army, and they fled in fearful confusion like a horde of savages.

"It was half-past nine. The Field-Marshal assembled the superior officers, and gave orders that they

should continue the pursuit of the French even to sending after them their last man and their last horse.

"It was a moonlight night, which was favourable for the pursuit. The roads were strewed with cannon, waggons and carts, baggage, arms, and *débris* of all kinds. Those troops of the enemy who wished to rest for a while and had not expected so prompt a pursuit, were driven from more than nine *bivouacs*.

"In some villages they attempted to make a stand, but as soon as they heard the beat of the drum or the sound of the trumpet they fled in all haste, or took refuge in the houses, where they were put to the sword or made prisoners; and the pursuit became but a hunt after fugitives in the cornfields and houses.

"At Genappe the enemy had formed an intrenchment by piling up cannon, chariots, and waggons. On approaching it we suddenly heard a great noise and the movement of carts or other vehicles, and on our entrance were received with a brisk fire of musketry. To this we replied by a few cannon shot followed by a *hurrah*, and in an instant the town was ours. At Genappe, amongst many other equipages we took Bonaparte's carriage, which he had just abandoned and mounted a horse. In his haste he had left his sword and his hat. The pursuit continued until daybreak. Near forty thousand men passed through Charleroi, the greater part had thrown away their arms, and had with them but twenty-seven pieces of their former numerous artillery.

"Bonaparte had sent a courier to Paris from the field of battle at three in the afternoon, with the information that the victory was no longer doubtful. A few hours later, and his army was lost to him. Two-thirds of it were killed, wounded, and prisoners —amongst the latter Generals Mouton, Duhesme, and Compans.

"Few victories have been so complete, and certainly there is no instance of an army, two days after a battle lost, having engaged in such a combat and sustained it so gloriously. All honour to troops capable of such firmness and valour! On the height, and in the centre of the position occupied by the French army, is situated the farm called *La Belle Alliance*. Towards this farm, which was visible from all parts, the march of the whole of the Prussian columns was directed. It was there Bonaparte remained during the battle, there he issued his orders, there he flattered himself that the victory was his, and there his defeat was accomplished.

"There also, in the darkness of the evening and by a happy chance, Field Marshal Blücher and Lord Wellington met and saluted each other as conquerors.

"In commemoration of the alliance now existing between England and Prussia, of the union of the two armies and their confidence in each other, the Field-Marshal has requested that this great battle may bear the name of *La Belle Alliance*."

Par ordre du Feld-marschall Blücher.

LE GÉNÉRAL GNIESENAU.

This is the Prussian account of the last battle we shall probably have to fight with Bonaparte. It must surely be decisive of his fate. The English accounts are not yet arrived. The Duke of Wellington's share in this victory can be no less glorious than Blücher's. But it would seem to be due to the timely arrival of the Prussian columns at the scene of action that this terrible day of hard fighting and slaughter—notwithstanding the skill and bravery of the Commander-in-chief and his Generals, and the heroic efforts of our valorous troops—did not terminate in the triumph of Bonaparte.

The people of Berlin throng the streets. Their enthusiasm and joy at the downfall of their oppressor are hardly to be described. Blücher's name is on every tongue, and the air resounds with *vivats* and songs in his honour. I should like to hear the name of Wellington coupled with that of the Prussian hero; but, as has happened before, England must content herself—at least on the Continent—with the honour of paying the piper.

July.—Bonaparte arrived in Paris on the 21st—himself the bearer of the news of his defeat. A second time he abdicates in favour of his son.

The allied armies are advancing rapidly. The Prussians have had some sharp conflicts with the French at St. Germain. Versailles had been taken by the Prussians and retaken by the French. On the 2nd it again fell into the hands of the Prussians, who then immediately marched on Paris. Marshal Davoust, who had taken the command there, occu-

pied Montrouge. Strong detachments of troops were stationed at Sèvres, Meudon, and Issy, and offered the most obstinate resistance to the advance of the Prussians; but the corps of Marshal Ziethen took possession of these places at the point of the bayonet. At Issy, the French were completely routed, and fled, throwing away their arms. A *parlémentaire* from General Davoust was followed on the 3rd by a deputation from the Provisional Government. A capitulation was agreed upon with them. The French army was to leave Paris within three days and to cross the southern bank of the Loire, taking with them their field pieces only. The armies of Lord Wellington and Blücher were to occupy the capital on the 6th—Louis XVIII. was to enter on the 8th. The Emperors of Austria and Russia were very shortly expected, also the King of Prussia from Nancy. Bonaparte had left Paris some days before, accompanied by Generals Savary, Bertrand, and La Bédoyère. He had gone to Rochefort, expecting to find there a frigate ready to receive him on board.

Paris is in a most disturbed and unsettled state, and many of the strong places of France still refuse to surrender—the cry is, "The country has been sold to *la maison de Bourbon.*"

The inhabitants of Paris complain greatly of the conduct of the soldiers who are quartered upon them. The Prussians, under the pretext of avenging their countrymen, and those of Berlin particularly, assume the tone of masters in the houses they are lodged in,

and do not scruple to appropriate articles of value and sell them publicly. Their officers, I presume, will set this matter to rights.

Blücher, *on dit*, is suffering from the effects of the fall from his horse at Ligny; but I have heard that he has an attack of the same kind as that from which his son occasionally suffers—a slight aberration or wandering of the mind, not amounting to madness, but making temporary retirement desirable.

Prince Hardenberg to George Jackson, Esq.

(*Extract.*)

Pohlorhildern, ce 1 d'août, 1815.

MON CHER AMI,

Je m'empresse de répondre à votre aimable lettre du 29 Juillet * * * * * * * * * * * * *——— éloigné de la source je n'apprends les grands évènements que par les Gazettes: c'est par elles que j'ai appris la prise de Bonaparte et d'une partie de sa clique. Comme j'aimerais les voir tous pendu! Avouez, pourtant, qu'il faut aimer la vie d'une manière inconcevable pour aller se faire emprisonner pour le reste de ses jours. J'espère que l'on prendra si bien ses mesures qu'il ne reparoisse jamais.

Ma femme et ma belle soeur me charge de bien des amitiés. Croyez-moi pour toujours,

Votre devoué ami,

HARDENBERG.

Mrs. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson, Esq.

Paris, September 18th, 1815.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

Travelling towards the south is still so unsafe that I remain for the present in Paris. The arrival of the allied armies procured me at least one pleasure, that of seeing my brother after some years of separation. He is here at the head of a very fine regiment of Prussian Lancers, and newly decorated with the Order of St. Anne.

The Marquis de Caraman—with whom I dined yesterday at the Duchess of Courland's, to meet the King of Prussia—gave me many interesting details of Berlin and old Berlin friends. He says that since I left it, nine years ago, instead of progressing it has in everything retrograded at least fifty years. The King himself has told me the same. They say they are indebted to you for keeping up something of the old grand style, and that your way of living surpasses that of any of the ministers there!

Caraman has just been appointed *Ministre de la maison du Roi*, and will not therefore return to his mission at Berlin. The King of Prussia, to my great surprise, looks handsomer and *younger* than he looked ten years ago. He is very kind and gracious to me, and we have very long conversations together whenever we meet.

The concourse of emperors, kings, princes, statesmen, great generals, and foreigners of all nations and descriptions now at Paris is something quite

curious to witness. How much longer they will remain together, weighing the destinies of Europe, is more I believe than they know themselves. There was a rumour of their being about to take their departure; but an expectation of some disturbances, in consequence of a probable change of ministers, has made the sovereigns determine to give the King the support of their presence some time longer. If my brother had not promised to send my letter to Berlin by *une main sûr* I should not venture to touch on so dangerous a topic as politics. But, probably, you who are in Berlin know more of what is doing here in political circles than I do who am on the spot, and it may be no news to you to hear how generally it is wished that both Talleyrand and Fouché should be displaced. *They* have deceived nobody. All the world knows why they have *tournés casaques*. *Ce n'était que pour rester maîtres de l'autorité*. The feeling has been strongest against Fouché. Perceiving this, and that he was likely to be dismissed, he has requested the King to accept his resignation. The poor King, urged to do so on the one side, by his family and those opposed to Fouché; on the other, advised to retain Fouché's services by those who have been induced to espouse his cause, is in a great dilemma, wishing if he can to please all parties; but this state of doubt and uncertainty will end, it is thought, in the change so much desired.

Among the herds of English that have flocked over since the return of the King, I have been very

glad to greet Lady Malmesbury with her daughter, Lady Francis Cole, and Lady Grantham. They came about a month ago and do not talk yet of their return. Lady M. is very kind, and takes much interest in my concerns. A new English acquaintance of mine is Lord Stewart. He is, *on ne peut pas plus poli empressé, et même diseur de jolies choses*; but I would not have you rely on him for your future advancement, though he spoke of you to me and has talked much of your merits. His own merits are those he probably thinks most of, as he is exceedingly vain, but withal, *très-agréable.*

The Duke of Wellington, Lord and Lady Castlereagh, and Lord Stewart, are among those who keep open house and see much company. The French families receive nobody, and complain of being ruined. True it is, that they have many *uninvited* guests to entertain, and that some of these are rather troublesome, and extravagant in their pretensions.

Charles *Stuart*, who is now our ambassador here, and whom I see often, told me the other day that if you wished for a mission, which he thought was fully due to you, I should do well to advise you to lose no time in applying for it. But about that you know best. This is a long letter, my dear George, but not too long, I hope. Yours has been a great comfort to me. Let me have the satisfaction of soon hearing again of your well doing.

E. J.

I open my letter to tell you that I have just heard with much grief of the death of Lady Fitzharris.

Sir James Milles Riddell to G. Jackson, Esq.

Brussels, September 28th, 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You have been wondering I daresay what has become of me. Know then, that after making a much longer stay at Vienna than I had intended to do on taking leave of you and the hospitalities of Berlin, I set off for Silesia, imagining to make the tour of it and to reach Dresden in a fortnight. The great kindness of new friends—old ones of yours—changed all my plans. We often talked of you; and more perfectly amiable people than the Count and Countess Reden, Count and Countess Bernstroff and the Demoiselles Riedeteh, it has never been my happiness to meet with. Their residence, Buchwald, is in the lovely valley of that name—the most beautiful part of Silesia. Art and nature have combined in producing the utmost perfection of the picturesque and beautiful. It is, perhaps, the only place I ever saw where it appeared to me that nothing could be added or taken away without doing injury to it. I passed a fortnight with these charming families, with no less profit than pleasure, and took leave of them with regret.

I have since then visited various places. Dresden; also Cassel, which I think the prettiest town, for its size, with the most beautiful scenery in its neighbourhood, of any in Germany. I stayed a day or two at Brunswick, and dined with the young princes, whom I much wished to see. They are delightful children, and their preceptor, Mr. Prince, is the most

fit man in the world to give them that instruction which will make them good men and wise princes. He was very impatient for the decision of the Prince Regent; for it was their father's wish that they should be educated in England. Their subjects, naturally enough, desire that their education should be entirely German. A middle course would probably be the best. Their principles should be English; their habits, in non-essentials, should conform to the customs and practices of Germany.

At Hanover, the Duke of Cambridge was extremely civil to me, and I dined with him three times during my stay there. It cannot be partiality alone, to a son of one's own sovereign, which gives him in my eyes the superiority to every other prince I have seen in Europe. His manners and address are most prepossessing. He inspires at first sight confidence and respect, which at every successive interview are increased. To judge of him by the common rules of good breeding and elegance, he fails in none. His air is fine and manly; he is perfectly well formed, and his countenance, especially when lighted up by a smile, is most pleasing.

I have never heard a whisper of reproach on his moral character. He pays that attention to the Sunday, one would expect of the son of George the Third—assembling his family, even to the lowest menial, and giving them an example of the most profound attention while one of his *aides-de-camp* reads an excellent form of prayer. He visits people in their own way, and at their own houses. They seem to

bear towards him all the respect due to his high station, and all the veneration due to his still more exalted virtues, with all the esteem and affection which his very amiable manners cannot fail to excite.

The officers of his household appear to copy him in most things, and are the most gentlemanlike men, as well as pleasantest set of fellows you can imagine. By the way, these are expressions one would be tempted to make use of in speaking of the Duke, were he not—and every motion reminds you of it—your Prince.

I had no idea of coming to Brussels, but the whim suddenly seized me, and in the same way I may also be led to Paris. At Brussels the number of English is daily increasing; among them are some very pleasant families, but the rest are a very quizzical turn out of people, none of whom, perhaps, were ever heard of or seen in their own country.

I was lately at Spa, and saw there the Prince of Orange. In the course of a month or so, he sets out for Russia. I am sorry to say that a great change is working, and ought to be counteracted, in his disposition towards England. But it is not to be wondered at. He is devoted to the Emperor, whose constant effort seems to be to undermine that influence which the blood and treasure of Great Britian, so liberally expended for the good of other nations, should procure for us.

I have received here your letters of 12th of August and 5th of September, and hope to hear again before I set out, perhaps for Holland, then for Paris. Pray

tell me what the cup is, whether silver or china, which the Princess Louisa has sent you in charge for me. I wish to write and thank her. Her second son, Ferdinand, is very unwell, in consequence of a fall from his horse at the Battle of Waterloo. I am in hopes he will spend the next summer with me in Scotland.

I am, ever. &c. &c.,
JAMES MILLES RIDDELL.

Sir J. M. Riddell to G. Jackson, Esq.

Paris, December, 1815.

To be sincere, my dear Jackson, I cannot congratulate you on the change you are about to make. I think that you neither obtain the promotion you were led to expect, nor that which your services entitle you to, in your appointment as Secretary of Embassy at St. Petersburg. But Lord Castlereagh is not the man to regard much either merits or feelings, and he has so many relations and connections at present in the diplomacy that it requires very strong interest indeed to counterbalance *the pressing claims of nature.*

You are very good to ask *me* for information, and your great friendliness and kindness to me at Berlin give you a right to expect that I should not deny you any request; but, besides that while in Russia all sources of information were not open to me, I fear I did not make the most of those that were. However, to the best of my ability I will answer you.

Your predecessor, Lord Walpole, had many excellent qualities that fitted him for the situation he held, but he had also many faults. He would have done better to have tempered his firmness by a little more suavity.

Of all the ambassadors we have had at St. Petersburg, Lord Whitworth was most approved of, and he seems really to have combined dignity and firmness with amiability of temper, as much as most men. An imprudent zeal alienates minds and dispositions already too much disposed to separate from us; but a blindness to these dispositions, and to the perfidy and falsehood of *a certain great man*—such as exists *somewhere*—is even more to be avoided; as it may, besides creating contempt, involve us in difficulties and war before we can take the necessary measures to meet them.

I need hardly say that in Russia *esprit national* does not exist. But *esprit impérial*, as it is the only rule for public opinion, so it is the only impetus that puts in motion the whole of that enormous machine. There are, however, many nobles who have an independent manner of thinking, though they dare not show it. They, I believe, are favourable to England. The Court party and placemen are, decidedly, our enemies; it would be difficult to say why. The greater proportion of them, and of the Russian *noblesse*, do not think at all, and willingly resign themselves to adopt the opinions of *the great man*.

As far as I could learn and judge, the family of Soltikoff—lately elevated to the rank of princes of the

empire—the Counts Strogonoff, Golovine, Korhonbey, and Woronzow, are well inclined towards us, and are all of great consideration and perfect respectability. General de Betancourt—a Spaniard, and a very honest man—enjoys very much the favour of the Emperor. He is at the head of the department of civil engineers, but has a good deal to do with the manufactures. He has, unfortunately, some mistaken ideas, very general there, about the commercial intercourse of the two nations, and fancies that Russian manufactures would flourish if British goods were excluded. But any one who has seen their great uncultivated deserts and thin population must be convinced of the absurdity of the idea.

The nobles, generally speaking—for those I have mentioned and some others are certainly exceptions—are capricious, vain, overbearing, and false, with a surface of civilization, but their minds uncultivated. They have a surprising facility in acquiring languages, and despise those who possess them not, however superior to them in other respects. Their caprice deserves only contempt.

Flattering their vanity, which is a very easy matter, may be productive of great good when one has any point to carry. The overbearing part of their character must be met by an equal or greater degree of firmness, and too much caution cannot be used to guard against their falsehood. They cannot bear to think of our superiority, and to hear of it is sadly galling to their ears; so the less that is said about it the better. They are pleased by a simplicity

of manner, and I think easily imposed upon by it, and an apparent openness in words. A little impudence goes a great way.

The English residents at St. Petersburg are generally very well-informed sensible men, trading on a great scale, in an honourable manner, alike worthy of our country and creditable to themselves.

Old Doctor Rogerson is a very long-headed fellow, and from his situation as physician to the Empress Catherine, and his long residence in the capital, he knows more of Russia than almost any man, and he is willing to turn his knowledge to the advantage of his countrymen. M. de Soltikoff, a relation of the prince, is the only Russian I have met with who thinks with impartiality of his own country, and with liberality of others. I know not that I have much more to say on this subject; I hope I have not already said more than enough to make you repent having asked me to say anything.

In this capital, too, things do not appear to be going on very satisfactorily; and to one who has the good and the interests of our country at heart, it is terribly painful to observe how vain have been all our sacrifices, and that those who should feel the greatest obligations act toward us with the blackest ingratitude.

At Paris, neither the recollections of the asylum which the royal family found among us for so many years, and the part we have had in re-establishing them on the throne, nor the noble moderation we have exercised towards the French when enemies,

have secured us against the low intrigues of the Russian.

The English are as much detested here as if they had been the cause of all the ills of Europe, and the Duke of Wellington as if he laid waste their towns and encouraged his troops to commit every species of vexation and pillage. O tempora, O mores!!

Notwithstanding what I have said of the perfidy and falsehood of the Russians generally, and of a *certain great man* in particular, I should think the transactions at St. Petersburg this winter will be very curious and interesting, and that a person who could see behind the curtain would have had much matter for serious reflection, and some useful instruction for his future guidance.

Pray write to me soon at Paris, to the care of Messrs. Perrigaux Lafitte. The swelling of the Meuse prevented me from leaving Holland when I intended, and the uncertainty of my movements has created confusion in the receipt of my correspondence, so that I have no very recent letter from you. Take care of my precious cup, and when you have opportunity lay me at the feet of the princess. Commend me also to Countess Pauline and Countess Zichy, and believe me, &c. &c.,

JAMES MILLES RIDDELL.

1816.

Prince Hardenberg to George Jackson, Esq.

Berlin, le 2 Fevrier, 1816.

MON CHER AMI,

Les sentimens que vous me témoignez dans votre lettre du 23 Novembre n'ont pu qu'augmenter mes regrèts de n'avoir pas eu le plaisir de vous voir avant votre départ de Berlin. Je me rappellerai toujours avec le plus vif intérêt les relations que j'ai eu l'avantage d'entretenir avec vous. Le roi, soyez en persuadé, vous conservera l'estime dont il vous a honoré, et vous emportez celle de toutes les personnes qui vous ont connu. Comptez en particulier, sur les sentimens que je vous ai voué et croyez-moi pour toujours,

Votre fidèle ami,
HARDENBERG.

Mrs. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson, Esq.

Paris, June 25th, 1816.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I have just received your letter of the 17th, and as you are anxious to get some intelligence of us I delay not a moment in answering it. I was indeed surprised to be so long without letters from dear Belle Vue, and am much grieved to hear of my mother's serious illness; for I gratefully acknowledge that I have found her one of the few who have kept in

heart and remembrance former times, and have continued to show and express interest and affection towards those nearest *him* whom we all so much loved and lament.

* * * * * *

The marriage of the Duc de Berri has made Paris for this last fortnight prodigiously gay. Though I have not been presented here at Court, yet having known them all of old, and having met them since, I received an invitation for the *fêtes* at the Tuileries. But I declined them all, and went only to Notre Dame, where I assisted at the ceremony of the marriage, and heard a most beautiful mass which had been set to music for the occasion, and was most charmingly executed.

The Duchesse de Berri is not handsome, but she is so well made, and looks so young, fair, and innocent, that it is impossible not to be pleased with her appearance. She not only looks, *but is* still, so much of a child that her great amusement is, to play with some curious and ingenious toys that have been made on purpose for her! The chair, toilet-glass, and table of her dressing room are mounted in diamond cut crystal, and by some concealed mechanism are made to play, when wound up, two tunes each; an appropriate fairy like arrangement for the fairy, for whose use and amusement they have been designed.

On the day she was married, after coming back from church, her friends and attendants supposing her agitated and fatigued, left her alone to rest and compose herself. The usual time allotted for this

purpose having expired, the Duc de Berri thought he might take advantage of his newly acquired privilege, and entered her apartment. Judge then of his astonishment, when he found his *petite duchesse* in the same grand court costume, her train, six yards in length, and heavily embroidered in silver and diamonds, twisted many times round her arm, humming a merry tune and dancing gaily round the chairs and tables with a favourite spaniel, which she was holding up by the forelegs!

* * * * * *

I hear from Berlin that the King lives as secluded a life as ever. He has held but one Court since his return, and does not seem inclined to hold another.

* * * * * *

Adieu, my dear George. Do not forget us; and believe me always, &c. &c.

E. J.

THE END

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

00023590

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018